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THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE

WHAT secret is the physician harboring? What is medical science planning for the race? Where are we going with the human body? Back to the models of Ancient Greece, or to a new superman by eliminating disease, by exercise, by sanitation, by banishment of worry? Is disease about to be outlawed as a crime as it was in the ideal commonwealth of Erewhon?

The Greeks took these questions to their God of Medicine, Aesculapius. To-day, unless we refer them to God, like the Christian Scientists, we consult our family physician. To define the fight against disease and, if possible, to prophesy, THE FORUM *will celebrate its forty-first year with a series of revealing medical articles written by experts. As a prelude, last autumn Mr. Herbert Hoover wrote about "The Perfect Child", a term which is being defined by the public in this issue.*

THE FORUM *Medical Series is introduced by the President of the Foundation whose international campaign for the prevention of disease has spread to the Orient. Dr. Vincent discusses the fear of certain sociologists that his humanitarian program will tend to populate the world with undesirable human beings who would otherwise automatically die of disease or starvation. He raises the cry: "From sanitation to hygiene, —the new emphasis."*

ASK AESCULAPIUS

GEORGE E. VINCENT

President of the Rockefeller Foundation

HEALTH, it must be owned, is a boresome theme. The idea of normality is unexciting; it is the exceptional, the pathological, that arrests attention. People like to talk about their diseases. A sanatorium is a clearing-house for symptoms. To the well, and especially to the young, solicitude about one's health seems timid and pusillanimous. "Safety last" is the

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natural watch-word of an adventurous generation. Only when health becomes a positive means to a desired end is it prized and safeguarded.

Keeping fit for sport, for example, is quite another thing from the dull business of merely keeping well.

If the idea of individual normality lacks fascination, what shall be said of the cause of public health? How ready the average citizen is to admit its importance, to take it for granted; how reluctant to hear about it or to try to understand it! Only when the system breaks down or interferes with the individual is he for the moment panic-stricken, indignant, or rebellious. For all the fine phrases about the triumphs of modern sanitation and hygiene, the subject of public health leaves most people cold.

Nor is this to be wondered at, for, as a matter of fact, the modern organization of public health has been for the most part imposed upon communities and nations by experts who have had the backing of governments. The picture of enlightened citizens, familiar with the work of Jenner, Pasteur, and Koch, spontaneously rising to demand pure water supplies, proper disposal of wastes, inspection of milk, vaccination against smallpox, and quarantine measures, is a fanciful sketch indeed. The first stages of public health progress, the sanitation of the environment and the control of communicable diseases, were compulsory. The power to force obedience and to levy taxes was essential. Only city, state, and national governments could overcome what our captains of commerce so delightfully call "sales resistance". This resistance has varied from the docility of natives on tropical plantations, the obedience of enlisted soldiers in military camps, the submission of populations under authority in Havana, Panama, and the Philippines, the ready acceptance of expert guidance by such people as the Dutch, the Germans, and the Scandinavians, to the indifference, carelessness, — sometimes the opinionated ignorance and parochial vanity, — of certain American communities.

It was the growth of industrial towns and great cities which forced the development of these coercive measures of protection. Modern public health has been largely an urban product. Water and food supplies, sewage disposal, street cleaning, housing, control of communicable diseases first became pressing, unescapable problems in crowded centres of population. It is still in cities that

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the most notable progress is being made in newer methods, — for example, in the immunization of children against diphtheria and now, somewhat experimentally, against scarlet fever and even measles. In cities, too, the strain upon the individual has raised questions of mental and nervous disorders which are attracting the notice of hygiene and preventive medicine.

In comparison with urban gains in health, the American countryside has lost ground. The idea that rural life is inherently wholesome and healthful has all the vitality of a popular legend. The crystal waters of the old family well, the gymnasium apparatus of plough, hoe, and saw, the fresh food from field, garden, and dairy, the mental serenity which comes from contact with nature have been so lyrically extolled by orators, chiefly urban, that it is hard to convince the man in the street that the farmer and his family are not healthier than city folk. Yet examinations of school children and college students, sanitary studies, comparisons of sickness rates, sometimes of death rates, give reason to believe that the country too often lags behind the city in gaining the protection of modern preventive methods. Hence the increased attention which is now being given to rural health organizations with their full-time health officers, sanitary inspectors, and visiting nurses.

While the growth of the modern city was the chief stimulus to the scientific public health movement, there was another influence of earlier origin. International commerce has always carried diseases as well as commodities. It was not, however, until the middle of the last century that the first international sanitary conference was held in Europe to concert measures against plague, cholera, and yellow fever. Out of a series of such gatherings came in 1908 the permanent Office d'Hygiène Internationale in Paris to serve as a clearing-house of information. Later the Health Committee of the League of Nations created an organization for reporting communicable diseases, facilitating exchange visits of health officers, standardizing sera and vaccines, and in other ways promoting internationally the cause of public health. Non-governmental organizations like the League of Red Cross Societies, and such privately endowed agencies as the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation are cooperating in this world movement.

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So far international efforts have naturally and properly been concentrated upon control of communicable diseases and upon the sanitation of ports through which the currents of commerce flow. The more advanced nations have extended these primary systems of sanitation and epidemiology to include their entire areas. After these measures have reduced sickness and death rates to a certain level, further progress through official authority becomes increasingly difficult, and for a quite obvious reason. Later gains must come from the more or less voluntary behavior of the individual with respect to food, posture, exercise, sleep, fresh air, clothing, mental and emotional life. Thus it comes about that in the leading countries emphasis is shifting from sanitation and epidemiology to personal hygiene, from an external and compulsory protection of population groups to the education and stimulation of the individual.

This change of emphasis is the characteristic feature of contemporary public health. It reveals itself in the increasing complexity of official machinery, in the multiplication of specialized voluntary societies, in health education in schools and colleges, in a growing volume of health publications, in popular articles, in health posters and films. The average individual is being exposed to warning, suggestion, appeal, and exhortation. And he for the most part is protecting himself, so long as he feels fairly well, against the discomfort of reflection and the inconvenience of changing his mode of life. Chiefly upon the children are lasting impressions being made through the early formation of health habits.

The new stage itself is far from simple. Of the making of hygienes and welfares there seems to be no end. The care of mothers may well concern the United States where the mortality in childbirth is twice that of Great Britain and three times that of Holland and Denmark. Infant mortality may fairly be taken as an index not only of the success of welfare work, but of economic well-being, housing, sanitation, intelligence of parents, and social conditions generally. When of one thousand babies more than eighty-five die before they are a year old, there is reason for inquiry and action. The pre-school child in the best communities is coming to have a hygiene to himself, just as the school child has for some time been provided with physical examinations, correc-

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tions of defects, training in proper habits of eating, sleep, and exercise, and later with education in the reasons for these things. The venereal diseases have given rise to a social hygiene which deals not only with the treatment of these maladies, but with sex education and a many-sided program of prevention. In recent years a widening of the sense of obligation to include the preservation of workers as well as of machines used in forests, mines, railways, ships, and factories has created industrial hygiene with its safety devices and health protection, sanitation, housing, clinics, nursing services. Latest of all, a solicitude about feeble-mindedness, delinquency, crime, nervous breakdowns, and insanity is bringing mental hygiene into being.

The scientific study of the relations between mind and body has been too long neglected. Until recently doctors have relied upon empiricism and the "bedside manner". The field of psychic facts has been left largely to the mystic, the fanatic, and too often to the charlatan. But progress in research and in the application of its results is now being made. The treatment of the insane is being steadily improved. In many places juvenile delinquents are studied to discover possible psychic defects. Habit clinics for unruly or overwrought children have been established in Boston and elsewhere. In some of the best penal institutions one or more psychiatrists are attached to the staff and make regular examinations of the prisoners. Many school children and a few groups of college students are being studied by psychologists and specialists in mental hygiene. True, only a beginning has been made. The present scientific basis must be greatly enlarged by continued research. But there is great gain in the recognition of the vital part which these problems play in modern society.

The change of emphasis from cure to prevention has caught the doctors napping. The average physician is ill prepared to make the periodic health examination and to give the advice about personal hygiene which the new régime demands; he has been trained to look for disease rather than for health. This new hygiene takes a leaf from the care of the motor car. At the first sign of trouble automobiles are examined and readjusted and repaired. Periodic inspection of motor cars is coming into vogue. It seems only sensible to do the same thing for babies, children, men, and women. Some time physicians will receive annual re-

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tainers to keep their clients in good running order. But before this system can be efficient, medical schools will have to turn out physicians who have been taught how to do this special kind of work. The aim then is to "permeate the medical school with the preventive idea" and to modernize the medical profession as a whole. Leading doctors recognize this need, and the American Medical Association has recently issued a pamphlet of instructions on health examinations.

In spite of the triumphant progress of preventive medicine, it is not, oddly enough, universally acclaimed as an unmixed blessing. Doubts have been expressed in certain quarters and alleged dangers have been pointed out, for example, the danger of intensifying the problem of overpopulation. The so-called law of Malthus, which asserts that population tends to increase faster than food supply, keeps cropping up. The neo-Malthusians explain that so far the pressure of overpopulation in advanced countries and to some extent elsewhere has not been permanently avoided, but merely postponed by the opening of new lands, improved methods of agriculture, and a world system of transportation. These people are confident that the goblins of lowered living standards, famine, war will get us in the end. Why, then, interfere with the natural processes which eliminate as a rule the weakest and so put off the evil day?

The idea that public health work makes for war certainly gives one pause. But hear the other side. Theorists who reject the gospel according to Malthus put their trust in steadily expanding food resources through still more intensive production and, perhaps, the discovery of new chemical processes. Moreover, they assert that a lowered death rate tends to bring about a lowered birth rate, so that in the end public health work may well mean a better quality, not a vastly greater quantity of population. So the controversy is waged on the high levels of economic theory and social philosophy. Meantime the public health and hygiene enthusiasts are busy with their work, for the most part unconscious of the charge that they may be hastening the next war.

Another question is raised by people who look a little askance at international health activities. "Is there not danger," they ask, "that the extension of preventive measures to backward countries and to inferior races will handicap the superior races in their

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struggle for survival?" Even assuming that anybody really knows how to arrange races in a hierarchy from top to bottom, there are one or two quite obvious things to be said. First, that communicable diseases know nothing of racial groups or natural boundaries. Inferior peoples in a world unified by industry, commerce, and travel may easily infect the superior if a reasonably efficient system of sanitation and quarantine is not maintained by all nations.

Up to a certain point, then, it is to the self-interest of superior peoples to assist the inferior to do their share in keeping infections under control. In the second place, it seems fairly plain that the ability to organize and carry on an effective general system of public health and especially to gain wide acceptance for the laws of personal hygiene is in itself one of the most exacting tests of a people's claim to be regarded as superior. The really superior certainly have no reason to fear the outcome of a rivalry in hygienic efficiency.

But within a given nation may not health work and hygiene interfere with the process of natural selection, the elimination of the "unfit"? An affirmative answer would assume that it is easy to tell the "fit" from the "unfit", that communicable diseases weed out the weak, and that hygienic living can be forced on the ignorant and the heedless. None of these assumptions will hold water tightly; two are very leaky. It is possible to classify the feeble-minded, the habitually criminal, the hopelessly insane, the crippled, the blind, incurable invalids, chronic paupers as in various senses "unfit", but in a complex society which calls for a great variety of types from ditch-diggers to poets, the labeling of the "fit" becomes more and more baffling.

For the second assumption, — that diseases like typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, smallpox are more likely to prove fatal to the weak than to the strong, — there is little or no support. Even the venereal diseases are by no means wholly confined to the morally delinquent. It may be granted that infant hygiene very likely saves some unknown percentage of offspring of physically and mentally weak parents, but even here a conscious, purposeful neglect would imply a breakdown of the social sympathy and respect for human life which are a source of our solidarity and ultimately of our group efficiency. The third assumption is especially infirm. Hygiene is to a high degree

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selective. If a public is exposed to information about healthful living, the chances are that almost all of those who accept and follow the advice may be safely classified as "fit".

The discussion of population and selection of the fit leads straight to the proposal to control parenthood. Both Plato and Aristotle went in for what are now called eugenics and birth control. They outlined plans for insuring suitable marriages which should produce healthy and able children. The conscious social control of reproduction has made little progress since that distant day. The segregation, — in some cases the sterilization, — of the feeble-minded and insane, sporadic laws to compel candidates for marriage to submit certificates of physical and mental fitness, a sense of social responsibility on the part of a small number of highly intelligent and conscientious people, and attempts to popularize information about heredity constitute a slender total of purposive regulation.

There are hopeful folk who look for a gradual extension of social control through education, public opinion, ethical standards, — even law. Many more thinkers probably believe that mating will continue to be chiefly an outcome of sex attraction influenced by social stratification, competition for desirable types, economic interest, chance contacts, and other socially unconscious stimuli and motives. Meantime the geneticists are in search of further light upon the facts of inheritance. These will be useful if society should ever make up its mind to seek a better breed of citizens.

Just here the explosive question of birth control calls for brief notice. Such control is of course already being exercised. The quite obviously defective and insane are not allowed to reproduce themselves in the more advanced countries. Everybody knows that the more highly educated and well-to-do everywhere limit the number of their children from economic, social, and other motives. Advocates of further control as a means of protection against overpopulation and a lowering of living standards urge the repeal of hampering laws and want the great body of citizens to be taught the methods of contraception. Another group call not so much for limitation of offspring among the poor, weak, and inefficient, as for recognition of a duty by well placed and intelligent parents to have larger families.

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In opposition to these social policies it is urged that accurate scientific information as to the actual physical and mental effects of contraception is lacking; that the use of preventive devices is least to be expected among the very people who ought to use them most; that even if control could be effective the result might easily be a restricted number of able-bodied workers attempting to carry an intolerable burden of non-productive, dependent, and aged people; and that the discussion and practice of birth control are bound to have disastrous moral and social effects. Continued study of the subject and cautious extension of socially purposeful limitation in non-controversial cases of obvious mental deficiency and of medically determined incapacity safely to bear children ought to throw light on this complex problem.

In spite of these confusing doubts and queries, generally indifferent to them, the protagonists of public health and hygiene go their way, sanitating the environment, trying with increasing success to control communicable diseases, and urging groups and individuals to live wiser, more wholesome lives, not simply for the sake of escaping disease but to know the positive joy of vigorous physical and mental activity in work and play and community life. Until convincing facts about overpopulation and war, about superior and inferior races, about fit and unfit individuals are forced upon their attention, sanitarians, hygienists, and doctors will do their best to keep all people everywhere alive and healthy as long as possible.

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COOLIDGE PRO AND CON

THE Pro-Coolidge case for which THE FORUM *asked Mr. Whiting is a simple list of the Administration's achievements. What Mr. Whiting has undertaken is not so much an argument as a statement of fact, from which he draws the deductions of the orthodox Republican.*

THE Contra-Coolidge case presented by Mr. Kent is not a denial of the Administration's achievements, but the assertion that all this is to be credited to circumstance rather than good management. "Coolidge prosperity" has really nothing to do with Mr. Coolidge, he asserts.

I.—WHAT THE COOLIDGE ADMINISTRATION HAS ACCOMPLISHED

EDWARD ELWELL WHITING

CALVIN COOLIDGE has wiped out the worry about government. His motto is "do the day's work". He does it. His economy has saved the people money, and they have the money. In Mr. Coolidge's first message as President he made three major proposals: economy in public expenditures; reduction in public taxes; reform in system of public taxation. He said, "High taxes reach everywhere and burden everybody. They bear most heavily upon the poor." By reducing taxes he has diminished poverty. In his second message he urged a decrease in the tax on earned incomes. He has fulfilled that promise.

Under his leadership two great tax reduction bills have been passed, following his recommendations. These have lowered federal taxes in the sum of almost $800,000,000 a year. This has put $800,000,000 in the pockets of the people. By reducing taxes he has increased government receipts. With rates lowered on large incomes, and with about 2,300,000 individuals of small incomes released from paying any income taxes under the new law, revenue returns promise to be larger. Why? Because business has new courage to venture, and the nation's wealth is increased.

That is what is meant by "Coolidge prosperity": less burden for the people, more business done, lighter burdens, and heavier savings.

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Those are genuine items in genuine economy. From 1921 to date is a five year record, and the last three are Coolidge's. No nation in the world's history has ever seen a tax reduction equal to that effected by President Coolidge in those three years. He has placed no mortgage on the next generation. He has reduced the mortgage on this generation. He respects and strengthens the budget system which protects the taxpayers. Estimates must have presidential approval before going to House and Senate committees. The system depends on the President for its efficacy. Mr. Coolidge has made it effective.

Economy is not niggardliness. He has approved the first non-pork-barrel public building bill. It provides in a businesslike way for business buildings in Washington and out. It appropriates $165,000,000 for a five year program, not one cent of which goes to pay political favors or flatter local vanities. The Treasury determines its expenditure.

America's foreign representatives have never been adequately housed. Now they will be. The last Congress enacted a foreign service building law. It appropriates $10,000,000 to build and buy quarters abroad for our embassies, legations, and consulates. Mr. Coolidge has put an end to American diplomatic squatting.

He has brought the Post Office almost to a self-supporting basis, — a notable accomplishment. The Post Office deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, was $83,348,000. It has steadily decreased since then, the last three years under Coolidge. For the fiscal year 1925 it was $49,450,000. And the department's business steadily increases. While the Post Office is approaching self-supporting condition, pay of postal employees has been increased under a reclassification act effective January 1, 1925. Increase in payroll for the fiscal year 1926 over 1921 due solely to difference in rates of salaries was $93,000,000.

Thus, since 1921, pay has increased $93,000,000 and the deficit has been reduced by $34,000,000, much of this under Coolidge administration. Efficiency has lifted a burden from the people, who otherwise would have had to pay the cost of a great deficit in extra appropriation. More practical economy. More cash in the people's pockets.

The principal of foreign loans is $9,500,000,000. With other credits extended, total foreign obligations to the United States

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are more than $10,000,000,000. Adding interest unpaid in 1921, the total was about $11,656,000,000. When Coolidge came in, the World War Foreign Debt Commission had reached an agreement with Great Britain and Finland. Adjustments now make possible repayment of this sum, approved by Congress except in the cases of France and Jugoslavia, which have not yet passed the Senate.

"Shylock"? No. In his first message Mr. Coolidge upheld the principle "that financial obligations between nations are likewise moral obligations, which international faith and honor require should be discharged."

In his second message he said: "Unless money that is borrowed is repaid credit cannot be secured in time of necessity."

He saw his first obligation to be to the American taxpayer. The government was pledged to redeem more than $9,000,000,000 in Liberty and Victory bonds bought by the American people. Redemption was based on the assumption that foreign countries would pay, — otherwise Congress must levy new taxes on the American people. The debt funding plan is working. In the current year the United States treasury will receive $179,000,000 on account of these settlements. Eventually it will receive annually $427,500,000. Coolidge has made the United States safe for democracy. The Coolidge debt funding program has stabilized international relations, reestablished prospects of normal world trade and strengthened the chance for world peace.

Coolidge foreign policy embraces friendship but will not commit political bigamy.

As for the service men, the World War veterans acts of 1924, 1925, and 1926 have given more justice to disabled service men than any similar enactments in any nation in the world at any time. Under the 68th and 69th Congresses increases in pensions have been granted to Civil War and Spanish War veterans. They increased pensions for soldiers and sailors who became blind or totally disabled in the service. The Director of the Veterans' Bureau, General Frank T. Hines, is admittedly efficient and sympathetic. President Coolidge upholds him.

United States government is spending annually nearly $700,000,000 for veterans' relief. Economy against waste makes possible generosity that is just.

Reduction in taxes, stabilization of employment, steadiness for

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industry, lowered freight rates, better marketing by cooperative effort, broadening of export markets, sustained tariff protection, — these all help agriculture. President Coolidge asked for a bureau in the Department of Agriculture to help organize cooperative associations and obtained such legislation.

A bill has been passed amending the intermediate credits act, to permit intermediate credit banks to make loans on growing crops. This plan finances agriculture. It has passed the House and will pass the Senate. A cooperative-marketing act legalizes agricultural and livestock associations for mutual action on amount of crops to be marketed and price to be asked. This affects over 12,000 cooperative associations with a membership of about 8,700,000, doing an annual business of $2,500,000,000.

Under suggestion from Coolidge in his message of December 3, 1924, Congress passed an amendment to the transportation act in its labor sections providing for adjustment of disputes between railroads and their employees. The menace of a transportation strike is lessened. The American right to travel and to ship goods is made safer.

"We must have an air strength worthy of America," said President Coolidge. It is now provided. There are three new aviation secretaries in the departments of war, navy, and commerce. The annual appropriations are $20,000,000 for five years.

The War Department is to have 1800 planes, the Navy two rigid airships, costing $8,000,000, and another 1800 planes. During a five year period, the Department of Commerce will carry on a program of establishing airways, licensing pilots, making air traffic rules, and similar activities. A practical program.

The diplomatic and consular service has been reorganized and improved.

Who gets the prosperity? For 1925, the individual deposits in all banks and loan and savings institutions were $46,765,942,000. That was an increase of 34 per cent over five years ago.

Calvin Coolidge never bought a gold brick, so he has none for sale.

He has rested the eardrums of the nation.

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II — ASSAILING THE PRESIDENT

FRANK R. KENT

FROM the day Mr. Harding died until now the printed propaganda designed to pad Mr. Coolidge out to something near the size of his job has been one of the most interesting and amazing things in all American politics. Better than anything else it shows what can be done when the engines of publicity are all, or nearly all, pumping in the same direction, and how very little they need to start with. In that time Mr. Coolidge has had a press support as great and an immunity from criticism as complete as any War President. With singularly few exceptions the daily, weekly, and monthly publications have been massed behind him. Some of his admiring adherents may take exception to the word propaganda as used above; and his Mayflower publicists will undoubtedly contend that it is the sheer rugged merit of the man that has gained him this marvelous journalistic backing, that the people would support him regardless of the press. However, the fact that he has the press and has had it from the moment he took hold is not to be denied. Even the Hearst papers, whose talons in my time have always been sunk deep in the back of every White House incumbent, are tenderly devoted to Mr. Coolidge. They are, in fact, his most consistent, earnest, and enthusiastic greasers. They daily anoint him with unguents and oil whether he has done anything to furnish the excuse or not. And in return, at intervals and without publicity, he has Mr. Hearst or one of his editors to lunch or to dine or to sail.

It is not hard to explain the extraordinary extent of this unprecedented press support, — the Hearst end of it is merely an incident, — but it is a story by itself and too long to tell here. Unquestionably one of the reasons is the fact that in a period of unparalleled prosperity what the business interests, who dominate the country and have vast influence on the newspapers, want is a President who will sit still and do nothing not in line with sound financial policy as conceived in the big money centres; who will avoid new ideas, experiments, and trends; who will make no unnecessary motions, exhibit no adventurous spirit, and advocate only the obvious.

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In a word, they want a President who will not rock the boat while the tide is running. Under conditions such as have existed here since 1921 what the Big Business men at bottom really want, without knowing it, is no President. In Mr. Coolidge they have the nearest thing to no President they can get and that is why they are so unshakably for him. In times such as these, there is, from the business standpoint, no need for a strong man or a big man. All that is needed is a steady one. Certainly I can think of no man less likely to rock a boat than Mr. Coolidge and in a period when no great problems press, no grave crisis confronts, — when inaction, not action, is the thing for which the situation cries, when everything is lovely and the goose hangs high, — then perhaps Mr. Coolidge is the ideal President.

It is not what he does or does not do, what he is or is not that creates in me a feeling of revolt. Personally I think him a better President than Harding and a far better man. That is not high praise, but it is the best I can do.

Personally, I concede, he possesses every one of the small homely virtues. Personally, I am convinced he does not possess a single one of the big ones. Unquestionably, he is honest, moral, punctual, thrifty, chaste, correct, industrious, self-controlled. But that he is magnanimous, generous, courageous, loyal, good-tempered, urbane, tolerant, broad, or big I not only very much doubt but I downright do not believe, — and my disbelief is based on facts, not fancy. To me the word that best describes him is the little adjective *thin*. He is physically and mentally thin, — thin in body, thin in mind, thin in spirit, thin in soul. Not bad, — Good Lord, no! — just thin.

The thing to which I object is the insistence of his paid and unpaid press agents, in the face of the facts and in spite of their private opinion, that he is great. I am willing to admit that the need of the times was for a thin man as President. I am even willing to admit it is perhaps essential that, having elected such a thin man as President, the bulk of the people should not realize the extent of his thinness. Perhaps it would not do for the public to see him as he really is. There is certainly an argument to be made for propaganda from that angle. It is a defensible point of view, but it is hypocritical just the same. My contention is that ninety-eight per cent of those whose heads are clear enough and

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whose contact is close enough to enable them to see the man without being affected by the glamour of his great office have Mr. Coolidge's real measure and it is very different from that given the public by the press. The almost unanimous and not at all unfriendly opinion of those who see him at close range and have had the chance to study him at first hand is that to measure him accurately an inch rule, not a yardstick is needed.

No one thinks him a faker or a demagogue. We probably never had a President who was less of either. On the other hand hardly any one who combines opportunities for observation with a detached judgment thinks him a sizable President. The amazing thing is that anyone does. I eliminate of course pathetic fellows like dear old Papa Stearns and the party organ editors of the "Herald-Tribune" and the Curtis publications. I eliminate the politically ambitious and the gentlemen of high finance who look on him as their own. I eliminate, too, the distinguished publicists who from time to time have been entertained at the White House or on the *Mayflower*. It is easy enough to understand them. The sort it is hard to understand are the sincere, disinterested, intelligent men, — such as Mr. Whiting, — who really believe the things they write about the man and know him too. There are not many of these, it is true. The only way I can account for them is on the theory that somewhere in their otherwise perfect brains there is a blind spot.

Take, for instance, the burden of Mr. Whiting's eulogy, which is that Mr. Coolidge, — noble, stern, strong, — has by his unselfish labor and genius reduced taxes, cut expenditures, pared down the public debt, reorganized the taxation system, and thus made the nation happy and prosperous. His foreign policy, Mr. Whiting points out, "embraces friendship but does not commit political bigamy", — whatever that may mean. He further asserts that the Coolidge debt funding policy has "stabilized international relations, reestablished normal world trade, strengthened the chance for world peace." That, in effect, is the essence of Mr. Whiting's claim. He cites facts and figures, puts in some stuff about the post office and agriculture which means little, but in the main that is his case. It is identical with that of every other Coolidge eulogist. It is identical with that prepared by the Republican National Committee's publicity department. It is

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identical with the view of the "Herald-Tribune" and the "Saturday Evening Post" and the Hearst papers and the "Boston Herald" and I don't know how many others. It is a typical Coolidge article, utterly misleading and full of misinformation.

Just think for a moment. The war ended in 1919. Mr. Harding was elected in 1920. The work of dismantling the great war machine had just begun. By the time Mr. Coolidge became President in 1923 the bulk of the reduction had been made and the expenditures of the government tremendously reduced from the war peak. Taxes, however, were still at war rates and, with the prosperity that had begun to flood the country a year before, were producing revenues so vastly in excess of the expenditures that Mr. Mellon's estimates became a joke. Every time he put out one it was anywhere from one hundred million to five hundred million dollars too low. The taxes were producing then, and are producing still, revenues vastly in excess of expenditures and estimates.

Mr. Coolidge had nothing to do with these things. He did not bring about that situation. He merely had the luck to come in when it happened. It was utterly automatic and he had no more to do with it than he had with the vast prosperity which began before he took office and is just now beginning to ebb. Obviously, with revenues hugely in excess of expenditures, tax reduction was inevitable. There was no way to avoid it. If the situation had been reversed, if expenses had been up and receipts down, it would indeed have taken a genius to reduce taxes. But with receipts up and expenses down, it required no genius to cut taxes. A financial boob could have done it. I am not now arguing as to the method of reduction. I am merely stating the fact.

As to giving Mr. Coolidge credit for the reduction of the public debt there is even less basis than there is for giving him credit for reducing taxes. The sinking fund arrangements for the retirement of the Liberty Loan bonds were worked out under the Wilson administration during the war. The reduction of the debt is automatic. It could no more be avoided than the tax cut could have been avoided. Both would have come had Harding lived and been reelected. Both would have come had there been a Democrat in the White House. Both would have come if the late La Follette had been President. It is simply utter humbug to laud Mr. Coolidge, — or Mr. Mellon either, — for reducing taxes and cut-

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ting down the national debt. It is on a par with attributing to them a prosperity that began before the Coolidge administration.

So far as the taxation cuts are concerned, it is maintained by the Democrats that they have not been deep enough, that the present rates still bring in vastly more revenue than is needed, that Mr. Coolidge's Treasury experts are invariably off in their estimates, — but this is no place to argue about that. The point I make and the point I think cannot be disputed is that to talk about tax reduction and national debt reduction as if they were due to the individual efforts of Mr. Coolidge is unadulterated bunk which cannot be seriously defended.

As to the "Coolidge economies" all it seems necessary to say about them is that Congress has reduced and not increased every budget sent in by Mr. Coolidge since he became President. Think that over and see what it means. It is true the President reduced the number of towels and drinking cups about the White House offices, and that he once went to Chicago in an ordinary Pullman instead of a special train, and that the number of lead pencils in various departments has been limited. It is true, too, that he is, — and always has been, — personally economical, that he has an inherent hatred of extravagance and is entirely sincere in his desire to reduce governmental expenses. But he has not got anywhere. His economy is a joke. The very White House budget is above that of the Harding and Wilson budgets. The cuts in the departments are small.

When you consider the thousands of columns printed about the Coolidge economies and the enormous propaganda put out on the subject and then consider the facts, you are simply lost in wonder as to how he gets away with it. In two conspicuous instances Mr. Coolidge failed to put into practice his economy doctrines. One was when he failed to veto the bill passed by Congress raising the salaries of members, thus in one lump adding more than a million dollars a year to the pay roll. The other was his failure to do away with the Presidential yacht, which, it is estimated, costs upwards of half a million a year to maintain.

Now, I do not say he should have done either. There is a perfectly good argument both for the increased Congressional salaries and for the *Mayflower*. What I do say, however, is that action in these cases would have been very much more real than

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action about drinking cups, towels, and lead pencils. Action in these cases would certainly have fitted in well with the speeches urging the necessity of governmental economy in every direction. Action in these cases would have harmonized with the messages to Congress declaring the time had come when appropriations must be pared to the bone and every unnecessary expenditure curtailed. But action in these cases would have taken courage and there was no action. Also, it ought to be noted, there was no criticism from the press for inaction.

Now as to the foreign debt policy, which Mr. Whiting thinks makes for friendship and stabilization and peace, all there is room here to say is this: In the first place, the debt policy, like the tax policy, originated not with Mr. Coolidge but with others. In the second place, the mountain of hate piled up against us in Europe as a result of our foreign policy, — and particularly our debt policy, — is higher than ever before in history, and everybody knows it. In the third place, no clear-headed man thinks that after a few years we shall get any money from our foreign debtors under this debt policy. In the fourth place, France, — one of the nations whose "capacity to pay" we have estimated at so many millions for the next sixty-two years, — has a bankrupt treasury and the best economists believe is on the verge of an economic crash from which it is too late to save her.

Much more could be said but what is the use? I shall not have time to touch upon what I think is the real outstanding characteristic of Mr. Coolidge as President, — and that is his extraordinary futility. In the recollection of the oldest Washington observer there has been no President whose leadership of his party has been so feeble, whose influence, for or against, so utterly negligible. With his own party in control of both branches of Congress, Mr. Coolidge has been utterly and ridiculously unable to get through the things he wanted or to keep from going through the things he did not want. The two exceptions are the tax bills and the World Court proposal, both of which were made possible for him by Democratic votes. A Republican Senate enthusiastically passed the bonus bill over his veto and inserted against his expressed desire the Japanese exclusion clause in the immigration bill, thereby slapping a friendly nation in the face. The administration's farm program was thrown into the discard contemptu-

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ously by a Republican House, and his request for radio legislation to reduce the chaos in the air was disregarded. Four-fifths of the recommendations made in his last message to Congress were disregarded and the vitally important Railroad-Labor bill was passed after he had pointedly disavowed any interest in it. Mr. Coolidge is the first President for more than sixty years to have his selection of a Cabinet member rejected by the Senate, and that rejection is made the more striking by the fact that there was a clear Republican majority in that body. Other instances of the powerlessness of the President could be piled up but there is not room. It was in a moment of pique that this noble President gave us an Attorney-General of literally incredible incapacity, who not only notoriously does not function but who publicly on the witness stand admitted he did not know what it was all about. He is honest, of course, and that is a gain; but is it too much to expect that the Attorney-General of the United States should be something more than just honest?

I would like to speak, too, of the consistent inertia and indifference of Mr. Coolidge toward the corruption that has occurred in his party in recent years, not only in regard to the cases of Daugherty, Fall, Forbes, Miller, and others, but in regard to the extraordinary disclosures in the Pennsylvania and Illinois primaries and a Republican Senatorial candidate's acceptance of huge sums for his campaign from corporations over whom he exercised rate making powers. To some it might seem that one or the other of these rather shocking developments might have afforded the head of the nation an opportunity to say a word or strike a note that would ring through the country and show that, — whether in his party or not,— he abhorred and hated this sort of thing.

Such a note was certainly needed. It would have done the country infinite good to have had the President strike it, — but he hasn't and apparently he won't.

It is not that he does not personally hate corruption. He does. There is not in him the slightest sympathy with the political wrong-doer. A more correct little man never lived. The trouble is that while his impulses are all right they are not strong enough to make him act unless he is pushed into action.

One more word about Mr. Whiting's article. He ends it with the graphic statement that "he has rested the ear-drums of the na-

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tion", which, translated, I suppose means that he has the great gift of silence. So it is popularly supposed. But the fact is it is not true. If the subject is small enough he can be, — and often is, — quite garrulous and in the matter of platitude production he has few equals. Not long ago in the "New Republic" there appeared an article which proved from the record that Mr. Coolidge as President had made more and longer speeches in a given time than any one of his three immediate predecessors.

Now I should be sorry if this article conveyed the idea that I am hostile to Mr. Coolidge. As a matter of fact I am not, but because of the great number of his eulogists, the extraordinary output of his literary admirers, and the almost complete absence of Coolidge criticism in the periodical or daily press it will probably seem so. It may be said that I am a soured Democrat or a narrow Southerner or a disappointed office seeker; or that I am unable to understand the Vermont type; or that I am disgruntled because I have not been invited on the *Mayflower*. I do not think any of those things are so. The fact is, I think Mr. Coolidge would make a perfectly splendid county judge in a circuit where it was not necessary to know much law. Furthermore, in a time of complete tranquillity, with unchecked prosperity and no real problems, I think he makes a fairly acceptable President, — not one about whom you want to boast, but still good enough. But I should not like to have him at the helm when the Ship of State begins to toss and tremble in a storm. And neither would the big business leaders who are so solidly with him now. The franker ones among them admit it.

I am willing to concede he is a good little man. Where I can't go along is in acclaiming him a great one. I admit he has every small virtue there is, but if there is any evidence of the larger ones then I have missed it, — and I have looked.

Richard Washburn Child will take up the cudgels on behalf of the President in the February Forum.

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Death comes for the Archbishop

A Novel by Willa Cather

Prologue — At Rome

ONE summer evening in the year 1848, three Cardinals and a missionary Bishop from America were dining together in the gardens of a villa in the Sabine hills, overlooking Rome. The villa was famous for the fine view from its terrace. The hidden garden in which the four men sat at table lay some twenty feet below the south end of this terrace

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and was a mere shelf of rock, overhanging a steep declivity planted with vineyards. A flight of stone steps connected it with the promenade above. The table stood in a sanded square, among potted orange and oleander trees, shaded by spreading ilex oaks that grew out of the rocks overhead. Beyond the low balustrade the landscape stretched soft and undulating; there was nothing to arrest the eye until it reached Rome itself.

It was early when the Spanish Cardinal and his guests sat down to dinner. The sun was still good for an hour of supreme splendor, and across the shining folds of country the low profile of the city barely fretted the sky-line, — indistinct except for the dome of St Peter's, bluish gray like the flattened top of a great balloon, just a flash of copper light on its soft metallic surface. The Cardinal had an eccentric preference for beginning his dinner at this time in the late afternoon, when the vehemence of the sun suggested motion; the light was full of action and had a peculiar quality of climax, — of splendid finish. It was both intense and soft, with a ruddiness as of much-multiplied candle-light, an aura of red in its flames. It bored into the ilex trees, illuminating their mahogany trunks and blurring their dark foliage; it warmed the bright green of the orange trees and the rose of the oleander blooms to gold; sent congested spiral patterns quivering over the damask and plate and crystal. The churchmen kept their rectangular clerical caps on to protect their heads from the sun. The three Cardinals wore black cassocks with crimson pipings and crimson buttons, the Bishop a long black coat over his violet vest.

They were talking business; had met, indeed, to discuss an anticipated appeal from the Provincial Council at Baltimore for the founding of an Apostolic Vicarate in New Mexico, — a part of North America recently annexed to the United States. This new territory was vague to all of them, even to the missionary Bishop. The Italian and French Cardinals spoke of it as *Le Mexique*, and the Spanish host referred to it as "New Spain". Their interest in the projected vicarate was tepid, and had to be continually revived by the missionary, Father Ferrand; Irish by birth, French by ancestry, — a man of wide wanderings and notable achievement in the New World, an Odysseus of the Church. The language spoken was French, — the time had al-

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ready gone by when Cardinals could conveniently discuss contemporary matters in Latin.

The French and Italian Cardinals were men in vigorous middle life, — the Norman full-belted and ruddy, the Venetian spare and sallow and hook-nosed. Their host, Garcia Maria de Allande, was still a young man. He was dark in coloring, but the long Spanish face that looked out from so many canvasses in his ancestral portrait gallery was in the young Cardinal much modified through his English mother. With his *caffe oscuro* eyes, he had a fresh, pleasant English mouth and an open manner.

During the latter years of the reign of Gregory XVI, de Allande had been the most influential man at the Vatican; but since the death of Gregory, two years ago, he had retired to his country estate. He believed the reforms of the new Pontiff impractical and dangerous and had withdrawn from politics, confining his activities to work for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, — that organization which had been so fostered by Gregory. In his leisure the Cardinal played tennis. As a boy, in England, he had been passionately fond of this sport. Considering the outdoor game unfitting in a churchman, he now played a formidable game of indoor tennis. Amateurs of that violent sport came from Spain and France to try their skill against him.

The missionary, Bishop Ferrand, looked much older than any of them, old and rough, — except for his clear, intensely blue eyes. His diocese lay within the icy arms of the Great Lakes, and on his long, lonely horseback rides among his missions the sharp winds had bitten him well. The missionary was here for a purpose, and he pressed his point. He ate more rapidly than the others and had plenty of time to plead his cause, — finished each course with such dispatch that the Frenchman remarked he would have been an ideal dinner companion for Napoleon.

The Bishop laughed and threw out his brown hands in apology. "Likely enough I have forgot my manners. I am preoccupied. Here you can scarcely understand what it means that the United States has annexed that enormous territory which was the cradle of the Faith in the New World. The Vicarate of New Mexico will be in a few years raised to an Episcopal See, with

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jurisdiction over a country larger than Central and Western Europe, barring Russia. The Bishop of that See will direct the beginning of momentous things."

"Beginnings," murmured the Venetian, "there have been so many. But nothing ever comes from over there but trouble and appeals for money."

The missionary turned to him patiently. "Your Eminence, I beg you to follow me. This country was evangelized in Fifteen Hundred, by the Franciscan fathers. It has been allowed to drift for nearly three hundred years and is not yet dead. It still pitifully calls itself a Catholic country and tries to keep the forms of religion without instruction. The old mission churches are in ruins. The few priests are without guidance or discipline. They are lax in religious observance and some of them live in open concubinage. If this Augean stable is not cleansed, now that the territory has been taken over by a progressive government, it will prejudice the interests of the Church in the whole of North America."

"But these missions are still under the jurisdiction of Mexico, are they not?" inquired the Frenchman.

"In the See of the Bishop of Durango?" added Maria de Allande.

The missionary sighed. "Your Eminence, the Bishop of Durango is an old man; and from his seat to Santa Fé is a distance of fifteen hundred English miles. There are no wagon roads, no canals, no navigable rivers. Trade is carried on by means of pack mules, over treacherous trails. The desert down there has a peculiar horror; I do not mean thirst, nor Indian massacres, which are frequent. The very floor of the world is cracked open into countless canyons and arroyos, fissures in the earth which are sometimes ten feet deep, sometimes a thousand. Up and down these stony chasms the traveler and his mules clamber as best they can. It is impossible to go far in any direction without crossing them. If the Bishop of Durango should summon a disobedient priest by letter, who shall bring the Padre to him? Who can prove that he ever received the summons? The post is carried by hunters, fur trappers, gold seekers, whoever happens to be moving on the trails."

The Norman Cardinal emptied his glass and wiped his lips.

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"And the inhabitants, Father Ferrand? If these are the travelers, who stays at home?"

"Some thirty Indian nations, Monsignor, each with its own customs and language, many of them fiercely hostile to each other. And the Mexicans, a naturally devout people. Untaught and unshepherded, they cling to the faith of their fathers."

"I have a letter from the Bishop of Durango, recommending his Vicar for this new post," remarked Maria de Allande.

"Your Eminence, it would be a great misfortune if a native priest were appointed; they have never done well in that field. Besides, this Vicar is old. The new Vicar must be a young man, of strong constitution, full of zeal, and, above all, intelligent. He will have to deal with savagery and ignorance, with dissolute priests and political intrigue. He must be a man to whom order is necessary, — as dear as life."

The Spaniard's coffee-colored eyes showed a glint of yellow as he glanced sidewise at his guest. "I suspect, from your exordium, that you have a candidate, — and that he is a French priest, perhaps?"

"You guess rightly, Monsignor. I am glad to see that we have the same opinion of French missionaries."

"Yes," said the Cardinal lightly, "they are the best missionaries. Our Spanish fathers made good martyrs, but the French Jesuits accomplish more. They are the great organizers."

"Better than the Germans?" asked the Venetian, who had Austrian sympathies.

"Oh, the Germans classify, but the French arrange! The French missionaries have a sense of proportion and rational adjustment. They are always trying to discover the logical relation of things. It is a passion with them." Here the host turned to the old Bishop again. "But your Grace, why do you neglect this Burgundy? I had this wine brought up from my cellar especially to warm away the chill of your twenty Canadian winters. Surely, you do not gather vintages like this on the shores of the great Lake Huron?"

The missionary smiled as he took up his untouched glass. "It is superb, your Eminence, but I fear I have lost my palate for vintages. Out there, a little whiskey or Hudson Bay Company rum does better for us. I must confess I enjoyed the cham-

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pagne in Paris. We had been forty days at sea, and I am a poor sailor."

"Then we must have some for you." He made a sign to his major domo. "You like it very cold? And your new Vicar Apostolic, what will he drink in the country of bison and *serpents des sonnettes?* And what will he eat?"

"He will eat dried buffalo meat and frijoles with chili, and he will be glad to drink water when he can get it. He will have no easy life, your Eminence. That country will drink up his youth and strength as it does the rain. He will be called upon for every sacrifice, quite possibly for martyrdom. Only last year the Indian pueblo of San Fernandez de Taos murdered and scalped the American Governor and some dozen other whites. The reason they did not scalp their Padre was that their Padre was one of the leaders of the rebellion and himself planned the massacre. That is how things stand in New Mexico!"

"Where is your candidate at present, Father?"

"He is a parish priest, on the shores of Lake Ontario, in my diocese. I have watched his work for nine years. He is but thirty-five now. He came to us directly from the Seminary."

"And his name is?"

"Jean Marie Latour."

Maria de Allande, leaning back in his chair, put the tips of his long fingers together and regarded them thoughtfully.

"Of course, Father Ferrand, the Propaganda will almost certainly appoint to this Vicarate the man whom the Council at Baltimore recommends."

"Ah yes, your Eminence; but a word from you to the Provincial Council, an inquiry, a suggestion—"

"Would have some weight, I admit," replied the Cardinal smiling. "And this Latour is intelligent, you say? What a fate you are drawing upon him! But I suppose it is no worse than a life among the Hurons. My knowledge of your country is chiefly drawn from the romances of Fenimore Cooper, which I read in English with great pleasure. But has your priest a versatile intelligence? Any intelligence in matters of art, for example?"

"And what need would he have for that, Monsignor? Besides, he is from Auvergne."

The three Cardinals broke into laughter and refilled their

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glasses. They were all becoming restive under the monotonous persistence of the missionary.

"Listen," said the host, "and I will relate a little story, while your Grace does me the compliment to drink my champagne. I have a reason for asking this question which you have answered so finally. In my family house in Valencia I have a number of pictures by the great Spanish painters, collected chiefly by my great-grandfather, who was a man of perception in these things and, for his time, rich. His collection of El Greco is, I believe, quite the best in Spain. When my progenitor was an old man, along came one of these missionary priests from New Spain, begging. All missionaries from the Americas were inveterate beggars, then as now, Bishop Ferrand. This Franciscan had considerable success, with his tales of pious Indian converts and struggling missions. He came to visit at my great-grandfather's house and conducted devotions in the absence of the Chaplain. He wheedled a good sum of money out of the old man, as well as vestments and linen and chalices, — he would take anything, — and he implored my grandfather to give him a painting from his great collection, for the ornamentation of his mission church among the Indians. My grandfather told him to choose from the gallery, believing the priest would covet most what he himself could best afford to spare. But not at all; the hairy Franciscan pounced upon one of the best in the collection, a young St Francis in meditation, by El Greco, and the model for the saint was one of the very handsome Dukes of Albuquerque. My grandfather protested; tried to persuade the fellow that some picture of the Crucifixion, or a martyrdom, would appeal more strongly to his redskins. What would a St Francis, of almost feminine beauty, mean to the scalp-takers?

"All in vain. The missionary turned upon his host with a reply which has become a saying in our family: 'You refuse me this picture because it is a good picture. *It is too good for God, but it is not too good for you.*'

"He carried off the painting. In my grandfather's manuscript catalogue, under the number and title of the St Francis, is written: *Given to Fray Teodocio, for the glory of God, to enrich his mission church at Pueblo de Cia, among the savages of New Spain.*

"It is because of this lost treasure, Father Ferrand, that I

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happen to have had some personal correspondence with the Bishop of Durango. I once wrote the facts to him fully. He replied to me that the mission at Cia was long ago destroyed and its furnishings scattered. Of course the painting may have been ruined in a pillage or massacre. On the other hand, it may still be hidden away in some crumbling sacristy or smoky wigwam. If your French priest had a discerning eye, now, and were sent to this Vicarate, he might keep my El Greco in mind."

The Bishop shook his head. "No, I can't promise you, — I do not know. He is very reserved; but I have noticed that he is a man of severe and refined tastes. Down there the Indians do not dwell in wigwams, Your Eminence," he added gently.

"No matter, Father. I see your redskins through Fenimore Cooper, and I like them so. Now let us go to the terrace for our coffee and watch the evening come on."

The Cardinal led his guests up the narrow stairway. The long graveled terrace and its balustrade were blue as a lake in the dusky air. Both sun and shadows were gone. The folds of russet country were now violet. Waves of rose and gold throbbed up the sky from behind the dome of the Basilica.

As the churchmen walked up and down the promenade, watching the stars come out, their talk touched upon many matters, but they avoided politics, as men are apt to do in dangerous times. Not a word was spoken of the Lombard war, in which the

(*Continued on page 130*)

Drawings by Harold von Schmidt

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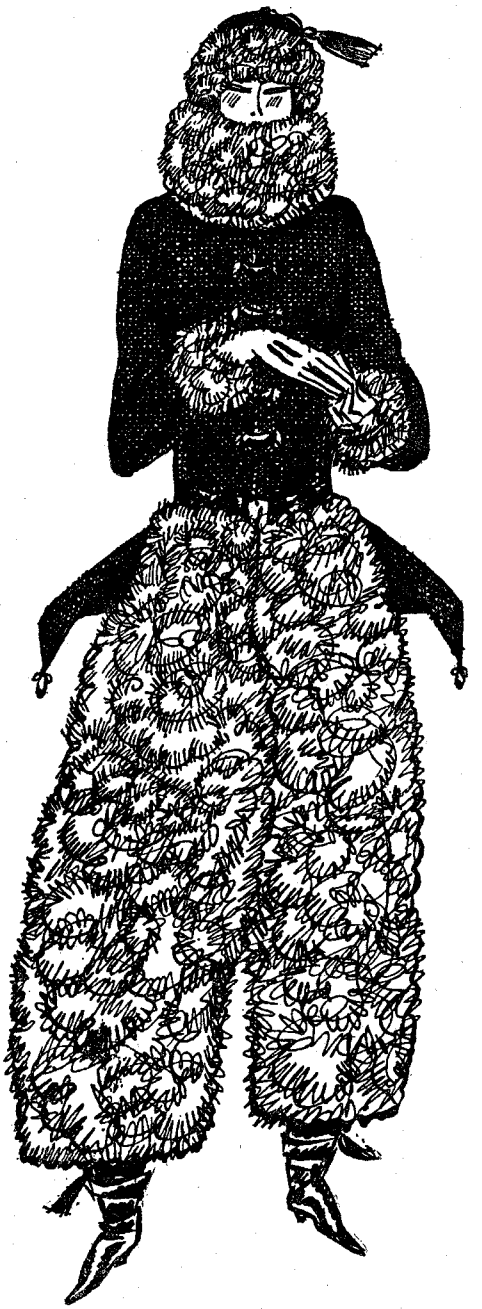

I. Appropriate for a Woman Soldier. Why not?

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WILL SKIRTS DISAPPEAR?

A Thirty-year Prophecy by the Paris Arbiter of Fashion

PAUL POIRET

IS it possible to foretell the fashions thirty years in advance? I doubt whether anyone has ever been rash enough to make the attempt. What arbiter of the mode of 1896 would have been able to predict what is being worn this winter? Picture the harassed *couturier* of thirty years ago, pinching in waists, rounding out hips, fabricating tight bodices and flaring, gored skirts that came trailing along in the dust behind belles who bore up as proudly as possible under hats perched like crowns on top of their fringed coiffures. How could the poor man have foreseen that the very same ladies would one day repudiate the whole get-up and come stalking into his shop in skirts cut off at the knee, waists of the vaguest location, heads with a minimum of hair, and hats as deep as saucepans!

I like to believe that this poor soul is dead and thus spared the sight of his ideal in ruins, or that he lives in remote and apathetic retirement, or that he has become philosophical enough to retain his love for the mode, whatever excesses it may run to.

But even if he had had the hardihood to design what he thought you would be likely to wear to-day, Capricious Ladies, his imagination would most certainly have fallen lamentably short of the facts. That is why one must banish the fear of exaggeration when projecting oneself forward another three decades. Indeed one must keep reminding oneself that the most liberal prognostication will be in the nature of an underestimate and that however mad one may think oneself, the styles will be madder. It is with this license that I will inspire myself in attempting to trace the trend of the fashions for the coming thirty years.* If my predictions prove false, and posterity judge me harshly, so much the worse.

* I defy you to prove to me that I have not been strictly exact, but if any readers should by any chance desire to set up against me predictions of their own, I should be happy to have them send me their suggestions at my private address, — Paul Poiret, Rond Point des Champs Elysées, Paris, France. — P. P.

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Before setting out into this enchanting void, one must take one's bearings by a survey of the influences which are now reflected in the styles and then proceed to imagine those which will be operative in the future. Fashions, — and I am speaking of the French fashions, which are the only ones, since they inspire all the others, — are sensitive to every sort of influence, but most of all to political and social states of mind. Having with difficulty survived the wave of socialism which demoralized them, the fashions had to undergo the trials of the War, and nobody will deny that this calamity effected a great alteration in women's appearance. In the wake of the War came a wave of independence new to Europe. A perfect tempest of masculine ideas blew across the ocean, — and women just couldn't keep their hair up in the wind! Their very minds were being blown free from ancient moorings. What the helmets and aviation boots had begun, this new stirring of ideas completed.

At the present moment we in France are slaves to the American influence; to what else can one attribute the passion for wealth, the worship of money which has been so evident with us in recent years and which has certainly not been a characteristic of French life in past ages?

American, too, is the tendency which our young ladies manifest when they affect a masculine appearance and a martial swagger, — the vogue of cigarettes and pajamas! Along with that, the necessity of providing for the future has turned many of them into lawyers, doctors, manufacturers, chemists, mechanics, and these professions perceptibly modify their garb, their manner, and often their moral attitude. It is safe to predict that this thirst for emancipation is not yet quenched and that women will reach out for even greater liberties, which means that for several years more they will be striving to come nearer and nearer the boyish, bachelor type. Increasingly they will go in for tennis and golf and every manner of outdoor activity, and this, far from stimulating elegance, will have the effect of restricting its expression to the limit.

Even more American are the implacable and hypertrophic rhythms of the new dances, the blues and the Charlestons, the din of unearthly instruments, and the musical idioms of exotic lands. I should estimate that for another fifteen years we shall

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have an ascending graph of jazz-bands and negro fanfares, which in their turn will give way to something newer, weirder, and more outlandish. The thrall of American music, which with Paul Whiteman seems to have reached its paroxysm and its zenith, will die away, just as that of the gypsy rhythms which now seem so naive and old-fashioned to us.

The further this American spirit spreads, and the more we indulge the taste for these alien dances, the more masculine and the more severe will the fashions for women become. Already we have been treated to women in dinner jackets, and we shall soon witness a revival of trouser-skirts under various guises: some loose but caught in at the ankle in the Turkish manner; some cut like those favored by men, though somewhat wider and more flowing in line, so that the transition from skirt to trousers will not seem like a deliberate "steal".

And trousers for women will not be a mere short-lived fad; they will become as inevitable as bobbed hair, which is here to stay. Of course, there are still disapproving ladies who grumble and die-hards who protest, but I say in all confidence that the women who still demur at sacrificing their golden fleece will be won over by those who have grasped the scissors boldly, and those who hesitate the longest will end by looking positively funny. "You've no idea, my dear, how comfortable it makes one's head, — so hygienic, too, and *so* easy to manage, — no hairpins and combs falling all over the place, and no wisps to tuck in, — to say nothing of those dreadful old switches, — and, my dear, the feel of the air on the back of your neck!"

Trousers will also be found to be more practical, more hygienic, and as a consequence this innovation will keep gaining ground and lead the styles bit by bit into a rigid sobriety. Even costumes for evening wear will be straight and austere.

The first illustration is characteristic of the new militant woman: trousers of gray fur and a jacket of red ratine (1). It might appropriately be worn by a woman soldier. Why not? But this epoch of excessive plainness will be succeeded by a reaction, at first mild. Fifteen years or so, and the foreign influence will be on the wane. Then we may look for a renaissance of the purest French taste. The political upheavals of Europe will have calmed down, the ambitions of the socialists will be regarded as old-

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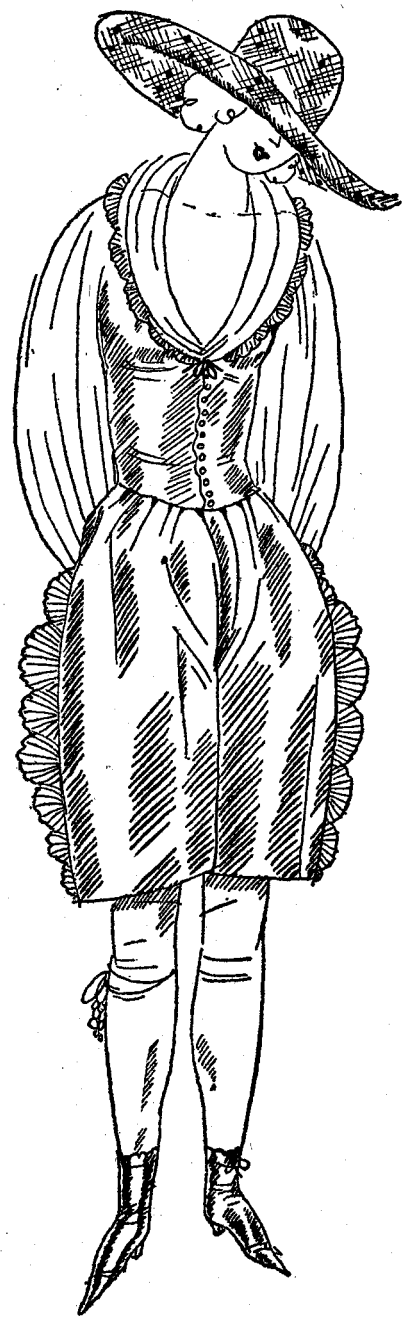

II. Reminiscent of Eighteenth Century Shepherds

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III. Symbolical of Some Future Charleston

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fashioned utopianism, the working classes will have resumed their place and importance in a world weary of their recriminations. An era of peace and confidence! Chiffon will come into its own again: even the indispensable trousers, though nothing will be ceded as regards their *principle*, will admit of an element of fantasy, — hand-worked ornamentation, laces, embroideries, mousseline of the daintiest. . . . For example, my second figure, reminiscent of the grace of the eighteenth-century shepherds, — a frank evocation of French tradition (II).

The third (III) is symbolical of some future Charleston (it will in all probability be styled the *Saint-Gui*), a costume which is largely a matter of bracelets. The *nécessaire* (this will undoubtedly be the name by which every lady will refer to her trousers) is in poppy-colored velvet faced with scallops of gold. A Nile scarf is employed for the sash.

The fourth illustration shows the degree to which the aridity and rigor of the masculinization of women may lead (IV). But if shades of femininity still linger, the garment shown in Figure V will doubtless be the lady's choice: an elastic sheath which molds the bust and which, let us say, is carried out in a shade of canary yellow. It terminates in a *pantalon bouffant* of iridescent crêpe, — diaphanous scarfs drifting about it all, gently beclouding the outlines.

By that time, moreover, the female anatomy will be resuming its pristine aspect. Rounded contours will at first begin to be tolerated and gradually become *de rigueur*. An era of refined and delicate pleasures, of wit, charm, and distinction. Literature flourishing as never before; culture in vogue; a passion for the arts; an enormous respect for science; an appetite for the healthy joys of family life; a return to the land.

We have now reached the year 1940. Good-bye then to cardboard women, to scooped and hollowed silhouettes, to angular shoulders and flattened busts, birdless cages, beeless hives! I have a vision of women who *are* women, with all the feminine graces and prerogatives, blossoming luxuriantly, radiant, serene, balanced, and buoyant, — proud, happy mothers, good-natured wives.

The last sketch (VI) shows you a concrete specimen of the proud and happy mother of that halcyon day. She is wearing a

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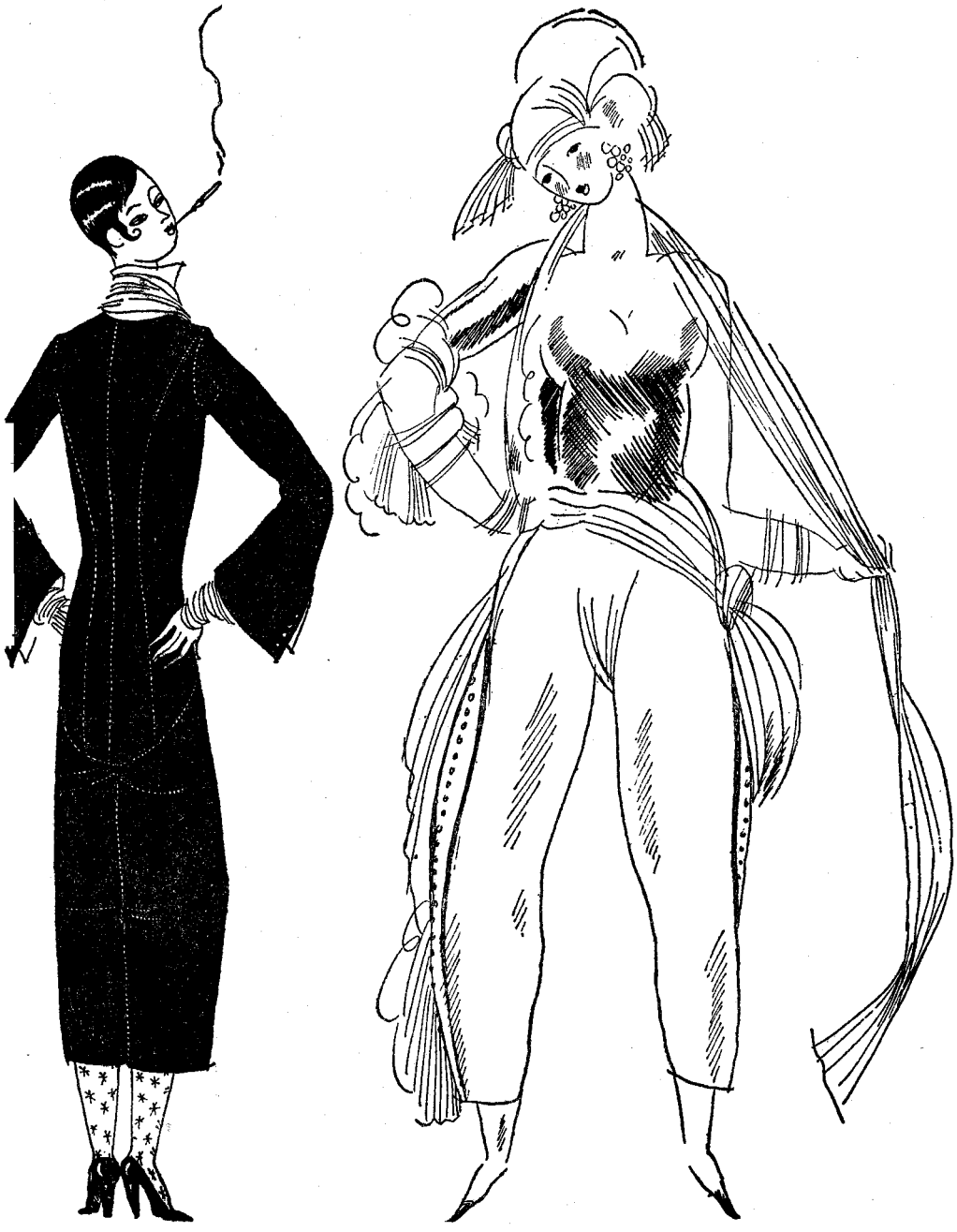

IV. Aridity and Rigor of the Masculinization of Woman
V. An Elastic Sheath . . . Carried Out in Canary Yellow

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VI. A Proud and Happy Mother of 1957 — in Trousers

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hat of spun glass in a luminous shade of *bleu océan*. Her *nécessaire* is of net woven from palm fibre, natural color, — fichu and sash are of incandescent vegetable silk.

The keynote of the period is originality: life will be bathed in a fresh light and no invention will be too audacious to receive encouragement. Capital will be placed lavishly in the hands of the innovator, and there will be an ardent cult for the unknown and the novel. Fashions will reflect this spirit in flamboyant whimsies. Gowns will be composed in hues bold, bright, and shrill, blending in unforseeable harmonies. Science will be coerced into devising ever new and more ingenious processes for weaving materials from the most unlikely sources and manufacturing dyes of a richness undreamed of in Tyre and Sidon. There will be positively explosive cloaks in fabrics that crackle and glisten. In the Bois you will turn to admire the liquid emerald frock worn by some Maharajah's daughter as she goes gliding by in her nickel electric. The Rodiers of the day will be supplied by their chemists with cellulosahs in acidulated tints, sulfurated glucosinahs which shimmer. Tunics of scintillating silver,— apple-green gandourahs, — *nécessaires* of paprika satin, — pale blue shocks of hair, —

At the historic Elysée, which in the dull old days of 1927 was the dwelling-place of the President of the Republic but which has been converted into a theatre for the operettas so dear to our grandchildren, the nakedness of the chorus girls is draped in blinding filigree of potassium chlorate. They wear no shoes, — merely high little heels like miniature stilts. Their nails are mirrors darting beams into the eyes of spectators seated in mechano-therapic stalls which are cunningly jointed for their greater comfort and constantly in movement. Applause centres upon a lovely young beauty sheathed in a *nécessaire* of sea-martin's feathers held in at the waist by an anesthetized snake. Fumes of a drowsy fragrance constitute a drape for her shoulders. Twittering swallows bicker for the privilege of pecking at the flowers nestling in her azure locks. Constellations of little stars float in the artificial firmament and reach beyond the stage to the loges upholstered in live, exotic blooms.

At the Beauvau Bar (once known as the Ministry of the Interior) you gravely and silently salute a deaf and dumb member of parliament, for of course in this enlightened time all

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députés are selected from institutions for deaf-mutes; progress demanded it. He is standing there, squeezed into a foppish steel camisole, conceitedly displaying a fine pair of calves tatooed in a complicated design of red, white, and blue.

In a dirigible made for the exclusive use of the Archbishop of Paris, Mlle. Sorel, younger than ever, surrounded by her seven violet grayhounds, munches pearl biscuits and smiles fetchingly upon the Dictator of France, who seems a trifle self-conscious in his new doublet of white elephant hide.

At their feet lies Paris in the joyous throes of a prodigious celebration: the monuments are bedecked in ribbons and ruffles, the avenues are hung with brilliant stuffs. A delirious mob is surging toward the Panthéon, for the ashes of a great dressmaker who has been dead for a number of years are being transferred with all due rites to the national Valhalla.

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YOUTH OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

An Authorized Interview with
THOMAS A. EDISON

Edward Marshall

THE wild young people are made to seem exceedingly tame in the fourth of Mr. Edison's series of FORUM *interviews. As he approaches his eightieth birthday, the Nestor of American invention, unlike his Homeric prototype, takes a cheerful view of his juniors. The morals of the younger generation to-day are better than those of preceding younger generations. As for the unrest said to characterize them, it is a good thing. Young people are not what they used to be, and Mr. Edison, for one, is glad of it.*

THE outlook of to-day's youth is very different from that of the young people of the preceding generation. Their outlook differed from that which went before and this was equally true of each preceding generation. But the change which has occurred in the outlook of the rising generation is all in its favor. The youth of to-day does not deserve any especial credit for it. It is merely fortunate in the fact that, as is the case with all of us to-day, it is living in a different state of knowledge from that known to other generations. The very fact that it is youth guarantees it a greater benefit from this than age or even maturity can get. If the outlook of this generation were not different from that of the generation which preceded it this generation would be hopeless. The fact would demonstrate it to be dumb, deaf, and blind to its environment.

The educational effect of life has been tremendous in its influence on the human character and characteristics of the rising generation, as it always has been and always will be on every generation. One of the best evidences to be found that this effect has been for the most part good in modern youth is the obvious circumstance that to-day's youngsters of both sexes are beginning to doubt the myths, miracle tales, ancient chronicles, and other imperfect and misleading legends which once were called "history" and were used by the shrewd, the unscrupulous, and the fanatical for the exploitation of the ignorant.

In many details, therefore, it is a good thing that the outlook of our modern young people has altered as it has. Indeed I do not happen to think of any detail in which it is bad.

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There is no justification for the view that the morals of modern youth are deteriorating. If we take the world as a whole and base our conclusions upon fact instead of upon proclaimed theories, we shall find that the morals of young people are better at the present time than they have ever been before. This is not to deny details of any special conditions which may have risen in particular places and conditions. I know nothing about what may have been the local evidence leading any student of the situation to conclude from what he has seen around him that youth in general is going to the dogs. It may be true in special instances; we always have had to class a certain small proportion of young people with that larger group of older people who have not known how to get the best out of life or what to do with it, and so have done improper things with it and got the worst out of it. In the main, morals of modern youth are better than those of their fathers and grandfathers and much better than those of their remoter ancestors.

Value of Sport

A good many of the things for which some people criticize youth are recognized by some other and perhaps wiser minds as things for which youth should be praised. For example, the interest of to-day's young people in sport is inevitable and for their own good. It keeps their bodies healthy by compelling them to take good care of themselves or fail in sports; it disciplines them, and taken as a whole, it teaches them a great deal. The non-working youth of to-day is better off because he devotes spare time to sport instead of to that idle dissipation which was about all, except hard work, that the youth of bygone generations had with which to occupy the mind.

Probably it would be better in many instances if the young people who now devote a great deal of their time and effort to sport would give a part of it to productive employment; but the idea prevails generally, and has prevailed for a long time, that sport is greater fun than work.

I do not agree with this. I think work is the world's greatest fun. But certainly it is better that those youngsters who do not wish to work because nobody has proved to them that work is fun should spend their time at sports than that they should

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idle or do worse. By "worse" I mean dissipation. Dissipation was much more common among the young men of bygone generations than it is among the young men of to-day. It is a fine thing for the race and nation that the youth of this generation has so much more chance at sports of all sorts than youth had fifty years ago, and that young people are taking full advantage of it. Most sports are prosecuted in the open air and that is one of their advantages.

A Healthier Race To-day

That girls as well as boys are going in systematically for sports will be of benefit to the race. The healthier the girls are, the stronger will be the women who must be the mothers of the race, and strong mothers make strong and progressive nations.

A good deal of very unjust criticism is being aimed at the girl of the period, it seems to me. Frequently I hear it said that she pays too much attention to dress. Personally I can see no evidence of that, and honestly I do not think that any reasonable person can find much. The dress of girls and women is becoming simpler and more beautiful. Simplicity and beauty of dress probably are signs of advancing civilization. It is a matter of record that one of the first white explorers of Africa found one young negress whose weight was ninety-five pounds and who was wearing jewelry weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. Why criticize our "flappers"? They're all right. Let them alone! Not even the rouge-pot and lip-stick of to-day really are modern inventions or creations of civilization. That same ninety-five-pound young female savage who wore one hundred and twenty pounds of jewelry was very much more fully painted than the worst rouged and lip-sticked female youngster that New York has ever seen, for she was painted from top to toe like a camouflaged cannon.

Most of us are so prone, as we grow older, to criticize youth for everything it does, forgetting how much worse we did when we were young. A wave of such complaint sweeps over Europe and America to-day, and most of it is foolish. For instance, there are those who predict the direst consequences from the increased vogue of dancing. People have danced ever since the most remote days recorded in history and if it has wrecked the race,

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as each generation of old fogies in turn has predicted that it would, the wrecked race, everything considered, is getting along nicely. The "dancing" craze, as it is called, will keep on, for it is perfectly natural. It really is by no means a "craze".

All sorts of foolish things are attributed to youth but youth scarcely could be guilty of anything more foolish than some of the performances of "ripe maturity". For instance, an aging English author suggests that people over thirty-six should step aside and make room for younger and more progressive men and women, maintaining that the older generation is an "obstacle to progress", and I have been asked to express myself upon that subject. I do so gladly. There is always satisfaction in trying to counteract nonsense.

Maturity Begins in the Thirties

The man who has reached the age of thirty-six has just about achieved readiness to discard the illusions built on the false theories for which wrong instruction and youthful ignorance previously have made him an easy mark. He is just beginning to get down to business. If he is really worth while he has passed through a series of hard knocks by that time. The useful man never leads the easy, sheltered, knockless, unshocked life. At thirty-six he ought to be prepared to deal with realities and after about that period in his life, until he is sixty, he should be able to handle them with a steadily increasing efficiency. Subsequently, if he has not injured his body by excess indulgence in any of the narcotics (and by this term I mean, here, liquor, tobacco, tea, and coffee), and if he has not eaten to excess, he very likely may continue to be achievingly efficient up to his eightieth birthday and in exceptional cases until ninety.

Then the curve turns sharply down. The cycle is approaching the end. At about that age the entities which form that man will be preparing to discard their old abode, which is that man, and enter upon a new cycle. Then and not till then men should, must, and do begin to step aside. If all men did so at the age of thirty-five the world of times to come would be virtually without achievement and leadership.

I am often astonished when I see advanced such theories as this of the thirty-five-year usefulness limit. All human history

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and experience go to disprove them, and yet someone who can attract public attention always is popping up with that sort of foolish talk and making the whole world ask silly questions.

"Unrest" Often Divine

One of the many other things about that which we call current thought is that people speak of a "prevailing unrest", applying this term particularly to the mental state of young people. It is not "unrest" in the bad sense in which the word is used which keeps young people moving, thinking, doing. It is, however, the opposite of stagnation and that is a fine thing for the world. The steady increase of activity is mostly orderly, aspiring, and worth-while, having been brought about by those changes in the methods of our lives which can be attributed to new inventions and methods.

The passing generation is likely to give a disagreeable and undeserved significance to the fermentation of new ideas among the young of the present and the coming generations. "Unrest" may be and often has been divine. We shall have no better conditions in the future if we are satisfied with all those which we have at present.

The fact that the young people of to-day, generally speaking, are more intelligent than the young people of 1890, for example, when I, myself, was forty-three years old, is a pretty good guarantee that the young people of thirty-six years in the future will be more intelligent than those of to-day. What young people may be a century from now I do not care to predict, nor do I dare. They will be an improvement on the young people of the present. That is all I feel it safe to say. I am very hopeful of the next generation in America and of the many generations which will follow it.

Of course much will depend on education. There are those who claim that the young person of to-day is overeducated, and that this means arrival of the time when parents and teachers to a greater extent should let youth alone to follow its own initiative.

Perhaps education has changed less than we think. Like religion it is very slow to change. In time, however, new methods will be introduced which will greatly improve it. I do not care to speculate as to just what they will be, but in many details,

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and, in some essentials, they will differ from those of to-day and the new education, when formulated, will be more effective than any we now know.

Interest and Simplicity Keynotes of Education

At present most young people leave their schools only partially educated, and rapidly forget a large part even of that which they have been taught. I cannot believe that if they had been taught the right things in the right way this would be the case so frequently and notably. They fail to learn because the methods of teaching are wrong. They forget because the methods of instruction have made them actually dislike knowledge. Learning is not made interesting and most young people will not acquire information which seems to be uninteresting. Interest and simplicity should be the keynotes of all education, I believe. It is impossible to fascinate young minds with dull complexities.

I have been asked if I believe that girls and boys should be educated together. I am not very emphatic on this subject, but I think they might better be kept apart during the school studying years. It may be that, together, they distract each other's attention. Whether coeducation always will be unwise is another matter.

Perhaps we have gone too far in various things. I cannot think that the free discussion of whatever subject, in any society, however mixed, which seems to have become a habit among some groups of those who call themselves "the élite", is a good thing. It is a mere stupidity to rob life of all its reservations.

But in spite of all the errors we have made, the young people of to-day are healthier minded than any of the past. And of course this indicates that humanity has been more right than wrong in its influences on youth. Even if this be chargeable to youth itself, as some leaders of the self-dubbed "youth movement" say, the credit must be given to maturity as well, for every general impulse is the result of community, nation, and world thought. Thinking is a cumulative process. The knowledge of to-day is nothing but the sum of the knowledge of the past.

Maturity often is more absurd than youth and very frequently is most unjust to youth.

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A wave of accusation sweeps America just now, one of its details being the charge that young people are drinking far too much of alcoholic stimulants. I try to watch life as it passes in review before me (it passes in review before every man, if he but knew it, and it is the most interesting of parades), and nothing I have seen made me aware that youth as a whole is doing anything of the sort. A few morons may be, but it would be a melancholy world if we judged youth as a whole by the morons we may chance to find among young people. We do not call apples a bad fruit because some have blemishes.

The best service which maturity can render youth is to encourage and forward every worthy form of education. I have reason to believe that the systems which at present we have managed to work out, particularly in our colleges, are in many details inefficient, but that they are better than nothing goes without saying. Primary education is an absolute necessity and the higher education, so called, should have every encouragement, I think. Only by giving it as much thought and labor as we can devote to it can we bring about in it those improvements which so obviously are necessary.

The Famous Questionnaire

At this point Mr. Marshall asked Mr. Edison if he felt that his famous questionnaire system of selecting employees from youths just graduated by the colleges had been worth-while. Many people who have given casual thought to that which they have seen in the newspapers about the Edison questionnaires believe that they were designed merely to show whether or not the youth under examination had a large assortment of miscellaneous information.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about those questionnaires. Any man who is working with any sort of material and depending for his success on the intelligence with which he selects and handles it is stupid if he does not use every possible method of ascertaining as many facts as possible pertaining to it. Mere looking at a young man who is applying for employment can tell you nothing about him except that he is high grade or low grade as the case may be.

An employer needs to know far more than that. He must have

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certain details if he wishes to avoid waste of time in efforts to train human material which cannot be trained. The human mind cannot be analyzed as the piece of metal can be, but a good deal can be learned about it by finding out, first, whether or not it is really a thinking and remembering machine. An employee who has a good memory will be of far greater value to an employer than one who has not. And so the questionnaires were valuable as memory tests, which was all the public and the men who wrote about them seemed to think it possible that they could be.

But they were far more than that. Framed with the object of bringing out many things of value which were not apparent to the man who examined them casually they rendered me good service. Mental capacity, attentiveness, quickness, and accuracy or their opposites may be indicated in the answers to a questionnaire and, further, it is possible to devise a list of queries which will draw out of the person answering them much evidence as to character in its various important manifestations. Just why there should have been so much excitement because I, an employer, decided to use questionnaires in an effort to determine whether or not applicants for positions were fit to fill them always has puzzled me. Every school and college in the world depends upon examinations as virtually its only means of establishing pupils' fitness or unfitness for promotion.

But there was nothing in the results of my experimental application of the questionnaire idea to discourage me about modern youth, although there may have been something in the comment upon those results to discourage me with regard to modern maturity. If my questionnaires revealed to me any details of inefficiency in our educational processes surely that knowledge is valuable to me as an employer. The questionnaires served their purpose. They were devised with the idea that they might increase my efficiency as the head of a business enterprise, for the first requisite of business success is ability to select intelligently the people to be employed.

The mere fact that I am now convinced that college training should be encouraged proves that I make no attack on it. If I am convinced that, being inefficient in some details, it can be very much improved, I also am convinced that most other human processes as carried on to-day can and will be very much im-

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proved in days to come. The fact which I have mentioned that young people of this generation are healthier-minded than those who preceded them is and must be an outcome of the education they have had, whether they have acquired it in primary schools, or colleges, in their homes, through reading books, through studying the newspapers, or in whatever way.

What is a college? An institute of learning. What is a business? An institute of learning. Life, itself, is an institute of learning.

Educators Need Education

Business is a college more exacting than any of the schools and universities which make up what we call our educational system. Its courses are strictly practical and its teachers are what men of this generation describe by the term "hard boiled", but it is a school, a college, or a university as the student of its compulsory education may elect. Its courses are not always free. For some of the instruction all of us pay very high tuition. Only to a certain extent are they elective. That only a small percentage of the young men of to-day adapt themselves effectively to such of them as they choose and pass their examinations for promotion with high standing, is sufficient indication that general preparation for their requirements is far from ideal. That is where there is the greatest room for real improvement in our education. When we consider it as an actual preparation for the hard, cold, delightful, warm, inevitable experiences of actual life we shall have developed it to just about its limit.

To say that our educators need education is merely to say of them what they are constantly proclaiming of themselves and everybody else in their own speeches. They know it and most of them are trying earnestly to get the education that they need.

But it probably remains true that the proportion of so-called success in business is smaller than the proportion of so-called success in education, that is, that a greater percentage of the boys and girls who go to college meet the requirements of their colleges as crystalized in their final examinations than, later, meet the final requirements of success when the same boys and girls go into business or any manner of mature activity. This is most important, for the later success means usefulness and happiness.

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One reason for this, and of course there are many reasons other than defects in educational methods, although these undoubtedly are of great importance, is that something untoward seems to happen to domestic life in many instances. It is not good for man, — or woman, either, — to live alone. Of that I am sure.

And one tendency of the times which I am inclined to think is bad is the apparently increasing avoidance of marriage or its postponement until an age when the adaptation of one individual of the couple involved to the other is difficult because habits have been fixed so firmly that their adjustment is a difficult or at least an annoying process. Obviously, therefore, it seems to me, early marriages should be encouraged.

Radio a Great Educator

We are getting knowledge from many sources which used not to be available, however, and this will help us solve all problems.

Life, itself, without the assistance of colleges and universities, is becoming an advanced institution of learning. This may be truer in the fields of material science than in some others; it certainly is true there. Radio and other things are popularizing scientific knowledge. It is not improbable that the aggregate of such information acquired by youths during the past twelve months as the result of their interest in radio is greater than the aggregate acquired by youths during the same period as the result of study in the schools and colleges. There is no way of determining this, but it is certain that even crude experimentation by youth with the making and use of scientific instruments and appliances, with the combination of chemicals, and with such hints of the unseen forces as are certain to result from effort of this sort, is highly educational. Radio is popularizing science among the young and that is something which the schools, necessarily, have frequently failed to do because of the mistaken mental attitude which has been forced on youth concerning schools, the belief that something disagreeable inevitably must be connected with the getting of scholastic education.

Perhaps that may be the fundamental error of our educational efforts up to date. I do not know. I am not an educational expert

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and can only guess with regard to a matter which has been, the world over, left too much to guesswork. The young college men who fail to pass the general intelligence test demanded by a questionnaire very likely may not be deficient in fundamental intelligence; their failure to acquire and later on to be able to summon instantaneously to their aid useful knowledge, and their apparent lack of that power of ordered reasoning which should be the most important of education's fruits, may be due to imperfections in the methods chosen by their elders for the dissemination of knowledge. In fact, I think this usually may be the case. But I am positive that non-scholastic study of any scientific subject such as recently has been given to radio by our young people is a great good fortune to a nation. These things definitely increase the habit of thinking scientifically.

Electricity in its various manifestations, the steam-engine and railroad, and to an even greater degree the internal combustion engine and its child, the automobile, have had a great developing effect upon the minds of youth. Radio now serves a similar purpose. Whether the airplane and flying will have a comparable general effect I doubt. Children will not get accustomed to flight as they have become accustomed to automobiling. Many years must elapse, I think, before airplanes will be so developed that they can come into general use as motor-cars have. The present types of flying machines have their utility, but only in the hands of experts.

It may be that the cumulative effect of aerial navigation will be to decrease the chances of war. If that proves to be the case then the airplane thus will have rendered the very greatest possible service. Some people feel quite sure of this.

Science May Outlaw War

Perhaps my own mind inclines in that direction, for I am convinced that wars not only will not cease but will be frequent until the controlling groups in all the countries conclude that war is far too hazardous an enterprise to be undertaken in any circumstances whatsoever. Occasional fighting will be inevitable while men believe that they can take the risks of it with any half way reasonable chance of winning an advantage for themselves. If wars are ever done away with, their cessation will not

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be due to sentimental arguments, but to the fact that science and invention may make war so dangerous to everyone concerned that the sheer patriotism of educated people in all nations, plus their common sense, will be universally against the stupid war-idea. He would be a bold and even reckless man who would declare this to be true at present.

Common sense is the thing we need most and the thing we have least of. We do not think things out, but continually jump at conclusions. All the talk which has buzzed about the world of late years concerning "perpetual youth" is contrary to common sense, it seems to me.

In the first place, I cannot feel convinced that any of the present experimenters in the search for methods of attaining it are at all on the right track. I do not know anything about their special sciences, but that is my general conviction.

In the second place, perpetual youth and virtual immortality on this earth would seem to me to be most undesirable. When the time comes, normal human beings do not desire abnormal extension of the earthly life-period. No dreamer about immortality has crystalized his dreams into a desire for a perpetual extension of such lives as we live here. Enough's enough of any human life as human lives are now. Those normal men who have reached the extreme limit of the human life cycle invariably are indifferent to death. They do not desire extension of the present existence. The group of entities which make up such a normal man's intelligence seek release from, rather than prolongation of, existence in the conditions and environments of this cycle so that they may enter another, whatever it may be. All through life humanity yearns for change, for without change progress is impossible and I am convinced that at the end of that which we call life this subconscious desire for something new is very great, and in many instances influential, no matter how the conscious mind, trained by instinct and long habit to cling to this existence, may struggle to combat it. New scenes, new occupations, new emotions, new successes, — these all normal human beings strive for during this life. When they have had all of these that they can get out of it they must turn for change to whatever may come beyond.

When this interview with the greatest inventive genius of his

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time drew to a close, Mr. Marshall put to Mr. Edison a potent question, one which almost every man has asked himself, in one form or another, — one which he has especially desired to ask of other men who have won eminence because of their attainments. Inasmuch as the conversation had been chiefly about modern youth, or at least had been suggested by a general desire to discuss modern youth, this query framed itself in harmony with the endeavor to consider youth from every aspect. "If you were twenty years old once more," Mr. Marshall asked Mr. Edison, "and had a convincing premonition of what life probably held for you, what would you do?"

"Exactly as I did originally," *said Mr. Edison.*

I WAS A GARDEN

I WAS a garden
That grew beside the road
Where sailor-men and journeymen
Made sweet abode.

I gave them drink of crystal spring,
A posy of heart's-bane;
They gave a gramercy to me
And went their way again.

There came a youth a-wandering
To take solace of me. . . .
Alack, — he found my well was dry
Of too much charity.

— *Muriel Cameron Bodkin*

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NEW POLAR TRAILS

The Airways of 1926

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

LEADERS in arctic exploration spent a busy year in 1926,—so busy, indeed, that it is hard to keep track of all their achievements. Mr. Stefansson, himself a noted explorer, here focuses in a single article the new knowledge of the North gained during the past twelve months. He draws some interesting conclusions as to the value of aircraft in the vicinity of the North Pole, and makes our familiar temperate climes seem positively perilous by comparison with the safety that attends the voyager in his friendly Arctic.

THE year 1926 has been a great year for polar explorers. There have been more of them than in any previous season, they have had more publicity, and most of them have succeeded in doing what they set out to do and proving what they tried to prove. It has doubtless made their pleasure keener,—it has certainly made their triumph more decisive,—that they did and proved these things in the teeth of critics who believed the opposite and who cried loudly that the announced programs were futile and destined to failure.

What the explorers of 1926 have proved will be of great importance to pure science, to aviation, and to world communication. More than ever, time is getting to be money. A startling gain in time for mails and passengers between important world centres will come directly and soon as a result of the arctic air voyages, and the achievements of the expeditions that were not by air will also, in some cases, be important.

Captain George H. Wilkins and the Detroit Arctic Expedition were first in the field last Winter. They were unique in that their enterprise was promoted by one municipality, the city of Detroit. A part of the business of the expedition was done from the Mayor's office, and the Superintendent of Schools and the schools themselves got behind the enterprise. Tens of thousands of school children contributed anything from a penny to a dime. Large contributions from wealthy people were discouraged because it was desired that the financing should be popular.

The active management was the Detroit Aviation Society, and there was cooperation from two of the leading newspapers in Detroit, as well as from the North American Newspaper Alli-

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ance, a world-wide organization. The scientific side of the expedition was under the direction of the American Geographical Society of New York.

Now that a year's work of the Detroit expedition is over, we find the main interest, as we have already indicated, in seeing how Wilkins proved his main points in the face of the criticism of high polar authorities who had taken the opposite view. One of the chief objects of the Detroit Arctic Expedition was to demonstrate to the public that the climatic and other natural obstacles to winter flying in arctic Alaska were no greater than the natural summer obstacles of the temperate zone, or, at the least, that these obstacles could be practicably conquered.

Alaska is the only arctic territory of the United States, and so of prime importance to this country. There had been a spectacular interest, too, in the Mitchell trials at Washington, and a graver interest in the commission appointed by President Coolidge to inquire into civil aviation. Men of high standing and good repute had testified emphatically, among other things, that there was no danger of an invasion of North America from Asia through the air by way of Alaska because the climatic conditions forbade successful flying. Consequently there was no reason why the United States should interest itself, either from an offensive or defensive point of view, in studying the air situation in Alaska or in trying to extend the air mail to that frontier. Among other things, the testimony before the President's commission said large-scale flying would never be successful in Alaska because the weather was too cold and stormy and that the country was covered "nearly all the year" by "ice, rain, hail, and snow."

Wilkins took a view opposed to the general trend of this testimony. In his statements he questioned whether Winter flying was any more difficult than Summer flying, — except, of course, insofar as darkness was concerned. With regard to the darkness, he maintained the flying problem in Alaska is no other than that of night flying anywhere. Regular routes must be effectively lighted, and this applies to the projected air mail between Fairbanks and Nome, Alaska, only in the same sense in which it applies to the actually operating night mail between Chicago and New York. The nights are longer in midwinter in Alaska than they are in the states of New York and Illinois.

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But what difference does that make to pilots who have to carry through their entire flights in any case during the hours of total darkness?

On the whole, Wilkins in his public statements inclined to the view that in Alaska Summer flying would be more difficult than Winter flying, if the best month of Summer were compared with the best month of Winter. For fogs and air pockets, among other adverse conditions, would be more numerous in Summer, and this difficulty would more than outweigh the troubles of cold and such darkness as there is in February and March. February is the coldest month of the year in the Far North.

The Detroit Arctic Expedition had many misfortunes, some of them tragic. Palmer Hutchinson, the able young newspaper man assigned to cover the expedition, was killed when he ran up to remove an obstruction from the wheel of a plane that was about to start, and the metal propeller which killed him was damaged, adding to the tragedy a mechanical setback. A little later both the airplanes of the expedition made bad landings on their trial flights and both were broken, necessitating delays of several weeks for repairs that were only partially successful and left the machines less capable than they had been before. The flyers in control at both mishaps said that the accidents had nothing to do with the climate or country in general, for both pilots were used to landing on snow-covered ground, one in Michigan and the other in many parts of the United States, including Alaska.

The Detroit Arctic Expedition airplanes several times had great difficulty in taking off from the Fairbanks field because it was covered with water or slush, a condition quite as likely to be met with in Michigan or New York as at Fairbanks; for, as is generally known, Fairbanks is usually colder and slush on the ground is, therefore, less frequent in Winter there than in many parts of the United States. Finally, one of the planes was irreparably broken on this same wet and soggy field. If anyone should insist that these difficulties were due to the location, then it must be remembered that the Fairbanks flying field is in the temperate zone and not in the Arctic, and that all these mishaps took place in the outskirts of a typical American city and within sight of an agricultural college. The only mishaps that took

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place in the Arctic were that Wilkins broke his arm at Point Barrow and that there also his men made the mistake of blending two kinds of gasoline into a mixture that did not work well in their engines.

The Detroit Expedition made four round-trip flights during which they covered a total distance of more than four thousand miles north of the arctic circle, and a thousand miles south of it. They had to cross unexplored arctic mountains that proved to be ten thousand feet high, instead of six, as had previously been estimated. And yet the flying went smoothly and with no more discomfort than is common in much flown regions of the temperate zone. The air was smoother than it almost ever is in the United States, and Wilkins reports that they found no bumps or air pockets except on the return from their last flight, — and that was because Winter was over, the snow had thawed off the ground, and the Arctic had acquired for a few months some of those unfavorable flying conditions that are nearly constant throughout the year in many parts of the temperate zone.

Wilkins made only one extensive flight over unexplored territory when, on his first hop-off from Fairbanks, he kept going for 140 miles beyond Point Barrow, which meant that he went about 70 miles farther north than anyone had been able to penetrate in that section before by any form of conveyance. Wilkins was, therefore, the first to prove about arctic flying conditions over an ocean what Byrd later proved more strikingly, as we shall see. In flying over extensive and unknown arctic mountains, Wilkins, Major Thomas G. Lanphier, Lieutenant Ben Eielson, and their comrades of the Detroit Arctic Expedition are and will remain the great pioneers.

Like Wilkins, Byrd found in planning his flights and in advocating his plans that he was in opposition to the prevailing opinion. Amundsen and Ellsworth had tried the airplane to the north of Spitsbergen a year before and had announced it as their conclusion that the North Pole, — for which they were then aiming, — was unattainable by the airplanes of that season and would remain so for several years, at the probable rate of progress in aeronautical construction. The risks, too, they said, were unreasonably great. They confirmed these published opinions by abandoning the airplane in favor of a dirigible purchased

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in Italy, giving out at the time the statement that the reason for the greatly increased expenditure was that the airplane was not as yet far enough developed for arctic work.

These widely circulated views of men whom the public looked upon as authorities, tended to handicap Byrd in winning support. This was in part because he was not free to say for publication exactly what he thought of the arguments, and why. For there has been in the past an etiquette among polar explorers that takes them out of the class of scientists and into the class of tennis stars. Scientists are permitted a thoroughgoing criticism of the published work and opinions of every other scientist. It is even expected of them. Pugilists, too, are allowed to say what they think of their opponents and are rather encouraged in doing so. Certainly no one thinks the less of them for it. But tennis stars and explorers must never speak of each other except with the most engaging smiles and the largest complimentary adjectives.

Falling in with this etiquette, Byrd did not publish any statement commenting directly upon the opinions of Amundsen and Ellsworth. But he went ahead as if he gave them not the slightest weight, showing himself, therefore, to be opposed to the popular opinion and in agreement with the view of the small minority who understood both the airplane and the arctic.

This view of the initiated was somewhat as follows: Flying across any ocean is dangerous. Even if you have a flying-boat, your risk would be more than serious if you had to come down in mid-Atlantic in a gale, among whitecaps and hollow breakers. Realizing this, the United States Navy took the precaution of stationing a line of ships from Newfoundland to the Azores and thence to Europe, attempting to keep in constant touch with the NC-4 flyers when they crossed the Atlantic in 1919. Such precautions are impossible for private individuals, who nevertheless may want to fly the Atlantic and sometimes do. Accordingly, Hawker, who made the first attempt, which was almost successful, took no precautions. There is much dispute as to just what happened to him, some thinking he came down by compulsion and was miraculously picked up by a ship that happened to be there, while others believe that he could have kept the air till he reached Ireland, but happened to see a ship and so came down where he knew he was safe.

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There is, however, no dispute about Alcock and Brown, who made the first non-stop crossing of the Atlantic by air. They had just come from the War, where flying over the Germans was by no means safe. They considered that an equal risk and an equal or greater chance of glory justified them in taking a hazard that was either equal or less. So they packed up a lunch, took off across the Atlantic from Newfoundland without any means of alighting nearer than Ireland, and did not alight until they got there.

As for the Amundsen-Ellsworth flight of 1925, the general run of comment was that if these arctic flyers had taken the air with a war spirit (which seems to be getting rapidly out of date), weighing themselves down with nothing more than a lunch and a thermos of hot coffee, they would have run less risk than Alcock and Brown. Flying conditions over the Arctic were at least as good on the average as those over the Atlantic, their machines better by the increased reliability of five years of aeronautical progress, and the distance they wanted to go (from Spitsbergen to the North Pole and back) less than that from Newfoundland to Ireland.

But instead of taking a wartime chance, — as the Atlantic flyers had done some years before, — these arctic flyers loaded themselves down with food for many years and all sorts of gear to use in the event of one or another emergency. Every pound of this displaced a pound of gasoline, cutting down their cruising radius and making inevitable what happened. Of course, it did not make inevitable the landing that was actually made, but it did make inevitable turning back when half the fuel was gone, and that figured out at a point short of the destination, as the event also proved.

What Byrd had to do in order to have a good chance for success where the critics predicted failure, was to revert to the wartime attitude towards risk of life, carry so little food and equipment that he could carry enough gasoline, and take such chances as Hawker, Alcock, and Brown had taken. It was evident from the straightforward way in which he carried out his preparations that this was exactly what he was going to do. He adhered to the tennis star etiquette of making no published comment on the record and views of Amundsen and Ellsworth, but his every action was such a comment.

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Byrd had against him, however, not only Amundsen and Ellsworth but also his former colleague, Donald B. MacMillan, who joined the others in saying that the airplane was not yet far enough developed for arctic work and was not in general suitable for it. Here Byrd broke the tennis etiquette of exploration to some extent, probably because the MacMillan statements appeared to commit Byrd as well, for they were ostensibly at least based upon the same experience, — the experience of Byrd himself when (with MacMillan, Bennett, and others) he made reconnoitering flights in the vicinity of Smith Sound. So Byrd gave out the simple statement that he did not agree with Mr. MacMillan's conclusions and was not able to see how he based them upon the work of their expedition of the previous year.

Another criticism of Byrd was that he was not taking time enough for preparations. There seems to be a theory that one should brood for years and years over arctic plans before finally hatching them. There may be something in that if the expedition is a scientific one, planned on a broad scale. But if your object is to go to a certain spot and come back, — as in the case of the North Pole, — then Byrd, although in disagreement with many, was in full agreement with the one man who devoted his life to that sort of exploration. I once asked Admiral Peary how much time he required to prepare for an expedition. He replied that, if he had all the money he needed and if he knew where he could buy or charter a suitable ship, then one working week would be ample, with a half day Saturday.

Peary said this, of course, having in his mind the names and addresses of the men he wanted for crew, and knowing he could reach them by telegraph and get their "yes" by return. Byrd needed more time than that, for, being new at exploration, he had no ready-made company. But he moved swiftly and quietly. It was only a few months from the time he made up his mind to go till he reached Spitsbergen.

Such were the objections of the experts to the Byrd flight, and such his replies in word and deed. He paid no attention to the vociferous multitude who did not know arctic conditions and were fearful of fogs, of the effect of the extreme cold, and of the peculiar difficulties of arctic navigation, — things that bother the experts very little. In any case, Byrd's performance eventually

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answered every objection of the expert and of the man in the street alike. He made no long preparations. He did not take large stocks of provisions or equipment against varied emergencies. He went to the North Pole, which was where he wanted to go, circled for a good look, and then came back with navigation so competent that he struck the exact point he wanted to reach.

Amundsen erred badly in forecasting failure for Byrd and Wilkins, but he was if anything more successful than either of them in confounding his own critics. For, like theirs, his plans met a great deal of opposition. But in the case of the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile dirigible flight it is not quite as demonstrable as with the Wilkins and Byrd airplane flights that the promoters were of an opinion squarely opposed to most of those published over the names of others. However, that fact is really clear from their actual preparations and course of action, which were by no means as vague as the statements they gave out.

But one statement they gave out was not vague. Together with the preparations of the expedition and its subsequent history, that one statement really shows that Amundsen has about as much reason as Wilkins or Byrd to feel satisfied with having confounded the critics. For the criticisms generally were that the dirigible *Norge* was not strong enough to withstand the "arctic gales" and the other (assumed) hostile conditions that would be met with in the Arctic. The controversy, then, was really as to the nature of these arctic conditions.

At the end of his great expedition of 1896, Amundsen's countryman and patron from the beginning, Fridtjof Nansen, had announced it as an outstanding conclusion of his meteorological studies, — carried on through a drift of the *Fram* and sledge journeys over the arctic ice which totaled more than three years, — that the Arctic was one of the least stormy large areas in the world. When you have that in mind, the terrifying phrase, "arctic storms," ceases to be a dragon that guards whatever northern secrets there may be and becomes instead a dove cooing invitation.

The interview which showed that Amundsen had accepted his great countryman's view was not given by him directly to the press but through a friend and by him in turn to the Omaha

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"News", of January 26, 1926, which says: "Amundsen tells me now that if the dirigible airship ever reaches Norway from Rome the rest of his trip is a certainty. He will go to the North Pole and on to Point Barrow and Nome."

This, then, gives Amundsen's true view of the difficulties of his flight, — that they would be met, not in the Arctic, but in the more stormy, and for an airship more dangerous, temperate zone. When we review briefly the story of the flight later in this article we shall see how triumphantly Amundsen's Omaha statement was vindicated.

The only other press interview I happened to notice that was particularly enlightening was given out by the great authority on dirigibles, the same Captain Anton Heinen who brought the *Los Angeles* from Germany to the United States. This was to the effect that there never had been any reason since the *Los Angeles* was built two years before why that ship should not have been placed in service to make regular trips across the Arctic fifty-two weeks in the year, carrying passengers and mails direct from New York to Peking with a greater assurance of safety while in the Arctic than she would have on the temperate zone portions of the journey, or on any equally long routes in the temperate zone or tropics.

It might easily have happened that the man in the street, criticizing the Amundsen plans, would have been proved apparently right by some gale or other natural hindrance, meeting the *Norge* on her voyage across the Arctic; for, although storms and unfavorable flying weather are rarer in the Arctic than in most other places, they do occur sometimes. Chance might have played that trick, but it didn't. The *Norge* did not have any trouble that the newspapers told us about between Rome and Oslo, but it did have some trouble between Oslo and Leningrad. That was in the temperate zone and therefore the equivalent of what Amundsen had said about another route, which was also in the temperate zone. Both his meaning in the press statement, and the course of his expedition were, then, strictly in conformity with the Nansen view of 1896. Nansen himself had emphasized and confirmed this some months before Amundsen made his statement, by announcing in THE FORUM tentative plans for several cruises back and forth across the Arctic the summer of 1927

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in a dirigible to be built in Germany and furnished him by the Soviet Government.

After leaving Leningrad and entering the Arctic, the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile flight had moments of suspense, especially in arriving at the hangar at Spitsbergen and in leaving it again, but only such suspense as there always is in maneuvering the huge and fragile dirigibles into and out of their berths. But after the *Norge* took the air to cross the Arctic she went ahead smoothly, encountering no obstructive winds, no temperature lower than those common in Pennsylvania or Illinois in Winter, and meeting only mild though annoying fogs after the North Pole had been reached and when the centre of the ice, the Pole of Inaccessibility, was being approached. The fogs and light clouds interfered with visibility and may have prevented seeing land that would have been above their horizon in clear weather. But these fogs did not interfere seriously with the navigation, and they struck their intended goal in Alaska, if not with the exactness of Byrd's navigation, still with greater exactness than was common among ships crossing the Atlantic until a few decades ago.

When the *Norge* approached Alaska she was approaching an area of storms on that fringe of the Arctic, and might have met them there but did not. She actually did get into difficulties after quitting the Arctic and entering the temperate zone in the vicinity of Bering Sea and Nome.

The *Norge* did have a little trouble (or at least felt a little anxiety) while in the Arctic through the weather's being somewhat too warm, allowing the formation of chunks of hoar frost or ice on stationary parts that later dropped down, hit the propeller blades, and were batted by them into the envelope. Even this trouble, however, became more serious when she entered the temperate zone. Dangerous as this may have been at the time, it is, from the designing point of view, only a minor difficulty. What they lacked on the *Norge* seems to have been only the equivalent of the mudguards which we have on our automobiles and without which we should be spattered with flying dirt and pebbles if we drove over country roads in rainy weather.

So, by adding the aeronautical equivalent of mudguards to his dirigible, Amundsen could have made his Omaha forecast

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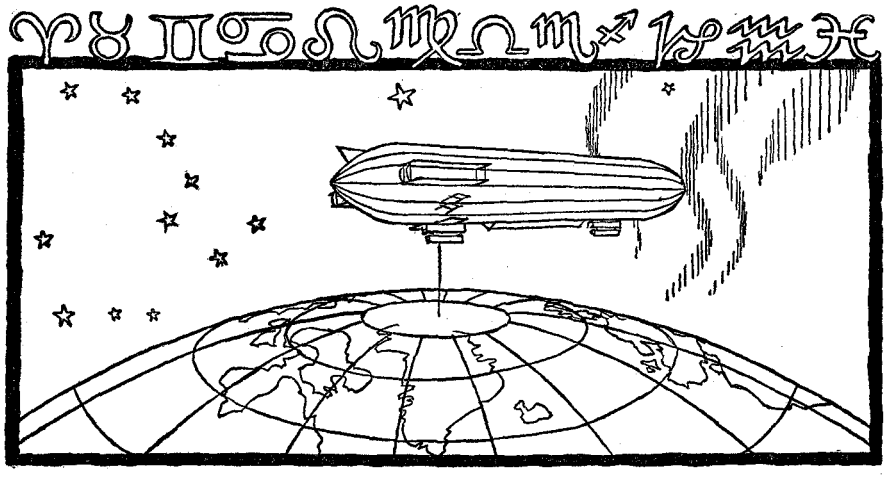
of the voyage a hundred per cent true. It was more than ninety per cent correct anyway.

The chief non-flying arctic expedition of the year was that of Professor William H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, to West Greenland. His reports are not yet out, and so we are a bit uncertain. What we know is that the theory of glacial anticyclones which he has been expecting his observations to elucidate and probably confirm, is meeting a good deal of opposition among scientists. We do not know yet what part of this opposition is due to mere inertia, or conservatism, and what to grounded scientific reasons. Professor Hobbs seems to have at least a good chance of being able to prove what many said could not be proved.

That would wipe the slate clean, — the three flying expeditions and the one non-flying each confounding its critics and establishing the main contention of its promoters.



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THE MOTHER OF ALL CHURCHES

A New Challenge to Rome

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

MR. KAUFFMAN'S article explaining "Why I am an Orthodox" is the first supplement to THE FORUM *Confessions Series. His argument can be succinctly summarized as follows:*

"We are the only True Church. We are the original fundamentalists. Before Rome was, we were. Before Martin Luther was born, we laughed at the Pope.

"We stretch from Tokio to Athens, and our chain of new churches rises from New York to San Francisco. In due time we will welcome to our midst Roman Catholic and Protestant alike. For when the Vatican is dust we shall flourish. When Martin Luther and Söderblom of Upsala are forgotten, we will practise the Christianity of the Apostles. We are the Church Universal. We are now one hundred and forty million strong. We can afford to wait. For we know that we shall win."

AS one born out of due time, — out of this Age of Advertising, — the Holy Orthodox-Catholic Apostolic Church, commonly called the Eastern Orthodox, presents a puzzle of publicity. An organization with 140,000,000 members in all parts of the world, it is the least known to the laity of our junior denominations and the most admired by their more cognitive clergy. An Orthodox wanted to join a Masonic lodge. "Are you a Protestant?" asked its investigating committee's spokesman. — "No." — "Not a Jew?" — "No." — "Hell, then you must be a Pape!" An Episcopalian Bishop offered confirmation to a divorced man remarried, — "if he wouldn't talk about it." To the candidate this smelled of kitchen-door methods. "You'd administer Communion to an Orthodox, wouldn't you?" — "Certainly. So would Rome, *in extremis*." — "But the Orthodox permit two divorces and three marriages!"

That Rt. Rev. Bishop's ignorance was unusual, — in a Bishop. We Orthodox are generally well advertised by our loving clerical friends above-mentioned. Who was that Greek elected because he stood second choice on all the preferential ballots? As the early Lutherans wooed us for "Reunion", and the Nonjurors did in the following century, as the intransigent Vatican has never

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ceased to offer us concessions, so to-day Episcopalians, English and American, the Old Catholics, and so forth, flirt for our favors almost competitively. Read any Catholic book on Orthodoxy: "The best religion, next to ours." Any Protestant: "Next to ours, the best." Consult the Malines Conversations; listen to that famous Lutheran, the "Protestant Pope" and Primate of Sweden, Archbishop Söderblom in his towered Cathedral at Upsala, or hear the present Pope of Rome hail as "Our Brother in Christ" the Orthodox Patriarch of Alexandria. At the mention of Orthodoxy, they sing in harmony "a new song unto the Lord".

The very name of this article is apprehended from a pæan to our faith by an Anglican cleric, whom an Episcopalian Bishop applausively prefaces. His Grace of Canterbury rejoices that his ecclesiastical ancestry is more eastern than western. The Bishop of London, nearly as popular a visitor to the United States as the Orthodox Roumanian Queen, is president of an association seeking union with us, and there is an organized effort among American Episcopalians, officially sanctioned, to the same end, — not at all confined to their ritualists, either. Indeed, so wide is this popularity that the Devil has digged a pit for our pride: only, among other things, the sense of humor inherent in Orthodoxy prevents our stumbling when Episcopal clergymen, uncertain of their orders' validity, and Lutheran pastors, desirous of a more direct commission than they possess, seek secret ordination of us, — proposing, thus fortified, to return and minister as formerly!

When the Episcopalian Bishop Darlington received a circular letter asking financial help for our Orthodox Church in Geneva, he replied that he might soon be in that city and, "if they wish it," then "*hold a service in the Orthodox Church . . . and be of some use . . . financially.*" I hope he intended no simony; he got no answer. It is pleasanter to recall that undisguised thrill of delight which passed through his sect with the report of our Constantinopolitan Patriarch's affirming Anglican orders; but even there it is incumbent to note that any such warrant could canonically run merely within this dignitary's own see, and that what His Eminence actually said was that these orders were "as valid as the Catholics'", concerning which some of our theologians entertain grave suspicions.

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It comes, then, to this: everybody, — including the Primate of All England and Pius X, — has always acknowledged our Apostolic lineage, no matter how uncertain of his own. Lately, each has realized that this recognition was the majority's. Now they contend who shall be first to capture union. I fear we must counter in George Cohan's phrase:

"What's all the shootin' about?"

We can't help knowing that the nice things you say of us have been true *ab origine*.

Our age and consequent historic authority never met serious dispute. The rest of Christendom left the Apostolic, Patristic, until then Undivided Church when Rome walked out of it, and thereby established the modern Papacy on July 16th, 1054. We have simply remained.

Our descent is without interruption: 1927's Orthodox Bishop of Ephesus, for example, comes by unbroken line from the first head of our diocese there, to which St Paul addressed his Ephesian Epistle. Beside our ancient Liturgies, — admittedly St Basil's dates from the Fourth Century and is of Apostolic origin, — the Roman of 1570, and obtaining Anglican, Scotch, and Lutheran, to name no more, are adolescent. The generally Christian world stood unanimous at the close of the Seventh Oecumenical Council: upon the decrees of the seven unchallenged councils we still stand. Here a sect has added thereto, there a sect subtracted therefrom. *We* still accept no more, believe no less, than all accepted and believed when all were one. Strictly speaking, it is erroneous to say that we derive, however directly, from the Undivided Church. Humbly conscious of our responsibilities, we *are* it.

How, then, Rome broke away from us, and how, because she did, the Reformed sects broke away from her, requires ever a word in the West, — for Rome was the first Protestant.

With St Paul, Orthodoxy has continuously maintained that the Church is a living organism of which "Christ is the head", than whom there can be no other. Rome, quite as sincerely, began to maintain that the Church divinely possessed an earthly head, or vicar, — the Roman Patriarch, or Bishop. The Orthodox view was that the heads of all the five Patriarchates into which the Christian world was divided, — Constantinople, Rome, An-

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tioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, — were co-equal administrators, each for his own province. Rome based her claim on the familiar text of the rock, on herself as St Peter's see and her Bishops as his successors to that credential. The other Patriarchs disputed her interpretation, declared it an innovation, and insisted that then, as ever, it was not even to a united hierarchy, but "to the whole body of the Church" that the custody of the Faith was committed." Although stimuli to rupture multiplied, they were expressions of these fundamental irreconcilabilities.

The Western Empire, shamefully left prey to barbarians, had its political grudges against the cultured Eastern, and politics sadly intruded from both sides; but the basic difference here, too, was over the Church's nature. Nicholas I, of Rome, repudiating his delegates, tried to establish his Ignatius in the Patriarchate of Constantinople; the three remaining Patriarchs pronounced Nicholas's deposition. When, later, Ignatius was seated, he himself resented Roman interference, — died at odds with Rome. Upon his rival's taking office supported by more Roman delegates, the Roman Patriarch again repudiated his representatives' action, and the fat was in the fire.

Similarly, in disputes over such matters as unleavened bread in the Eucharist, the Roman Patriarch protested his claim to authority; the other Patriarchs replied that this amounted to a protest for the right of one part of the Church to decide against the Church as a whole. Followed the crisis of the *Filioque* controversy.

Representative of the Universal Church and by her universally accepted, the General Councils had determined the procession of the Holy Ghost as from the Father alone. Leo III of Rome ordered the Nicene Creed in this form placed on the doors of St Peter's (809); but in Spain, — to combat a lingering Arianism, from which our Unitarians descend by *la main gauche*, — priests piously added "and from the Son". Charlemagne, who had rescued Leo from rebellion, wanted this retained, — and the West retained it. For over two centuries the other Patriarchs resented that tampering with a decision of the Universal Church, which violated their theory of the Church's nature; the Roman Patriarch protested with his Petrine claims. Finally there fell into the hands of Leo IX a letter against the innovation, from

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Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople. Leo was certain of support from that Salian Emperior who had deposed Sylvester III, Benedict IX, and Gregory VI. He wrote, threatening to "scrub the kid's mangy hide with biting vinegar and salt"; and, — Michael remaining constant to his predecessors and the other three living Patriarchs in his theory of the Church, — Roman legates deposited their master's anathema upon the altar of St Sophia.

So there we are. Useless to describe a couple of abortive attempts at reconciliation. The Catholics regretfully consider the Orthodox schismatics, but not heretics. Never having repealed their sentence against one Bishop of Rome, and regarding as unoecumenical both all councils later than those preceding the rupture and all Roman doctrines following it, the Orthodox sadly hold his successors and their flocks as certainly schismatic and probably heretical. Furthermore, when that mourned stone which had left its place in the edifice began therefore to disintegrate, it started an inevitable process. The sects of the Reformation broke away from Rome, and have ever since been subdividing. The present Protestant conception of an ecclesiastical unit is "a society of good men, differing in all their opinions, but earnestly seeking the truth, with a total certainty that it has not yet been found, and with no hope that it ever will be."

Thus Orthodoxy's view is that expressed in a letter drawn up by our 25,000 Japanese converts:

> We meet one set of envoys (Catholics) who, to the question what their dogmas are, answer: "To-day we hold such-and-such, but

The World's Religions

Orthodox Catholics	140,000,000
Roman Catholics	324,328,000
Protestants	170,900,000
Jews	15,555,000
Mohammedans	219,030,000
Buddhists	135,161,000
Hindus	210,400,000
Confucianists, Taoists	301,155,000
Shintoists	20,512,000
Animists	136,325,000
Miscellaneous	16,300,000

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> *what may be added* to-morrow we cannot tell; for perhaps a man who has authority to do so is preparing some new, which to-morrow we shall have to accept." Envoys of another kind (Protestant) reply: "To-day our doctrine is so-and-so, but *what we may drop out* of it to-morrow we ourselves do not know."

We Orthodox at least are stable. Far away from your war of Fundamentalism and Modernism, our faith is fixed on: (a) Holy Scripture, — Gospels and Epistles are read at the Liturgy, etc.; at lesser services much of the Old Testament, under the title of "Parables". (b) The decisions of the Seven Councils of the Undivided Church, including the Nicene Creed, elder brother of the so-called Apostles'. We have neither added anything to what the Undivided Church believed, nor subtracted aught from it. (c) Implicit in the preceding, the Seven Sacraments: Baptism, Chrismation (Confirmation), Penance, the Eucharist, Marriage, Holy Orders, Unction.

Outside of these limits, — rightly understood, the broadest in Christendom, — we are free to believe what we choose. Ours is a religion of happiness, rather than of prohibitions, — a positive religion, rather than one of the over-multiplied "Thou-Shalt-Nots". Rome has accused us, — who have not the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception! — of extravagance in our reverence of the Blessed Virgin, but our teaching rigidly distinguishes between that reverence and the worship given God. I remember how, in Bermuda, good old Dr. Patton, ex-president of Princeton, called us image-adorers, whereas even our Athenian catechism denounces, in terms equaling Luther's, a misuse of the ikon as an intolerable violation of the Second Commandment. We don't believe that God keeps unbaptized babies out of Heaven; but we leave the state between death and the resurrection an open question, because the Councils did. You can't remain a Catholic and become a Mason; you can't remain a Presbyterian and hold to the Real Presence, — but you can be an Orthodox and do both!

In our practices, to be sure, Catholics and High-Churchmen complain that we are a little too high-church. Where they have a candle, we have three; where they have some incense, we have more; where they crook a timid joint, we have no shame in complete prostrations. It is scarcely surprising that an Episcopal

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clergyman, in the Russian Church in Paris beside me, was so beside *himself* as to exclaim: "For worship, you've got us backed off the mat!"

If we, however, stand during most prayers, like the Calvinists, this is by order of that Nicene Council whose sixteenth centenary all Christendom has lately observed and to whose Creed it vows acceptance. Our Byzantine architecture is the sole architecture originally conceived for a church alone. Beside it the Gothic is a yearling. We admit no organs, but our Russian music everybody considers the world's best ecclesiastical music, — our Greek and Syrian I consider about the world's worst. Finally, the same freedom that we hold in extra-dogmatic thought, we hold at our services, — always conducted in "a tongue understanded of the people". Youngsters will run to the priest and hold a hand while he preaches. Few of the postures are obligatory. We possess perfect liberty of circulation. You are "God's servants," you say, and so behave as servants in their master's house; we are God's children and behave as children in the house of their father.

With such a history, in such a belief, and with such services, Orthodoxy waits, then, the coming of our Lord, Who alone is her Head. Dispossessed of her greatest cathedral, her St Peter's, — the Emperor Justinian's St Sophia at Constantinople, now a Moslem mosque, — robbed of half her wonderful basilicas and all her wealth in Russia, she still remains a guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, and her hundred and forty millions across all the world (a growing half-million in America) are still the warders of a revelation unchanged and for them unchangeable. Your martyrology is a finished book; while I write these words, or you read them, the blood of our martyrs continues to flow. It may not be the seed of the Church, — there is no Scriptural promise of Christianity's ultimate mundane triumph before mundane time comes to its end, — but there is a promise that a remnant shall endure and survive; and that we are this remnant we know because we have preserved, — because we have neither added to, nor subtracted from, — that "Faith which was once delivered to the Saints".

This is an era of superstition. Through Freudian fads and Einstein enigmas, the sturdy materialism of the last century has been replaced by an eagerness to seize upon anything at once new

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and perplexing. Our semi-illiterate population will deny God altogether, without inquiry; or, without inquiry, accept Him as any fresh abstraction, — provided it is sufficiently abstract. The one thing that this mass of humanity will not believe in is the one thing which it knows. It will not believe in human nature, — it will not believe the words, "He was made Man." At such a crisis there is indeed cause for union among the few who still cherish that phrase. Many of them have lately considered it, — we Orthodox have never forgotten it. From earliest times we have prayed, at each Liturgy we now pray, "for the goodly estate of God's holy churches, *and for the union of them all.*"

This is well, for we embrace every bit of Rome's true catholicism, omitting merely her false modern localisms. We, whom the Reformation never touched, include all the affirmations of Protestantism, excluding only her denials of the Church preceding that from which she broke away. The Christian Scientist heals the sick by what we call prayers. We, who consult physicians like two-thirds of the rest of the world, none the less follow the teachings of the Epistle of St James, and neither do we confine our unction to the relief of mere bodily ills, nor yet do we retain it until death is at the door. What Spiritualist has such communion with his dead as some of us, — so interpreting our doctrine of the Communion of the Saints, — are sure we have with ours? When the Universalist wonders at our hopes for the past unorthodox philosophers, we remind him, — or Gogol or Dostoyefsky will, — of something that even he often forgets: that "in My Father's house are many mansions". The essential of Episcopalianism is the episcopal form of government: indirect descent from the Apostles. We have it. We have much of Calvin's theory of the knowledge of God as "the supreme end of human endeavor", the Quaker's sense of Divinity's immanence, Luther's opposition to post-patristic innovations, the Baptist's total immersion, the fervor of worship inherent in the Methodists and other evangelicals. We have all these things because the Undivided Church had them, — and, because we *are* the Undivided Church, we had them first.

Because our whole structure is founded on the preservation in fact of the Undivided Church's faith and practice, we can concede nothing; but exactly because we are so founded, —

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because we will acknowledge no more and no less than what was "always everywhere received by all Christians" in the Undivided Church, ours alone can be that *Via Media* which Newman, Anglican priest and Roman Cardinal, sought sadly, — and in vain. "*Εἴη τὸ ὄνομα Κυρίου εὐλογημένον, ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν, καὶ ἕως τοῦ αἰῶνος.*" (Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.)

We can wait.

PRAYER

O GOD, I love Thee in the stars at night
Under the still eternity of sky;
Teach me to love Thee in the passer-by,
For Thou hast said that this is loving right.
I hear Thee in the stars whose silence sings,
And in the shout of dawn Thy voice I know;
Teach me to hear Thee in the joy and woe
Of men who speak of trivial earthly things.
I see Thee when the world is full of sleep
Walking upon the moon-path of the sea;
Teach me by all the tears of Calvary
To know Thee in the eyes of all that weep.

There are so many things that I would say,
God-soul of beauty, teach me how to pray!

— *Nada de Braganca*

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THINKING IN MILLIONS

J. B. S. HALDANE

HOW can we think about the unthinkable? It is quite simple, according to Mr. Haldane, because there really is no unthinkable. There is nothing appalling in the immense figures of the astronomer or the infinitesimal measurements of the chemist. They are both perfectly understandable and entirely workable. The trouble is that we do not approach them in the right way. No one can take a bath or use a map without dealing in millions,—yet we do both successfully. Why be aghast at millions?

"LE silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie" said Pascal as he looked at the stars and between them, and his somewhat irrational terror has gone echoing down all the centuries since. It is fashionable to find the distance of even the nearest fixed stars inconceivable and to make no attempt to grapple with the number of atoms in one's thumbnail. This habit of mind makes it quite unnecessarily hard for the plain man to understand the main results of modern science, many of which are quite straightforward, but happen to involve rather large numbers. For Pascal's attitude is neither scientific nor religious. "I shall soon be above that fellow," said Sir Thomas More, as he took his last look at the sun before his execution, and the modern astronomer views the sun as a rather small but quite fairly typical star in a particular cluster.

There is no reason to suppose that interstellar space is infinite. Very probably the whole of space is finite, and certainly the distances of all the visible heavenly bodies are within the range of the human mind. Infinity is the prerogative of mind rather than matter. We can reason about it, but we certainly cannot and do not observe it. As for the silence of interstellar space, one cannot live in it and hence cannot discover whether it is silent or not. But if one were shut up in a steel box in it, like Jules Verne's travelers to the moon, one would probably hear fairly frequently (at least in the neighborhood of a star) the sound made by a minute dust particle, moving at enormous speed, hitting one's abode.

The average man complains that he cannot imagine the eighteen million million miles which is the unit in modern astronomy when once we leave the solar system, and is called a "parsec" because the apparent parallax of a star at this distance is a second. In other words, the earth's orbit from a parsec away would sub-

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tend an angle of two seconds, or look as large as a halfpenny at three thousand yards distance. Of course one cannot imagine a parsec. But one can think of it, and think of it clearly.

For every educated person learns a process which is really of extraordinary difficulty and involves a stupendous change of scale. That process is map-reading. In ordinary life our practical unit is about a centimetre, or two-fifths of an inch. Rather few of the measurements of everyday life exceed this in accuracy. Now suppose we look at a map of the world on a globe measuring sixteen inches round the equator. We are using a model on a scale of one in a hundred million (10^8), and the average man learns to understand its meaning and draw practical information from it. An Englishman hears that his son is going to New Zealand and has only to look at the globe to see that his letters will take longer to arrive than those from his other son in Newfoundland. But although we are at home on this particular scale of one thousand kilometres (or about six hundred miles) to a centimetre, as regards the earth, the average person has not yet grasped the fact that on the same scale the sun is a mile off and as large as a church.

Our grandchildren will have learnt to do the opposite mental trick, namely, to be familiar with models on a scale of a hundred million to one. On this scale the atoms of the common elements are represented as less than an inch across, and molecules of fairly complex organic substances as a foot or so long. The electrons in these atoms and the nuclei round which they are believed to circulate would still be too small to be visible, but we could mark out their orbits, just as we can represent railway lines on a map, though only by exaggerating their width. It is doubtful whether a much greater magnification would serve any real purpose. When we come to deal with the events inside the atom the attempt to represent them in space and time breaks down, or at any rate the properties of space and time in very small quantities are so unlike those of common-sense space and time that models are of rather slight value. On the other hand, models of chemical molecules deduced from X-ray analysis of crystals are most reliable guides and are opening up a new era of chemistry.

Let us now take a second step in the opposite direction and try to construct a model such that in it the globe will be as much reduced as the earth was in representing it as the globe. That is

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to say, our model is to be on a scale of one in ten thousand million million (10^{16}). This would really show us very little, for not only the earth but its orbit round the sun would be invisibly small, and even the orbit of Neptune would be comfortably contained on a pin's head, which would also represent the size of the largest known star. Unfortunately, however, even on this scale the nearest fixed star would be about four yards away, and only about twenty would be within twenty yards. Light would creep about a yard a year, or much more slowly than a snail, but quicker than the growth of many plants!

But a third step in the same direction would probably be illegitimate. If we tried once more to reduce our scale a hundred million times, the farthest known star cluster would be represented only a tenth of an inch away from the sun, and probably all the known heavenly bodies could be shown within a football. And perhaps that football would contain the whole universe. For the extended theory of relativity seems to lead inevitably to the view that the universe is finite, and that progress in any direction would ultimately lead back to the starting point. In fact an attempt to make a model on this scale might produce results as misleading as those obtained when by Mercator's projection we try to represent the surface of the earth on a single plane. For a model representing the neighboring stars we should do better to reduce by one thousand only, which would bring several of them within an inch, whilst many at least of the spiral nebulae would be within five miles.

We have seen, then, that we can usefully think of models up to a hundred million times life-size, and down to a scale of about a ten million million millionth. Beyond those limits space does not have the properties demanded of it by common sense, and visual imagination does not help us. We are compelled to plunge into the mathematics of the quantum theory at the small end, of relativity at the big end. But long before that is necessary, people are frightened off the attempt to think, — apparently by the word "million". This is because it is generally applied to large aggregations like a million dollars or a million years, which we cannot easily imagine, though as a matter of fact a quite ordinary room would hold a hundred million dollars, provided its floor did not give. But we ought to get the million habit by remembering that

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we wash ourselves daily in a bath containing about ten million drops of water, walk ten million millimetres a day, earn several million centimes per year, and very likely own a million cents.

It is a pity that outside India no opportunities are presented of seeing a million men and women, for crowds of this size only occur on Hindu religious pilgrimages, and very impressive they are. A crowd of three million may sometimes be seen at the Kumbh Mela, a twelve-yearly festival which, if I remember, will next be held at Allahabad in 1930. I cordially recommend attendance to anyone unable to imagine a million. Incidentally, I am informed that participation gets one off several million reincarnations.

In science we soon get accustomed to those large numbers. The astronomer switches over merrily enough from measuring stellar distances in kiloparsecs, which take light three thousand years to travel, to determining its wave-length correct to a fraction of an Ångstrom unit which is a hundred-millionth of a centimetre. And there is a certain thrill when the final result of a calculation which has involved hundreds of millions comes out at one or two, when up till the last moment it might apparently have been anything from a million to a millionth, and thus leads to a simple theory. I am thinking, for example, of Professor Eddington's famous calculation as to why stars are no heavier (for none are known as much as a hundred times heavier than the sun).

Starting from the data of atomic physics, he calculated the internal temperatures of the stars, and since radiation exerts a push on matter emitting, absorbing, or reflecting it, he was able to discover what proportion of the weight of a star of given mass was supported by its own radiation. Thus through a wilderness of millions we arrive at a rational explanation of why all stars have about the same weight. Again Gorter and Grendel and Fricke have just shown by quite independent methods that the oily film surrounding a red blood-corpuscle is two molecules thick. Both used numbers including the five thousand million corpuscles in a cubic centimetre and the six thousand million million million atoms in a gram of hydrogen; but the final answer was "two" in the one case, and "one or two" in the other. It is the success of such calculations that makes it impossible for a scientifically trained person not to believe in the numbers on which they are based.

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DICK MAPLETOFT'S CHRISTMAS

JOHN DRINKWATER

'LL be a ghost come Christmas,"
Dick Mapletoft he said,
"By Christmas Day in the morning
I doubt I shall be dead."
But Christmas came and found him,
In velveteen and cord,
Bright as a young saint chanting
His service to the Lord.

For overnight his burden
Of years had been put by.
And now at three and eighty
He was too young to die;
Too young to heed the labors
His traveling feet had trod,
For he had seen a marvel,
And heard the voice of God.

Good ale was at the Seven Stars,
As well you may believe;
Among his mates Methuselah
Was Dick on Christmas Eve;
He drank a pint, he drank a quart,
Until the logs burnt low,
Then for his home upon the hill
He made across the snow.

The snow was deep upon the path,
And he would sometimes turn
To see the glowing window-panes
With ebbing lustre burn;

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And sometimes he would stop and stare
  Upon the holly tree,
Shining with moonlit berries cold
  As coral of the sea.

HE saw the frozen stars above,
  And stars upon the snow,
And on the naked apple boughs
  The tufted mistletoe.
He saw great rings about the moon,
  A crown of throbbing light,
And icicles that from the thorn
  Sparkled upon the night.

It may be that his mind was on
  The iterated tale,
Maybe his revelation came
  From frost and English ale,—
But on him, as he trod the snow
  His homeward way along,
Descended in authority
  The vision and the song.

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FOR sudden on the wintry hill,
Husht in the clear moonlight,
Behold! he saw the Shepherds there
Who watched their flocks by night;
And on the instant as he stood
In wonder of this thing,
He heard across the spangling sky
The Herald Angels sing.

He heard Hosannas on the frost,
He heard "Goodwill, Goodwill,"
He scented myrrh and frankincense
Upon his homeland hill;
And to the Shepherds' company,
Out of the eastern wold,
He saw three sceptred Kings come down,
With tidings to be told.

He saw the Shepherds rise and go
Over the hills and far
Away with those most mighty Kings;
He saw the guiding star
And as the Herald Angels sang
He followed on and on,—
And when within his cot he woke
His burdened age had gone.

AND so on Christmas morning,
A yeoman in his pew,
He knew, as neither parson
Nor congregation knew,
That verily upon that hour
The flower of David's stem
Had blossomed in a manger
Of Holy Bethlehem.

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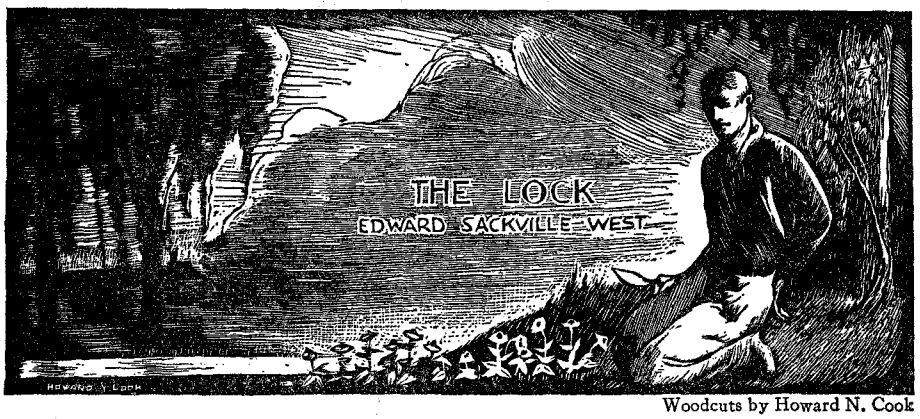

Woodcuts by Howard N. Cook

Hat der Geber nicht zu danken, dass der Nehmende nahm? Ist Schenken nicht eine Nothdurft? Ist Nehmen nicht Erbarmen?
Nietzsche: *Zarathustra*

FROM the wheel-studded bridge above the entrance to the lock a tall young man was waving them back. His movements produced an agitation on the part of Christine Sorme and her father, who between them were steering the boat; so that the two boys who were sculling looked anxiously at them for orders, their sculls held ready to grip the water.

"You'd better back water, I think," said Christine in an uncertain voice. "He seems to think we are too near the gates." She pulled first one rudder-string and then the other, causing the boat to swing from side to side with a swish of water.

The voice of the young man came calling to them from the bridge. "That's far enough!" it said. In the still air of the hot July afternoon the sound seemed muffled, so that it was impossible for the occupants of the boat to distinguish what sort of voice it was that had spoken.

The two boys stopped sculling and looked round at the lock, allowing their sculls to float idly on the surface of the water. They were two very ordinary-looking boys of fifteen or sixteen, wearing gray flannel trousers and thin cotton vests.

The young man on the bridge had begun to open the lock. Taking one of the wheels between his hands, he spun it rapidly round and the low wooden growling was followed instantly by the gurgle of the water welling up from the open sluices. The whirlpool bubbled and seethed and glittered in the sunlight,

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making the boat rock about and the sculls bump against the rowlocks. Christine, holding on to the side of the boat, watched the figure on the bridge walking to and fro and managing the wheels.

At length the whirlpool ceased to froth and bubble and, walking to the end of the huge oar which stuck out from one side of the gate, the young man began to push it. Christine watched him as he moved slowly forward, his head bent between his two arms, his hands clutching powerfully at the wooden bar. Slowly one side of the gate opened, disclosing the green, dripping, aquarium-like interior of the lock. Without waiting for orders the two boys began to scull carefully, and gradually the boat drifted in between the thick wooden gates. The boys whispered together and steered the boat with their strokes, for it was clear to them that their housemaster's daughter was not paying attention to her job. Once inside, they shipped their sculls with a clatter and sat waiting, looking vaguely about them, at the sides of the lock, the flights of stone steps, the grass, and the cottage standing on the tiny island between the lock and the weir, the rushing of which could be heard in the near distance.

When he had shut the gate the young man came down the steps in the side of the lock and stopped by the boat.

"Sixpence, please," he said.

Christine looked up at him as her father handed the sixpence. She had been a little surprised by the tone of his voice. He had wiry dark hair that came down over one side of his forehead, a square face, half-shut eyes that seemed like thick lines under his eyebrows, and a large, rather soft-looking mouth. His voice had seemed to lack "edge"; there was something flabby about it that made Christine look twice at the half-shut eyes and the soft, beautiful mouth. He stood balancing himself easily on the narrow step and tearing a little pink ticket out of a book. This he gave to Mr. Sorme, who flapped it in the water and stuck it on to the inner side of the boat.

Christine wished that the young man would speak again. She wanted to be sure about that voice. It did not fit, somehow, those very muscular arms and that big body.

"You are new here, aren't you?" said Mr. Sorme suddenly, to the young man.

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"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you come?"

"Thursday, sir."

"I see. Well,—good luck!" The patronage of the schoolmaster was never long absent from even Mr. Sorme's voice.

The young man left the steps and going to the opposite end of the lock began to open the sluices. Gradually the boat rose on the welling surface of the water. One after another Christine watched the steps disappear under the rising flood, until at last the boat was on a level with the top. She thought how different everything looked, now that the lock was full, from when it was empty. The gloomy aquarium had been exchanged (and how insensibly!) for a small swimming-bath, the water of which glinted blindingly in the sun. The transformation was magical and full of beauty. The boat seemed to have been lifted into another and more lovely world, where the tall elms, wilting in the heat, seemed nearer and more luscious in the thickness of their foliage, and the sky an even purer blue than before.

Then the far gate opened and the boat, propelled by a boat-hook in the hands of Mr. Sorme, sped out up-stream into the river beyond. When they were clear of the lock, Christine looked back at the young man, who was watching them go, his hands still gripping the bar of the gate. His face now told her nothing: it was completely expressionless,—and peaceful, like an animal's. Then his powerful figure turned and walked back towards the cottage, bending slightly forward in movement.

About half a mile farther up-stream the boat was moored to the bank and the party prepared a picnic among the long grasses under the elms. These picnics were considered a great treat by the boys in Mr. Sorme's house. About twice in the course of the summer term he would send for two of his pupils unexpectedly and ask them if they would care to go on the river with him that afternoon. He always made the offer as if the expedition were an intolerable bore which the boys would undoubtedly refuse and never failed to seem surprised at the delight with which they invariably accepted. He always took his daughter with him to contribute to the liveliness of the occasion. The picnic part of

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the expedition was generally the least successful. The uneasy familiarity created between master and pupil in so artificial a situation could scarcely be called a pleasure to either. Mr. Sorme was one of the best and most popular masters in the school and he was always ready to talk to his boys in a way that interested them. But he always remained their house-master and did not try to establish that ridiculous and false relation of "friend and equal" which many masters mistakenly suppose to be the key to success in that calling. He never forgot that familiarity breeds contempt.

So that the boys could not, even when lying on the grass under the elms, far from the school itself, dismiss the feeling that if they talked to each other they would be reprimanded for wasting time in school, or that such conversation would be in some way a betrayal of themselves to the enemy that lurks in even the most popular master.

Christine they respected and liked but did not understand. The reason for this was that she was not really in the least interested in *them*. She had no part in their life, nor in the life of the school itself; they knew this and, without exactly resenting it, excluded her as much as possible from the range of their thoughts. She was not part of the school; they did not "place" her; she belonged to a part of their housemaster's life into which they had no intention of prying, — his life of the holidays, so different in every human quality from that of the term. They connected themselves, — their real selves, — with her no more than they connected her father with their own sisters.

The tea was good and there was much of it. In particular a new plum-cake attracted the boys, but seeing they had already eaten a great deal, Mr. Sorme suggested that it would be a pity to cut the cake.

This sort of thing annoyed Christine.

"Nonsense!" she said sharply, and cut three slices there and then, taking one of them herself and pushing the cake over to the two boys.

Mr. Sorme smiled vaguely through his pince-nez and indulged in a joke about the necessity of economy and the extravagance of his daughter. The boys laughed self-consciously and felt nervous at this sudden intrusion of an intimate note they did not

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approve of. (On no account must the holidays quality be allowed to encroach on the term-time).

At last Mr. Sorme raised his huge length from the ground and indicated that it was time to pack up and start for home. Whispering together, the boys packed the crumpled paper, the thermos, the enamel cups, and the remains of the food into the basket and carried it to the boat.

Christine stood at the water's edge, motionless and paying no attention to anything. The boys were used to this form of passivity on her part and tried to seem as if they were not there. In the dining-hall of the house she sat next to her father, surrounded by the older boys. Sometimes she made an effort to talk to them, but more often she would sit silent through an entire meal, looking at them from time to time as they talked to each other or to her father, as if making of them inanimate objects with which to piece together and vitalize thoughts that had nothing to do with them. Their figures would stand about in the images of her mind like statues, trees, pillars, round which the indefinite agonies of her soul swirled and from which they took their quality and their intensity.

She was now, in 1925, twenty-eight years old. Her mother had died two years before the War, leaving her to take care of her father. Up till the time of the War she had been an old-fashioned type of child, living somewhat obscurely in the affections of her parents and demanding no other satisfaction. She did not seem particularly interested in men, and the younger masters in the school did not commonly look upon her in the light of a potential wife. It was not that she was cold or inhuman, but they divined in her a strange, secret fear, which they dared not risk arousing. Even her parents she kept at arm's length, in terror of how too emotional a relationship between them and herself might affect her attitude toward them. She dared not think about love; it turned her innermost heart into a furnace of resentment. She felt that something of her essential self was being made responsible in spite of herself for another soul that she did not understand and could never know.

When the War came she took up various employments of a mildly patriotic nature, grew rather hard and mechanical in her manner, and eventually, towards the end of the War, insisted on

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going to live in London to work in a large munition canteen. During the year that she was there she returned only once to see her father, and he was shocked by the change in her. He thought her hysterical and was irritated and distressed to observe that everything she said seemed to contain an overstatement. He said she looked ill and tired and did his best to persuade her to leave the canteen and return to his house. The only result of this was that she left for London early the next morning, almost without saying good-bye to him.

Then there occurred what families call a "regrettable incident" and a "sad affair". The female cousin with whom Christine was living wrote to Mr. Sorme that his daughter was seeing altogether too much of a certain officer. She did not give his name, but lamented the affair and said that she was powerless to do anything, as Christine had flown into a temper on the only occasion on which she had dared to expostulate with her on the subject. Mr. Sorme wrote to his daughter but got no reply. Then the cousin wrote again (the letter was marked *Private* and *Express*). It appeared that Christine had run away with the young man, — she had no idea where. What should she do? Mr. Sorme, knowing his daughter better than the cousin, advised no steps whatever and took none himself. Ten days or so passed; then Christine suddenly appeared at her father's house, alone. Making no reference to her strange behavior, Mr. Sorme asked her if she intended to remain. She said yes, — and sent to London for her clothes.

So nothing more was said and Christine continued to live at home as if nothing had happened. But since that time her moods of silence had been more frequent and the fear that could be seen in her face on these occasions became more and more deep-seated, — became a sort of obsession with her. No one questioned her; no one knew anything about her. The masters' wives and the matrons of the various houses came to tea with her and went away annoyed and uncomfortable, uncertain within themselves of the security of their own relationships, unable to shut their eyes to the intense fear and hatred of life that looked out at them over the top of the tea-kettle.

For the rest, she was helpful enough. She managed her father's side of the house and left the boys entirely to the care of the

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matron, who was more than competent to discharge this duty and was grateful to Christine for taking at least some of the burden of house-keeping off her shoulders.

But Christine was not satisfied. She knew that her father was afraid of her and she reproached herself for allowing this state of affairs to come to pass. But each time she decided to make a change, — to appear more human and appreciative of him, the fear that vibrated in her soul like a taut wire threatened to break and destroy her. Like a bell sunk in the sea she could hear the low note sounding ceaselessly within her from day to day. Then, after a time, she ceased to think of her dissatisfaction, until it eventually became merged within the great fear that possessed her soul and formed the guiding principle of her life.

When the boys had packed the basket under the seat and settled themselves at the sculls, Mr. Sorme and his daughter got into the boat and they set off home. They did not go back through the lock, for Mr. Sorme wished to leave the boat at a riverside boat-builders', to have something done to the rowlocks.

They walked home through the fields, the two boys padding along together behind them in their rubber-soled shoes, whispering together as they had done the whole afternoon.

II

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Sorme suggested to his daughter that she should walk over to the lock cottage and see if she could help the young man in any way.

"He seemed quite alone there, as he said. He ought to have someone to look after the cottage. If there turns out to be no one, you might try and find a motherly woman of some kind to come in by the day."

Christine smiled at the "motherly woman" and said she would do as he asked. The matter seemed to be weighing on her father's mind; she knew he could not bear to think of anyone, even a young man, having to look after himself.

On her way to the cottage she met a crowd of boys issuing from various schoolrooms. Those of them who knew her by sight took off their hats as they passed, others did not. In either case she hardly noticed them: they represented nothing for her. She did

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not even wish now that she could be of help to them in the progress of their lives.

A little farther on she met the headmaster, a tall figure, his black silk gown billowing in the wind. He asked her where she was going and seemed pleased when she told him. "You and your father are very kind," he said. "The young man is the son of my father's old butler. I got him the job. Did he look as if he were enjoying it? I haven't had time yet to go and see for myself."

Christine did not know how to answer. She had no idea whether the young man had looked as if he were happy or not. She had not looked at him for knowledge of that sort.

On her way out of the old school-buildings and down through the elm planted fields to the river, Christine began to feel unhappy. She forced herself to admit that she didn't in the least want to be kind to the young man. She was sure that he did not want kindness, — did not, above all, want interference and this was what she doubted her ability to conceal on the present occasion. Her father, who never really looked at any one, always had a sentimental feeling that every young man was in some way pathetic and "ought to be helped". That he was wrong in this case she knew by instinct. Yet she wished, up to a point, to do what pleased him; feeling that this was the least she could do, in the position she had assumed with regard to him.

As she crossed over the narrow bridge over the lock, she laid her hand for a moment on the sluice-wheel, wondering if it were very hard to turn. Looking down, she saw that the lock was full to the brim, like a cup. There were no boats in it, and the water was smooth and glassy, reflecting the dark-green masses of the elm foliage stretched above it on the river bank. The day was going to be hotter than ever.

She was approaching the cottage door, which was open, when the young man walked through it on to the grass by the lock-steps and stood looking at her. She felt as if something had suddenly gone out of joint inside her and she could not move. So she stood at some distance from him, looking hesitatingly at his face, in which the perpetually half-shut eyes were again like two level brown smudges under the square white forehead.

He was the first to speak.

(*Continued on page 138*)

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CAN INSECTS SEE COLORS?

H. Munro Fox

WHAT would be the use of the gorgeous colors of flowers if not, as Darwin thought, to attract insects to visit them with fertilizing pollen? Yet of recent years the color-vision of insects has been seriously questioned. Mr. Fox here shows us why science has once more returned to the view that insects can distinguish colors; and he makes the humiliating suggestion that their color world is really much more varied than ours for they can also see ultra-violet light. Humanity, he says, is relatively color-blind.

WHETHER insects can see colors or not may seem at first an abstruse question, of interest only to the specialist. But is this really so? A moment's reflection shows that to all nature lovers it is of paramount importance to know the answer. For why are flowers colored? The naturalists' answer is that flowers are colored in order to attract insects to them. The reason why it is essential to flowers to receive the visits of insects is, of course, that pollen must be carried from one flower to another. Darwin first showed that when a flower is fertilized with pollen produced by itself, the resulting offspring are weaklings. But when the pollen has been carried to the flower from another plant, the offspring are vigorous. It is the insects that do this useful work, receiving in return the nectar which the flowers prepare for them and which is their food.

Since Darwin's day it has been assumed that flying insects see the flowers by their colors and thus know which of them to visit. This satisfying assumption received a rude shock a few years ago from a German biologist named von Hess, who had studied the behavior of all kinds of lower animals, insects and others, and came to the conclusion that all of them alike are quite incapable of seeing colors. For all lower creatures the world must thus be gray. What we call colors they would see only as different monotonous shades of gray. This came of course as a bombshell to orthodox naturalists, for what then could be the *raison d'être* of flower colors? It would really be too self-centred to suppose that the gorgeous colors of flowers exist solely for the esthetic pleasure of man. Yet apparently he alone could appreciate these colors. Or are the colors pure accidents? Are flowers purple or rose or blue just as an emerald is green or blood is red?

Again, many animals are apparently camouflaged, having the

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same color as their surroundings and so apparently being less visible to their enemies. Some, as grasshoppers, are permanently of the same tint as the world around them, others can alter their colors to suit a changing milieu. The chameleon notoriously changes its color, and many fishes, shrimps, and other creatures vary their coats to match the ground on which they are lying. But of what use would all this color camouflage be if enemies had no appreciation at all of colors?

Let us look more closely into the studies of von Hess. How did he arrive at this startling conclusion that the lower creatures are color-blind? To start with, we know that there are several sorts of color-blind men. The most frequent variety of the disease is a condition in which persons can only see two colors, yellow and blue. What normal men call red, orange, yellow, and green such persons call yellow in different shades. Blue-violet and purple they see as blue. Besides this fact that only two colors are appreciated, there is another essential difference between the vision of these color-blind people and that of normal individuals. When they look at the rainbow or spectrum, all normal people see yellow as the brightest of the colors. But color-blind people see what we call yellowish green,— but what they call a shade of yellow, — as the brightest hue. In a rarer condition of color-blindness no colors at all are recognized. Such a completely color-blind person sees all the colors merely as different tints of gray, some brighter, some duller. When shown the series of different colors on the spectrum, such people again choose what we call the yellowish green as the brightest region of their grays.

Now it is just on this distinction between the brightest region of the spectrum as appreciated by normal and by color-blind persons that von Hess's conclusions are based.

Many animals move toward light. This is a very well-known fact. Not only the moth flies into the flame, but numerous other lower creatures such as insects, water-fleas, worms, snails, slugs, or even fishes, fly, creep, or swim toward a light. Now von Hess's method of testing the color vision of these animals was this. A dark room or aquarium containing a number of the creatures to be tested was lighted from one side. A simple lamp was not employed, but an arrangement which gave all the different spectral or rainbow colors. They chose out one particular color and went

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toward it. The chosen tint was in all cases the yellowish green. Now it is just this same tint that color-blind people see as the brightest hue of yellow, — or of gray, — that they can appreciate. People with normal color vision, however, see the pure yellow, not the yellowish green, as the brightest color. Therefore, von Hess concluded, the fishes, insects, and all the animals lower still on the scale of existence, are color-blind, for they appreciate brightness just as color-blind men do.

But does this conclusion really follow? Do the experiments mean any more than that the brightness value for the various colors is different for the lower animals from what it is for normal man? Must we conclude that insects see no colors at all in flowers? Von Hess's conclusions have raised in the last few years a storm of protest from biologists. It has been pointed out that his experiments, interesting as they are, do not warrant such wide deductions.

Verbal criticisms of von Hess's opinions, however, are insufficient. Fortunately, experimental criticism is forthcoming. Most of this experimental work has either been done or has been inspired by another German biologist, Professor von Frisch. He has for a number of years carried out a long and thorough investigation into the color senses of fishes and insects. The methods of von Frisch are adapted to give more direct information concerning the question at issue. It is obvious, of course, that very considerable ingenuity is necessary in devising the experiments, for an insect cannot be asked point blank whether he appreciates a red or a purple flower. Indeed, neither can a partially color-blind human being, — one who cannot distinguish red, yellow, and green from one another, — be asked such a question directly. For such a person gives the names red, orange, green to the various shades of yellow that these colors appear to him. His color-blindness becomes apparent only when he is asked to match various color patterns with one another. All candidates for jobs as railroad signalmen are thus tested, for it is naturally all-important for them to be able to distinguish colors. Now it is just such a method that von Frisch has employed in testing whether bees and other insects can see colors or not. The bees are asked to distinguish various tints from one another.

How the questions are put to the bees and how the insects can

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answer them will be told presently. But first let us look shortly at von Frisch's experiments showing that fishes are after all not totally color-blind. Certain fishes, such as plaice and soles, can change their hue to suit that of their surroundings. In this manner they become less visible to us and presumably also less visible to their enemies, — provided always that these enemies can appreciate colors. The color change in the skin of the fish is controlled through nerves, and these nerves are actuated by impressions received through the eyes. Blind fishes cannot change their skin colors to match the bottom upon which they are lying as normal fish can do.

If two plaice, tinted alike, are put one upon a light gray ground, the other upon a dark gray ground, in a few seconds the first assumes a light gray coat, the second a dark gray shade. Again, if two fishes are placed one on a yellow ground, the other on a gray ground, the first turns yellow, the second gray. Now the all-important question that arises from this is: Does the fish which turns yellow appreciate the yellow color or does it merely see yellow as one of the shades of gray? That the first alternative is the correct one follows from the fact that it is impossible to induce the fish to turn yellow by placing it upon any shade of gray whatever. When it was on a yellow ground therefore the fish must have appreciated yellow as being different from any depth of gray. The outside world is thus not merely a drab gray to the fish.

From the point of view of the meaning in nature of the colors of flowers, however, it is of paramount importance to test von Hess's conclusion that insects are totally color-blind. Von Frisch studied bees. He gave the insects a complete series of colors to choose from and watched first whether the bees made any mistakes in their choice of colors.

How could bees be persuaded to choose colors? Difficult though this proposition appears at first sight, it is really comparatively easy. A series of differently colored pieces of paper are placed in a row. Food for the bees is placed upon one of the colors. The bees naturally make for the food, which they smell. After this has been repeated a few times, the pieces of paper are again prepared for the bees but the food is omitted. The bees still make a bee-line for that color upon which the food previously had been placed. In this way insects can be trained to fly to any desired color.

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Apparently, then, the bees appreciate the color differences between the pieces of paper. But it might still be that the different colors impressed the bees merely as shades of gray. That this is not the case and that the bees really do see the color tints is proved by the fact that the color to which the bees have been trained to fly cannot be replaced by any tint of gray whatsoever. And that the bees are not even partially color-blind, but can distinguish the same range of colors as ourselves, is evident from the fact that once trained to fly to a certain color they make no mistake afterwards. They never in error fly to a wrong color.

So the conclusion that the lower animals are color-blind was wrong. They are not color-blind but can recognize the same color differences as a normal man. Nor is this all. Recent research has shown that some insects at least can see colors of which we have no inkling. They appreciate colors which we cannot by any stretch of the imagination picture to ourselves.

It is common knowledge that white light consists of a mixture of lights of various colors and that each colored light consists of a wave motion having its own special wave length. Red has a longer, green an intermediate, violet a shorter wave length. There exists, however, a very large number of other radiations, some with a wave length longer even than red light, others with a wave length shorter than violet light. There is no essential difference between these infra-red and ultra-violet radiations, as they are called, and colored light. All consist alike of wave motions, the differences being merely in the wave length. Some of the longest wave-length vibrations are utilized in wireless telegraphy. Some of the shortest wave-lengths constitute the X-rays which can pass through substances like human flesh that stop or reflect visible light waves. The visible waves then, are a very small proportion of all the radiation waves that exist. Yet these relatively few visible waves are the only ones which our eyes can appreciate. The colors which we know, gorgeous as they are, are merely a very small fraction of all the colors which really exist in nature. We just cannot see the other colors, — nor imagine them, — owing to the imperfect structure of our eyes. Were our eyes built differently, what appears to us as colorless would be colored with some unconceived tint.

This being so, one naturally asks oneself whether perhaps

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some creatures cannot see colors unimagined by us, colors beyond the red or beyond the violet. And strange though it may seem, this is actually the case. Certain insects can see ultra-violet light, which is colorless to our eyes, though indeed it affects our bodies in various ways. The healing influences of Alpine sunlight and of the Finsen lamp are due to the large proportion of ultra-violet rays which they contain. Freckles are the work of the ultra-violet light of the sun. Beauty specialists now use ultra-violet radiation to induce a pleasing tanned complexion. But although these rays thus influence our skin, and may even injure our eyes, we can neither see nor imagine a color for them. But bees appreciate ultra-violet light in the same way as they do the light which is colored to us; for they can be trained to come to such rays in the same way as they can be trained to come to the colors which we can see.

Thus the bee lives in a world much more varied in its coloration than our world. And flowers must have different tints seen by the bees to what they have for us. For some flowers will have ultra-violet tints, others will not. Of two flowers appearing equally red to us, the one may have no ultra-violet but the other have ultra-violet in addition to the red, modifying and changing the tint of the latter. This may explain why an insect chooses one only out of two flowers which to us appear to have identical colors. Much more experimental work is required to decide these burning questions.

It is plain, however, that it is we who are more color-blind, not less color-blind, than the bee.

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AMERICA AND BRITAIN: THE NAVAL ISSUE

HECTOR C. BYWATER

TALK of naval rivalry between this country and Great Britain is purely artificial, in Mr. Bywater's view. The distinguished British naval critic suggests that the restrictions on naval armaments imposed at the Washington Conference were a good thing all round, that the United States was by no means least among the gainers, and that extension of the naval ratios to auxiliary craft is highly desirable. He pooh-poohs the idea that naval limitation was imposed on America by foreign influence.

BY almost universal consent, the Washington Conference of 1921–22 represented the greatest diplomatic success of modern times. The treaties which it evolved have unquestionably done much to eliminate potential causes of international friction, particularly in the Far East, and have further rendered probable the maintenance of peace in that region by making warlike operations in the Western Pacific difficult to the point of impossibility. Fully to appreciate the magnitude of this achievement it is essential to recall the anterior situation. It would be no abuse of words to describe it as alarming. Rival programs of naval construction on the largest scale were maturing in the Pacific. The United States, concerned for the integrity of its interests in that ocean, — territorial, economic, and strategic, — which it believed, not without reason, to have been prejudiced by certain concessions to Japan in the Versailles Treaty, saw no alternative but to redress the balance by strengthening its naval defenses.

To this end it was creating a powerful fleet of capital ships, the completion of which would have assured American primacy in the heaviest class of naval armament, at least for several years. Linked up with this building program was a scheme for extending fleet base facilities along the West Coast, as well as at Manila and Guam, for without such bases the new fleet would have been virtually immobilized and unable to operate in waters where its presence might be most urgently needed. It was also foreseen that the number of ancillary craft, from cruisers downward, would have to be enlarged, and provision made for a substantial increase in personnel. In short, the United States Navy was undergoing a process of intensive development which

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would eventually have made it supreme upon the seas, — assuming, of course, that other maritime Powers did not augment their fleets in corresponding measure. American naval officers saw more clearly than civilians that, under the conditions then prevailing, American possessions in the Pacific could be defended in case of menace only by powerful naval forces on the spot. When the new ships and bases were ready it would become feasible to dispatch such forces, and a solution of the problem which for years past had caused American strategists profound anxiety seemed at last to be in sight.

But while the naval officer is chiefly, and quite properly, interested in problems pertaining to his own vocation, the statesman is compelled to take longer views. American statesmen in 1921 were keenly alive to the consequences of their country's naval policy. They noticed especially the reaction in Japan, where a ship-building program of dimensions even greater than the American had already been adopted. Japan, a financial pigmy compared with the United States, was nevertheless preparing to spend on her war fleet a sum exceeding the American budget, gigantic as that was. No less than half the total national revenue was to be appropriated for naval purposes. Sixteen dreadnoughts of equal or greater tonnage were to offset the 16 American ships, and in addition 26 new cruisers, 37 destroyers, and 46 submarines were contemplated. At the same time new fortifications and naval depots were to be erected at outlying islands, such as the Bonins, Amami-Oshima, and the Loochoo group. As a result of this activity, it could only be a question of time before the gain in relative strength accruing to the United States from its new battleships and bases was neutralized by an equivalent accession of strength on the part of Japan. In order to maintain its lead the United States would have had to lay down many additional ships. The program in hand at the date of the Washington Conference would not of itself have sufficed to establish American naval primacy on a permanent footing. This fact assumes a distinct importance in the light of after events.

Great Britain had meanwhile been watching developments with a more than casual interest. Any disturbance of the naval equilibrium in an area where she has vast territorial possessions and a large floating trade would necessarily be a matter of inti-

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mate concern to her. Among the British territories washed by the Pacific are Australia, New Zealand, Hong-Kong, North Borneo, and a galaxy of islands large and small, the whole forming no inconsiderable portion of the Empire. The defense of these possessions and of the sea routes over which the trade of the Empire passes, is one of the first duties of the British Navy. If, therefore, the Pacific were to become the cruising ground of great war armadas under foreign flags, Britain would have no option but to maintain the balance of power by increasing her own naval force in those waters. This she was preparing to do in 1921. The Naval Budget of that year contained appropriations for a quartet of new battle-cruisers which would have been the largest war vessels ever built. Their displacement exceeded by 4,000 tons that of the heaviest American ship then building, and they would probably have carried eighteen-inch guns. The intention was to create a squadron of eight of these gigantic ships, principally for service in the Pacific. Already, too, the decision had been reached to found a great naval base in the East, either at Singapore or in New Guinea. There is no question but that Britain would have taken all requisite measures to uphold her status at sea, however onerous the financial burden might have become. Equality with the United States in capital ship tonnage was the least she would have been content with. Those who challenge this assertion, arguing that Britain had neither the will nor the means to build as many post-Jutland dreadnoughts as the United States was then building, should read the naval debates in Parliament during 1919–1921.

From the foregoing summary of events antecedent to the Washington Conference, it will be seen that America's ship-building program would not necessarily have given her the strongest fleet in the world. Even in battle-ships its supremacy would have been threatened by the active building policies of Japan on the one hand and Britain on the other. Had the American people really cherished an ambition to dominate the sea, their immense resources would, no doubt, have enabled them to realize it. When the units of naval power are ships costing forty-five to fifty million dollars each, the nation with the longest purse can, if it wills, outdistance all competitors. As it was, however, public opinion in the United States seems not to have been unanimous in demand-

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ing the greatest navy. Those American writers who still contend that the development of their navy at this juncture was thwarted by foreign intrigue seem to have forgotten the strong revulsion against naval aggrandizement which had become so marked in the United States itself.

When President Harding proposed a conference for the limitation of navies the American press applauded with scarcely a dissentient voice. Here was strong evidence of overwhelming popular support for naval retrenchment. It may also be recalled that the Senate, on March 2, 1921, had by a unanimous vote incorporated into the Naval Appropriation Bill a proposal that the President, "if compatible with the public interest," should invite the Governments of Great Britain and Japan to consider a reduction in the plans for naval construction for a period of five years. To suppose that the Senate, together with the entire American press and the nation at large, had been victimized by foreign anti-navy propaganda is surely inadmissible.

In Britain the proposal was heartily welcomed. The very last thing that country desired was to compete with America in a race for naval supremacy. It would have been nothing less than a betrayal of the ideals for which both had fought and bled. Such a rivalry, moreover, would have been absolutely futile and purposeless, since no rational Briton saw in America a potential foe, nor was there a single political issue between the two nations which could by any stretch of imagination develop into a *casus belli*.

Nothing is less disputable than that the Washington Conference was convened in response to a mass appeal from both sides of the Atlantic, an appeal none the less urgent because half-articulate. What happened there is too well known to call for lengthy repetition. The minutes of the proceedings have never been published, but the results spoke for themselves. So long as the main object, — that is, battle-ship limitation, — was kept in view, all was smooth sailing. America scored at the outset by a magnificent gesture of renunciation. She offered to scrap all save one of the sixteen great dreadnoughts then building, the completion of which would have given her, at all events temporarily, the sceptre of the seas. A grander sacrifice was never laid on the altar of peace. It was the more impressive because all of

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the ships thus relinquished were actually in process or construction, some of them far advanced; whereas not a few of the new ships which Japan and Great Britain were invited to cancel were as yet only in the paper stage.

Since I am attempting to give a strictly objective review of the question under discussion, it is necessary to add that unqualified acceptance of her original proposals would have brought very material benefits to America. In return for the scrapping of fifteen new battle-ships she laid claim to equality with the British Empire and a two-fifths superiority over Japan, not in battleships alone, but in every type of combatant ship.

Now except in destroyers and submarines, the United States Navy of 1921 was lamentably weak in vessels which are indispensable to a well-balanced fleet. Its modern cruisers were limited to the ten ships then building, as against sixty or more British and seventeen Japanese ships. Indeed, the dearth of swift cruisers was so marked as seriously to impair the general efficiency of the United States Navy. Under the original Hughes scheme, this weakness would have disappeared without any effort on the part of the United States, whose relative naval position would thus have been greatly improved. Nevertheless, the proposal was logical enough from the American angle, which contemplated definite parity with Britain in all the floating elements of naval power and a marked preponderance over Japan.

As the full significance of the plan dawned upon the other delegates, they manifested a reluctance to commit themselves to this drastic and, as some may have deemed it, rather one-sided arrangement. Had the question of rationing "auxiliary surface craft" come up for debate, it is more than possible that the British and the Japanese would have found themselves at variance with the Americans. But the issue was never seriously discussed, thanks to the French delegates, who rejected as inadequate for national needs the proposed allowance of submarines and demanded a minimum of 90,000 tons. Finding the French inflexible on this point, Britain notified her inability to agree to the proposed restriction on auxiliary surface craft, which she held to be necessary for coping with a future submarine menace. In the end, therefore, no agreement was reached as to the limi-

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tation of such vessels, save in respect of individual displacement and armament.

This failure to extend the five-five-three ratio to non-capital ships explains in part the chilly reception which the Treaty has had in American naval circles. It has undeniably prevented the United States Navy from reaching the grade of relative strength which was one of the principal American objectives at the Conference. Dissatisfaction is the more pronounced because, with the shrinkage of battle-ship fleets, the value of the cruiser both as a strategic and tactical unit has risen very considerably, and the United States Navy is ill-provided with cruisers, while the navies of Britain and Japan contain many of these ships.

A further and yet deeper cause of American discontent is to be found in Article 19 of the Treaty, relating to naval bases in the Pacific. This article, which was admittedly inspired by Japan, forbids the further development of naval fortresses and harbors over a wide area of the Pacific, including the Philippine and Mariana Islands. Its effect has been to deprive the American Navy of bases in the Western Pacific, where an American fleet would have to operate if the distant insular possessions of the Union were threatened. Manila and Guam are the natural bases of a fleet charged with the defense of the Philippines and of America's Asiatic interests in general, yet neither Manila nor Guam may now be provided with the rudimentary facilities for the maintenance of such a fleet.

Since the lack of overseas bases would prove a crippling handicap in case of war, it is not difficult to understand the irritation of American naval officers with the civilians who imposed these fetters on their fleet. At the same time it is common knowledge that Japan made her acceptance of the naval limitation scheme conditional upon the non-development of American bases in the Western Pacific, thus confronting the American Government with the alternative of agreeing to this demand or seeing the Conference collapse.

Ever since the Naval Treaty was signed there has been an undercurrent of protest in American naval circles, where an impression undoubtedly prevails that the United States did not get a square deal at the Conference. For the information of American readers I may add that many British naval students are

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equally convinced that the British Navy was badly "let down" on the same occasion. Members of the Japanese Navy have also assured me quite solemnly that their country was the chief sufferer by the Treaty, and the vast majority of Frenchmen openly proclaim that France was grossly betrayed at Washington. A cynic might infer from this unanimous chorus of dissent that the Treaty was equable to all parties, on the old legal principle that a decision protested by all the litigants is bound to be just. Be that as it may, I am concerned here chiefly with the reactions of the Treaty on Anglo-American relations.

Before it was even ratified a tiff occurred between London and Washington. In the early part of 1922 statements were made in Congress with regard to the scrapping of ships, a member of the Naval Committee asserting that Britain was discarding only such ships as had ceased to possess real military value. This statement was challenged in an official communiqué from the British Embassy, showing that many of the capital ships removed from the Royal Navy were units of great fighting power, the retention of which would have added in a marked degree to British naval strength. It is no longer a disputed fact that Great Britain had got rid of all but two of the twenty-four ships condemned by the Treaty before that instrument became operative through ratification.

Scarcely had this misunderstanding been cleared up when a fresh cause of disagreement arose. In December, 1922, Congress appropriated $6,000,000 for increasing the elevation of the turret guns in certain United States battle-ships. In making this grant Congress had been influenced by an assurance from the Navy Department that Great Britain since the war had increased the firing angle of the big guns in several of her dreadnoughts, thus giving them a marked superiority in range over the American ships. When the Navy Department's report was brought to the notice of the British Government, an emphatic denial was issued. No change whatever had been made in the gun mountings of any British battle-ship since it was completed, it was declared, nor was any such change contemplated. Congress, on learning that it had been misinformed, promptly held up the appropriation, and authority for increasing the gun elevation in United States battle-ships was withdrawn. The Navy Depart-

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ment, however, continued to press for the work to be done, urging that the British fleet, thanks to its adoption before the war of a standard firing angle of twenty degrees, did in any case outrange the United States fleet, a circumstance held to be incompatible with the principle of the Treaty. Although this campaign was supported by the ablest naval critics in America it failed in its object, for the veto on gun elevation was not removed.

One unfortunate but inevitable result of the controversy was the drawing of invidious comparisons between the United States and British Navies. Ship by ship they were repeatedly marshaled against each other on paper, until the general reader might be forgiven for supposing them to be destined some day to settle the issue by ordeal of battle. A further element of friction was introduced when the British Government formally notified Washington that it would regard any increase in gun elevation as an infringement of the Treaty. Nor was that all. The American naval authorities desired to convert their coal burning battleships to oil fuel, whereupon the British Government announced that this also would, in its opinion, constitute a breach of Treaty rules. A great many Englishmen are convinced that this was an ill-advised step. The wording of the Treaty in regard to battleship modernization is decidedly vague. In the English version, all "alterations in side armor, in caliber, number, or general type of mounting of main armament are prohibited." In the French version, changes in the "caliber and number of guns in the main armament, as well as all changes in its general plan of installation," are disallowed. Whether either phrase could be held definitely to interdict an increase in the elevation of guns is a point upon which there is room for honest difference of opinion. Nowhere in the Treaty is specific reference made to alterations in boilers or machinery. On the whole, therefore, no one can assert positively that the proposed changes in American ships would have conflicted with the Treaty. My own view, which is shared by many other British spectators, is that the British Government would have done better to remain silent, contenting itself with a correction of the untrue report that British turret gun elevation had been altered. Had it taken this course, much acrimonious discussion would have been averted. More-

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over, the protest against boiler modernization proved fruitless, for the conversion of six American battle-ships from coal to oil is already being carried out.

Various other naval incidents have occurred to ruffle, if ever so slightly, the placid surface of Anglo-American relations. First there was an allegation by American naval correspondents that the design of the new British battle-ships, *Nelson* and *Rodney*, infringed the Treaty, in that it provided for a very large equipment of airplanes, making the ships aircraft-carriers in all but name and thus exceeding the British allowance of carrier tonnage. This charge was based entirely upon surmise, for the details of the ships have been jealously guarded by the British Admiralty, whose secretiveness in this and other naval matters has, in fact, done so much to engender suspicion in the United States. But from launch photographs of the ships it is evident that their capacity for using airplanes will be very limited.

While this accusation of bad faith against Great Britain was still receiving wide publicity, a somewhat theatrical attempt was made by an American journalist to save the United States battleship *Washington*, which was due for destruction in conformity with the provisions of the Treaty. An injunction to restrain the Navy Department from sinking the vessel was sought in the Washington courts in November, 1924, and was, of course, refused, the Judge holding that there was "no equity in the plaintiff and no jurisdiction in this court". So ended a bold attempt to strike at the very foundations of the Treaty, for there is not the least doubt that a refusal by any signatory power to carry out its obligations in respect of the scrapping of surplus tonnage would at once render the whole compact null and void.

A month later the naval pot boiled over again, when Mr. Wilbur, the Secretary of the Navy, appointed a court of inquiry to prove the "disclosure of certain confidential information" by United States naval officers. This disclosure referred to the publication of a letter addressed by an officer of the Naval War College to a confrère in the Naval Recruiting District of New York, containing statements as to British methods of increasing gun range. It began as follows: "About two years ago we had an enlisted man on board one of the 'Red' battle-ships during their (the British) fleet practice. By flooding their blisters they fired at

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30,000 yards." "Blisters" are the bulges, or cofferdams, fitted at the waterline as a defense against torpedoes.

Although this letter was obviously meant to be private, it found its way into the American newspapers. Happily the harm it did was negligible. The British press made light of the matter, doubted whether the story of an American spy in a British battleship was genuine, and dismissed the incident as a mere stunt.

During the last two years there have been no further developments of a sensational nature, but some American criticism of British cruiser policy has been heard. In February last Mr. Bridgeman, the First Lord of the Admiralty, said that in view of her thousands of miles of sea routes and her hundreds of millions of money coming from overseas, Britain "could not limit the number of her cruisers". In a later speech he declared that Britain, having accepted equality in battle-ships, would like to maintain a superiority in cruiser tonnage. It cannot be denied that these speeches conflict with Lord Balfour's acceptance "in principle" of all round naval equality with the United States, and it is not surprising that American writers should underscore the discrepancy. No doubt the British rejoinder would be that since the Treaty does not limit cruisers, the British Navy is at liberty to build these ships to the extent of its needs, just as the United States remains perfectly free to build up to the five-five ratio in cruisers as well as in battle-ships, if it sees fit. But this argument is not likely to placate American naval officers, who watch with concern the steady decline of their fleet in auxiliary craft vis-à-vis Britain and Japan, and yet are unable to induce Congress to provide more than a fraction of the additional tonnage required to maintain the balance.

Since the Washington Conference, the British Empire has authorized twenty-three new cruisers (fourteen of which are already being built), twenty-seven destroyers, and twenty-seven submarines. Japan in the same period has built and authorized twelve cruisers, thirty-nine destroyers, and thirty-four submarines and is now proposing to build four more cruisers and many destroyers and submarines. The United States has authorized eight cruisers (only two of which have been laid down), and three or four submarines. The striking disparity between the post-Conference building programs of Britain and Japan on the

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one hand and the United States on the other serves to explain the anxiety of those Americans, naval men and others, who regard a navy of full Treaty strength as a national necessity. In this anxiety we find a certain clue to the periodical agitations in which Great Britain is too often singled out for attack.

The only way to restore complete harmony in Anglo-American naval relations is to extend the Treaty provisions to auxiliary craft. It would be a difficult, but should not be an impossible, task. Britain's objections might be met by inviting her to fix the ratio for cruisers, just as the United States, by virtue of its preponderance in battle-ships, fixed the ratio for capital ships at the Washington Conference. Having regard to her extensive ocean communications, Britain would probably suggest a higher ratio than America would choose, but once the maximum quota had been settled, on a fifty-fifty basis of course, it would be for the United States to decide whether to build up to it or not.

For the time being, however, American policy seems not to be directed to the attainment of such equality, from a White House statement issued on September 6, the purport of which was that "the President is determined to avoid giving any foreign power an incentive to start an armaments construction race against the United States". In view of this pronouncement by the Chief Executive, suggestions that foreign, and particularly British, propaganda is responsible for the declension of American sea power cannot be sustained for one moment.

In conclusion, I would ask American readers not to accept too readily the loose talk of naval rivalry between their country and Great Britain. It is purely artificial. The British, when reckoning up their naval commitments, do not take into consideration the possibility of war with the United States. Were a sudden and considerable expansion of the American Navy to take place, it would be watched without misgiving by the British but for the probability that such action would encourage certain foreign nations also to augment their war fleets.

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THE EMPERY OF THE EMPYREAN

JOHN HOWARD DELLINGER

FOR several years it has been the usual thing for any speaker on radio, regardless of the phase of the question he treated, to end with a declaration that radio is one of the greatest means ever known for the promotion of international understanding and that it is destined to be the supreme factor in ushering in an era of world peace. This enthusiastic acclaim has diminished of late, and it struck its nadir in a statement in a recent number of THE FORUM that "radio broadcasting is spectacular and amusing but virtually useless". The writer went on to say, "It is difficult to make out a convincing case for the value of listening to the material now served out by the American broadcasters. Even if the quality of this material be improved, as it undoubtedly will be, one must still question whether the home amusement thus so easily provided will sufficiently raise the level of public culture to be worth what it costs in time and money and diversion of human effort." This is just one of many evidences that radio is at the moment in a serious situation.

The world has got over the dizzy emotional acceptance of radio as a wonderful mystery and is now placing it in the prosaic position of a utility. Radio must make its way henceforth on its merits, and when appraised from this standpoint a number of serious imperfections are plain to be seen. Stripped of its novelty, radio is actually far less wonderful than the ordinary wire telephone. If radio had been invented first, it is easy to imagine the acclaim that would be accorded an invention (the use of wires) by which a telephone conversation could be directed to one and only one listener. That this could be done with none of the extraneous noises and interference which characterize much of radio reception would only add to the marvel.

The difficulties in which radio now finds itself have led to various diagnoses of its ills. Just now, as I write this article, the cry is, "Give us legislation or we perish." Although radio is administered under a truly inadequate law, I am not entirely sure that radio salvation lies only in legislation. In any event there are certain limitations inherent in the nature of radio

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which, regardless of the writings on statute books, are bound largely to affect and determine its progress. That progress will be most surely facilitated if we frankly accept the limitations and proceed in their light.

The purpose of this article is to present and discuss certain limitations which are not susceptible to amelioration by the passing of laws or the demands of the public, and are therefore more fundamental than the administration of radio or the quality of programs. Many persons are impatient of any talk of limitations or restrictions upon radio. Radio itself, the marvel of transmitting and receiving the human voice over distances of thousands of miles, is so incomprehensible, so impossible, that most people think that whatever can be imagined can surely be achieved. There is nothing really more mysterious about radio than about an electric motor. The principles of the one are about as well understood as the other. Just as the electrical engineer knows that a trolley car cannot be driven with a quarter horsepower motor, so the radio engineer knows that there are definite things that can not be done with radio.

Lest I be accused of lack of vision, I will say at once that I declare nothing impossible. No one knows what the remote future may bring forth; unquestionably many things which now seem impossible will be done. Nevertheless, it is the part of wisdom to deal with radio or any other technical subject in the actual state in which it stands, according to the best engineering information available. To the non-technical man, it would be less remarkable to transmit power by radio than it is to transmit speech or pictures by radio. But there is no likelihood at all that power can be transmitted by radio in an amount which could seriously compete with power transmission by wires. This conclusion will doubtless hold good at least for our generation, and for practical purposes radio power transmission is impossible.

On the basis, then, of present radio engineering knowledge, it can be said that there are two principal limits to the potentialities of radio. The first and most important of these is that the available number of radio broadcasting channels is definitely limited; the other is the existence of vagaries or irregular actions of the radio waves in their passage between the transmitting station and the receiver. So long as those who would find a way

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out of radio's present difficulties neglect these two limitations or imagine that they are but temporary difficulties which are liable to be swept aside at any moment by the progress of invention, the difficulties will remain.

Beautiful theoretical plans can be and are devised when it is taken for granted that additional broadcasting channels can readily be created. During a time of considerable newspaper discussion of pending radio legislation last May, a news statement declared that the difficulties of radio would be overcome if the Senate took affirmative action on a proposal pending before it for the creation of a radio commission. The article stated that this commission of five members would undertake as one of its first duties the creation of channels for 3000 broadcasting stations, thus giving room for many times the present number. The writer of this newspaper article put his finger precisely on the primary difficulty of the situation, but was ignorant of the fact that it *was* the primary difficulty and not subject to cure by regulation or legislation.

The reason that the number of broadcasting channels is definitely limited is interesting, though technical. In the first place it should be understood that radio is carried on by means of electric currents and waves of very high frequency, ranging from approximately fifteen kilocycles to 30,000 kilocycles per second. (Fifteen kilocycles mean 15,000 cycles or alternations per second). The way in which different radio communications are carried on simultaneously without interference is through the use of a separate band of frequencies for each. There would seem to be an ample number of separate frequencies for all possible uses of radio in this tremendous range, but every station must have its own little band of frequencies in order that it may be received without interference. This frequency band for each broadcasting station is ten kilocycles wide. To use a narrower band would change and distort the music or other sounds transmitted by the radio wave. All broadcasting is done in the limits between 550 and 1500 kilocycles. There are in this range 95 bands each ten kilocycles wide and therefore only 95 independent channels for broadcasting stations. Of the 95, there are really only 90 available in the United States, as five are reserved for Canada.

Set this fundamental fact against the actual existence of 600

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active broadcasting stations and you have an astonishing situation. There are, obviously, on the average over six stations on each broadcasting channel. All six are in potential conflict with one another. The situation is only palliated by the fact that many of the stations are of small power and far apart, so that each can serve a small local area without destructive interference from the others. The saving effect of separation by distance is diminishing as more and more of the stations increase their power and aspire to serve larger areas. When stations using the same channel are located near one another they can only operate through agreements to divide the time and not broadcast simultaneously. This situation is an economic absurdity. It is as if two or more railroad companies had franchises to operate trains on the same track, each taking turns and having its whole stock and plant absolutely idle when not using the track. It is a pure case of fruitless duplication of invested capital.

Although dispassionate analysis shows that there can be only 90 broadcasting stations of national scope, simultaneously operating without interference, it is not to be expected that the number of stations can be reduced to this number,—at least not soon. The alternative is to have many stations on one broadcasting channel, but to operate without interference they must limit their ambitions and be content to serve small areas. They will eventually have to be kept on special channels, precluding interference between them and the more powerful stations of national scope. All of this is without doubt highly disappointing to the legion of prospective broadcasters. The fever of desire to operate a broadcasting station continues unabated, for not only are there 600 in actual operation, but several hundred more are being constructed or planned.

There have been urgent proposals and frantic efforts to escape from this straight-jacket. A favorite plan is to extend the broadcast range to higher and to lower frequencies. Why not use more of the radio spectrum for broadcasting? This question was one of the major issues which came to a head in the Fourth National Radio Conference, called in November, 1925, by Secretary Hoover. The issue was met and settled. The Conference concluded that extension of the broadcast range of frequencies is impracticable for several reasons. First, all the rest of the radio

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spectrum is otherwise engaged. The frequencies below those of broadcasting are extensively used and have been long established for ship communication, transoceanic message traffic, aids to navigation, and Government and other uses which are utterly essential, and for which radio is the only available instrumentality. While the frequencies at the other end of the spectrum, above broadcasting, are not yet so crowded, they are largely required for aircraft and for amateur, commercial, military, and special uses.

It is not alone in the part of the radio spectrum devoted to broadcasting that the crowding problem is serious. A radio communication channel is a precious thing, the franchise to use it a valuable asset. The competition for such franchise is as keen and as fraught with consequences of public interest in the very low frequencies as in broadcasting. The very low frequencies are the ones used for transoceanic communication, in competition with the cables; their use vitally affects international commerce, and their importance is so great that there have already been diplomatic maneuverings over their control and use. It is not at all unthinkable that diplomats of the future will put forth greater efforts to secure or defend radio frequencies for their nations than to protect tariff rights or territories.

Another powerful reason against placing additional broadcasting stations outside the present broadcast frequencies is that such stations could not be received by the present receiving sets. This would be a hardship on millions of people, who would have to buy new sets or attachments to be added to their present sets.

I have scarcely mentioned the legislative situation. For the past four years radio engineers have urged upon the Government the importance of restricting broadcasting stations to that number which could operate simultaneously without interference. The administration in turn has sought authority from Congress to do this; Congress found new and difficult legislative problems involved and has not acted. The result is the unrestrained scramble to broadcast which still continues, and a complete change in the national system of broadcasting stations. Instead of a well integrated system of stations all of which could be heard without interference anywhere in the country, we have a bedlam

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of stations each of which can be heard satisfactorily only a few miles. The farmers, particularly, are getting less and less of the advantage that radio promised them.

All of this is extremely disquieting to the radio industry. Dependent upon the success of broadcasting, the industry is urging that legislation be enacted to save the broadcasting structure. The destructive processes can be checked if authority is granted the Government administration to limit the number of stations and to exercise stern control over power, frequency, and location. There is no hope at all that legislation can be passed that will make possible the ideal system with only one station on each broadcasting channel.

To sum up, the principal difficulty in the present radio situation is the lack of comprehension of its physical limitations. The public simply will not believe that the number of broadcasting channels is sharply limited. Consequently the demand that additional stations be licensed continues, and the broadcasting chaos grows worse. The underlying cause of this situation will undoubtedly be more and more recognized, and the unsatisfactory condition of broadcasting will be mitigated when individual and public policy conforms to the natural limitations of radio.

THE NEW AMERICAN LANGUAGE

The February issue of THE FORUM *will chronicle the first results of our new Word Contest. All who fancy themselves for the second round should enter before March 1, by sending in some forceful word or phrase, neglected or new (create one if you can) that the makers of the new dictionaries should be told about. Since John Witherspoon, President of Princeton University, first used the term "Americanism" in 1776, America has continued to lead the way in the manufacture of words. Mr. H. L. Mencken brought the history of our new acquisitions up to date in 1923, in the third edition of his book,* THE AMERICAN LANGAUGE. *What has been happening in the last four years? For each winning suggestion, stated in fewer than one hundred words (typewritten) selected by the judges,* THE FORUM *will present a book chosen by the winner, to the value of five dollars. The volume indicated must be among those mentioned in our columns. Address The American Language Contest,*

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ENGLAND AFTER FIFTY YEARS

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

IN the month of April, 1879, I voyaged to England as a young and inexperienced graduate student, hoping to qualify for scientific research. In June, 1926, almost fifty years later, I again visited England and from the moment of landing began a series of running observations on the present and former times. As a young man I had the privilege of meeting many of the leaders of British thought and during my recent visit I enjoyed similar privileges, greatly extended. In the present article I desire to record some of the impressions of both visits, with their resemblances and contrasts, and I am tempted to compare my observations with several recently published estimates by powerful Englishmen of the tendencies of modern English life, notably the volumes from the pens of Inge and Baldwin.

Englishmen who cavil at William Ralph Inge's *England* should consider that this largely discussed and much misunderstood volume is among a series entitled "The Modern World, A Survey of Historical Forces," the aim of which, in the language of the editor, is "to provide a balanced survey, with such historical illustrations as are necessary, of the tendencies and forces, political, economic, intellectual, which are moulding the lives of contemporary states." With this declaration of purpose, there is little question that the volume on England was entrusted to the best qualified writer in England to-day. If we place England's two great earls, Arthur Balfour and Edward Grey, in the roll of elder statesmen where they deservedly belong, it is not far from the mark to consider Dean Inge and Prime Minister Baldwin as the two leading intellectual, social, and political forces to-day in England. Others, like Lloyd George, have striven for this great position but have failed for want of sincerity of character. If there are any shortcomings in Inge and in Baldwin, they are certainly not in the realm of dissimulation, because both men are characteristically English in bluntness and straightforwardness of expression.

Not England in herself, but England in her great struggle for existence with the new forces of America and of Germany is the

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country of which Dean Inge is writing. Our estimate of his volume, — I use the word *our* with the feeling that up to the year 1776 England was also ours, — should rest not upon the question whether it is palatable, enjoyable, or welcome, but whether it is truthful. The author himself laments that he is unable honestly to present a more optimistic outlook and, lest he be suspected of lack of loyalty, he more than once asserts his affection for his country. In the one thoroughly enjoyable chapter, "The Soul of England," Inge places truthfulness and sincerity as chief among English virtues, and indeed these traits deserve first rank. Then follow stoicism in pain and trouble, hatred of cruelty, magnanimity towards other peoples and nations, good sportsmanship in international affairs as well as in the athletic field, unlimited courage and manliness, and, finally, reverence for ancient custom and for law.

The Dean's estimate of these paramount British virtues is not far different from that of Stanley Baldwin in his recent work, *On England*. One may see in reading Baldwin's beautiful address of May 6, 1924, how closely the Premier agrees with and amplifies Inge's characterization of Englishmen. It is always difficult to see the woods for the trees, and inasmuch as both Inge and Baldwin are living in the midst of the grand old forests of English character, neither of them appears to perceive the trait which is especially manifest to the present writer on his renewed observation of England after an interval of fifty years, namely, the conservative tenaciousness of former customs and practices, in sharp contrast to the swift changes in all activities observed in America. I shall revert to this shortly, after further consideration of the standpoint of my friend, the Dean.

Some may wonder at our ranking Dean Inge among the intellectual, social, and political forces of modern England, but at the very root of all these forces is the national character, and the Dean in his previous *Outspoken Essays* and in the present volume shows himself a profound student of the nature of the English race. Although he treats politically of British conservatism and the origin of the Conservative Party, quoting Ernest Barker's opinion that "conservatism, with its appeal to sentiment, is the residuary legatee of all anti-intellectual movements," the Dean does not specifically point out that England is suffering

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from one of its principal virtues, namely, its reverence for the customs, practices, and traditions of the past. In the mind of the average Englishman, from the lowest to the very highest, there is the conviction that if his father did a thing a certain way it is *probably* right; if his grandfather did the thing the same way it is *certainly* right. While superficially this ancestral conservatism, which reached its height in the Victorian Age, is passing, — that is, in certain social customs and manners, in dress and, to some extent, in social morals, — it is still radically and fundamentally ingrained in the British character and forms the mainspring of the greater part of British action, both in peace and in war. It takes the hardest kind of knocks and sometimes the most bitter and costly experience to make the English realize that this great hereditary virtue, going back to the remote occupation of William the Conqueror and the great reign of Henry II, unfits him for competition in the modern world. Modern industrial Germany and, in larger degree, industrial America have long since abandoned this ancestral principle, and in America, at least in every phase of its economic life, the instinctive working basis is the very antithesis of that of England. The typical American says to himself: "If my father did a thing a certain way, it is probably wrong; if my grandfather did the thing the same way, it is certainly wrong." In brief, what is *a priori* wrong to the typical Englishman is *a priori* right to the typical American.

When we couple with this antithesis of daily action the fact that for the past two centuries the larger part of the youth of England, restive under this ancestral inhibition, has been populating the British colonies and America, leaving the motherland partly destitute of its innovators, its inventors, its revolutionists of manners and customs, we begin to understand why England has become like a great and beautiful museum of her own historic past, which should be conserved and protected by all English-speaking peoples. In England alone the past is preserved not only in monuments of stone but in the living virtues of her people. In America our passion for innovation, which gives us such an enormous advantage in our material life, is sweeping away worthy customs, traditions, and even buildings, so rapidly that while the Victorian Age lingers in England, America is in the full tide of what has been aptly termed "the jazz age".

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Before the World War it was alleged by many critics that the English character had changed, that it had been enervated by luxury, weakened by loss of moral and religious discipline, diverted by the passion for athletic sports (even the loyal Rudyard Kipling spoke of "beflanneled fools"). The unanimous heroism and self-sacrifice of the war period gave pause to this form of national self-criticism for a time. Then, after 1919, it was again alleged that British morale was relaxing and that the war had only caused the ancient latent virtues to flower up for a while and then subside. As an almost providential refutation of this rank pessimism came the general strike of 1926, for never in the history of the English, or of any other nation, has there been a finer manifestation of national character. If a scratch reveals the Tartar beneath the skin of a Russian, the strike revealed the unchanging Englishman; unlike the remarkable Fascist revolt of Italy, there were no riots, no bloodshed, no eloquence. The English quietly set to work to avert the threatened immobility, starvation, and political revolution.

Having thus glanced at England as she is, let us give a paleontological glance at England as she was fifty years ago, in the zenith of the Victorian Age. It was my transcendent good fortune early in the year 1879 to turn my student steps toward Cambridge and London, rather than toward Heidelberg, Leipsic, or Berlin, whither all advanced American students directed their steps at the time. Thus fortunately the generalizing British rather than the specializing Teutonic bias was given to my scientific thought. Thus also I was given the great privilege, not only of observing a great people in a great epoch of their history, but also of personally meeting some of England's outstanding men of the time and of knowing at first hand their characteristic traits, the very traits which are quietly set forth by Inge and Baldwin.

The first trait to impress me on arrival was the impenetrable reserve, shyness, and aloofness, which seemed to shut one out from the inner sanctum of the English mind and heart. This often seemed like hauteur and was extremely embarrassing to an open-hearted, unreserved, and perhaps too outspoken American youth. The average Englishman and the large majority of English university students meet you in this way. But once past this initial frost and once having overcome the suspicion with which all English-

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men, back to the earliest times, have regarded men of other countries, one penetrates the still waters which run deep in the English nature and makes friendships of surprising and lasting warmth, often more enduring than our rapidly made American friendships. A bright exception in my memory to this reserve was the immediate and cordial welcome extended by all the great scientists I had the opportunity of meeting, such as Balfour (Francis Maitland, younger brother of Arthur), Huxley, Darwin, Flower of the British Museum of Natural History, Parker of London, Moseley of Oxford, Lankester of London, and many others. The diplomatic and traveled Englishman like Sir Lewis Mallet, the members of Parliament, and men of the world like Sir John Rose and Sir James Caird, met you always with a cordiality and a deference to your opinion that was often even embarrassing. This deference to youthful and untried opinion was also one of the distinguishing traits of Francis Maitland Balfour.

Undoubtedly this initial aspect of English conservatism, namely, in the meeting of strangers, still survives in large measure and is among the strong deterrent forces of British progress. Fifty years ago it was equally evident among men and women. The budding women students of Newnham and of Girton, Cambridge, were as impenetrably shy and reserved as the men, but this has largely been changed by the feministic triumphs of the half century. I can never forget my abasement before the intellectually superior girls of Girton and my failure in every humorous attempt to take them seriously. To-day the English girl meets you with the utmost frankness, openness, and charm and sets her brother at Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge a shining example in civility. While all social movements run to extremes, and the adoption of masculine vices by certain English girls has temporarily produced an unattractive and even repellent type in the ultrafashionable class, the main resultant of the emancipation of women has been to produce a vigorous, wholesome, cheerful, and patriotic body of women citizens which simply did not exist fifty years ago. The opening of new occupations to women has given their ambition an outlet, and during the great war the rank and file of superior men was thinned and depleted. As a result, during the recent strike the antirevolutionary part

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played by women was nearly equal to that played by men. The great secretarial body of women, which surges daily in and out of London, "carried on" and reported for duty on office time, even when they had to leave their homes before daylight in order to do so. There was a saying in our Wild West that a blizzard brings the cattle baron and the cowboy to the very same level. In England during the strike the duchess toiled with the typist, the earl drove the lorries or shoveled coal into locomotive furnaces side by side with, or at the behest of, the Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate.

The giant task of undoing the work of centuries in the artificial and hereditary standards of class was well begun during the World War. The great strike of 1926 brought it to a triumphant issue.

This democratization of England, this creation of a new aristocracy of character and intelligence, is to my eye the most conspicuous of all the outward changes which have occurred during the last fifty years. There is far more real civility, far less servility. Men and women of every class stand on their merits and on their services to England, not upon their titles or their coronets. It is true the almost intolerable burden of taxation has cut off much outward display of rank and of wealth, so that London, formerly presenting the most violent contrast between wealth and poverty, now assumes a more uniformly moderate tone in dress and deportment. The flunkeyism, the airs, and the snobbishness of the aristocracy as depicted by Thackeray have gone forever, and England, in name a monarchy, is now in fact a great republic, the ideal centre of a great commonwealth. This statement cannot be challenged if we limit the phrase to England's moral, social, and political standing and, somewhat further, to its intellectual and scientific standing. During the golden Victorian Age, which began with the accession to the throne in 1837, there was not one of these limitations. England was the centre of the entire domain of English-speaking people. She had wrested from France leadership in many branches of science. She was leading Germany in all the sciences except chemistry, though she was falling behind Austria, France, and Germany in medicine, owing to reluctance to accept the transforming discoveries of Pasteur.

The slow acceptance of discoveries and inventions made by

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men of other nationality was a symptom of scientific conservatism which still paralyzes English industrial and economic progress. In the year 1879–1880, as illustrated in London hospitals and medical schools in daily events which came to my personal knowledge, although I was engaged under Huxley in comparative anatomy and not in medicine, English medical tradition died hard. At the clinics in London hospitals leading surgeons were still adhering to pre-Pasteur methods, declaring in accents of scorn, "A successful operation and *no* Lister," in allusion to the new antisepsis of Sir Joseph Lister.

With such exceptions, however, English biology was at its zenith. Huxley had felled Sir Richard Owen, the surviving exponent of the Special Creation school, and was in his most brilliant lecture period as I sat at his feet. Having also slain all the bishops, his contest with Gladstone on the inerrancy of the Book of Genesis was running in the pages of the "Nineteenth Century". Darwin was completing his great life works in his quiet study at Down. Michael Foster in Cambridge was creating the brilliant school of physiologists who have placed England in the front rank in this important branch of biology. Sir William Flower was opening a new epoch in museum education in the beautiful British Museum of Natural History. Francis Balfour was rivaling German embryologists in his Cambridge lectures and would have led the world in biology but for his untimely death in 1882. Meanwhile Clerk Maxwell was laying the foundation of modern physics, of light, and of radiant energy, and training the two generations which gave Cambridge its still commanding position. Except for certain flashes of independent thought in the great genetic school of Bateson, a Cambridge graduate, and in the great eugenic movement growing out of the genius of Francis Galton, English biology is to-day still working along lines of the Victorian period, manifesting in physiology only a vigorous creative spirit. In physics the creative spirit is perhaps stronger than ever, and under the leadership of Sir Ernest Rutherford as president of the Royal Society this subject is even more flourishing than in the time of Clerk Maxwell and of Spottiswoode.

I may recall that in 1879 William Spottiswoode shared with Robert Browning the degree honors of Cambridge. Spottiswoode was very tall and very bald, with stooping shoulders, and as he

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stood up before the Latin orator of the period some irreverent youth in the gallery called out in a plaintive sacerdotal drawl,

"N- a- m- e t- h- i- s c- h- i- l- d"

as if the president of the Royal Society were being presented for baptism!

Robert Browning, though at the time the prevailing literary cult both of England and of America, was only moderately applauded in the Cambridge Senate House when he stepped forward for his honorary degree. As I recall, the orator's peroration ended with the words *in calorem*, or some other heated phrase, when a loud voice came from the gallery:

"For heaven's sake, do not make him any hotter.
Do you not see he is Browning already?"

The revolutionary poets and writers of the pre-Victorian Age, 1790–1835,— Byron, Shelley, and in a measure Wordsworth, — had passed. The very high moral, intellectual, and religious tone of the full Victorian day pervaded the dominant literature of the period. Browning was the Emerson of England. Tennyson expressed the high idealism and sentiment of the period toward both men and women, and through personal converse with young Darwinian forces he was the first British poet to put the spirit of modern evolution into verse and, in "Locksley Hall", to become the first seer of modernism and the approaching World War. The sensuous Greek revival by Swinburne and the Florentine revival of Rossetti, of Morris, and of Burne-Jones, delightful and beautiful in their spirit, were certainly not of the soil of Great Britain. The robust spirit of the new British Empire christened by Disraeli was to find expression in the virile young verse of Rudyard Kipling, who as first poet of the Commonwealth should have succeeded Tennyson as poet laureate.

At this time Kipling was fourteen years old and James Barrie was a youth of nineteen. Taking his initial steps toward the modern sensuous extreme was the young Oscar Wilde, who was just leaving Oxford and who by dress, manner, and verse was leading in the esthetic phase which was at its height in the year 1880, as depicted by Du Maurier. A wider contrast cannot be conceived than that between the long, clinging garments and

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languid poses of the young women of London in the year 1879, with their long-haired Bunthorne consorts, and the exposed limbs, crossed knees, boyish figures, and clipped hair of the London girls of the year 1926. My only meeting with Wilde was in Francis Balfour's rooms at Cambridge, and I recall being deeply impressed by his repudiation of all the American verse of the age, especially of the Longfellow and Whittier type, and his championship of Walt Whitman as the only truly American poet.

The very rapidity of these literary and social revolutions, — in fact, of all revolutions in manners, customs, and dress,— is proof of their superficiality; like the passing cosmetic phase of the modern day, these revolutions do not go skin-deep, much less penetrate the undercurrents of human character. Even what may be termed the "barn-yard school" of modern novel writing, which represents the lowest levels reached in the anti-Victorian revolt, is a passing phase of literary commercialism rather than a permanent indication of national character. Only the literature that is destined to endure really reflects the soul of a people. Consequently, we need not be alarmed at transient phases, although we may wonder how far they may lead.

The real menace to English character is in the terrible losses which the intellectual class has sustained by war and is sustaining by failure to reproduce itself through the family. England's leading eugenist, Major Leonard Darwin, has reached the conclusion that "the nation as a whole is slowly and steadily deteriorating as regards its average inborn qualities". Dean Inge, in his epilogue, sums up with thorough soundness his own opposing view of the same subject: "The moral condition of a country must obviously be taken into account in any attempt to predict its future, both because the ultimate test of the success of a civilization is the kind of men and women whom it produces, and because on the moral soundness of the population depends its power of weathering a storm."

Many of the transient current phases touch the life of our artistic and literary world in 1926 as they did in 1879, but the scientific life and the more serious literary life of the English and American world are absolutely unchanged. The simplicity and charm of the British scientific hospitality of 1879 endure in the homes of the sons and grandsons of the great Victorians. In visits

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to Oxford and Cambridge we may not only travel in the very same railway carriages that transported us in 1879 but we may meet the identical type of Oxford and Cambridge don, exactly the same lines of conversation and of culture, the same true balance between the intellectual and the physical life. At the very moment in the great court of Magdalen College when I was listening to an intense conversation between the Earl of Balfour and the Cambridge astronomer, Professor Arthur Stanley Eddington, on new conceptions of time and space, the Earl, who recently celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday, was called away by an engagement for tennis, which seemed as important to him as his preoccupation with metaphysics. So it is with all English life to-day, except the life of the extremists: the essential balance between the physical and the intellectual, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, is ever maintained. The charm of English society, of English hospitality, of English culture, and of the English landscape, appears to us to-day even more welcome than it was fifty years ago, because it is in greater contrast to our own ever-changing and superficially irreverent spirit and to the march of commercialism along our beautiful American roadways and through our eastern and western forests.

Other peoples may welcome changes of custom and of mode, as if change in itself were an index of progress, while the English still adhere to all that is best, heedless of whether the best of the past is in accord with material or economic progress of the present. But the survival of these virtues, of these historic charms, of landscapes unsullied by billboards does not help the economic problems of modern England, nor will these precious qualities of character aid England in her struggle to maintain the prestige and preeminence of her Victorian age.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

SPORT AND LITERATURE

DURING the past forty years, but more particularly during the past fifteen, sport has developed from back-lot "scrub" to a national and international occupation. Look at the papers. Sport gets more space and more real interest than the two regular perennials, religion and politics. There are scattered voices crying that our national absorption in sport is an evil thing. But anyone who has read the account by James Ford Rhodes of flabby American youth fifty years ago realizes that Delmonico, in saving us from the frying-pan, and sport, in giving us an outlet for physical emotions, have done us a world of good. To condemn sport itself because it is sometimes overdone is as senseless as to condemn religion because it also is sometimes overdone, — and sometimes pretty raw, too!

Just now, however, I am not interested in justifying sport. What strikes me is the quantity of it in America and the conspicuous lack, considering the quantity, of any real literature of sport.

It is hardly necessary to labor the point of quantity. That the interest is deep and genuine, moreover, is pointed by the nation-wide tributes to that energetic pioneer among good sportsmen, Walter Camp. Along with our hysteria, as when we pay eagerly to look at the back of another man's head in the pretense that we are really seeing a game, goes a solid, unquestioning faith in sport and its real heroes. We may shout for Valentino and Babe Ruth; but we build memorials to President Eliot and Walter Camp.

Take it either way, — hysteria or genuine faith, — we are as absorbed in sport as the Elizabethans were in nationalism, the Puritans in conduct, and the eighteenth century French in "bon gout." But where is the literature of it?

It isn't that sport does not lend itself to literature. With its romance, its tests of skill and strength, of daring and judgment,

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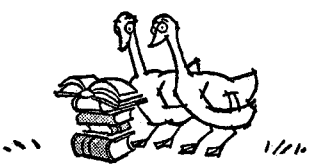
it is the very stuff, like the deeds of Achilles or Horatius or Sir Richard Grenville, that literature is made of. There is plenty of English literature of sport, moreover; literature ranging from the humors of "Punch" to the high seriousness of Newbolt's "Vitai Lampada".

It cannot be urged that Americans who write well aren't interested in sport. All Americans, every man, woman and child of them, are interested. A better case may be made for the youthfulness of our sports, as explaining the lack of literature. They are present facts, they do not dwell in fond memory, they have not had time to develop a romantic tradition.

There may be something in this. Cricket has been called, not a game, but an "institution". Its reputation for scrupulously fair play is so established that the expression, "It's not cricket," has



come to be used for poor sporting spirit in business, politics, social life, everywhere,—a kind of moral phrasing of "It isn't done". But hasn't baseball its traditions, too? Hasn't it an expression, essentially characteristic of its spirit, that has become proverbial outside the game? How about "put one over"? It is not insignificant that baseball's most popular literary expression is a doggerel ballad, "Casey at the Bat."

Oh, well, we are told, baseball is lost in an atmosphere of professionalism, and football has been organized into a spectacle. But we still have tennis and golf, as unspotted as cricket. Yet where is the literature or promise of a tradition which might breed literature? Moreover, among the reports, the passing narratives of events, the best that I have seen have not been of our amateur sports, but of baseball and prize-fighting, our two most professional sports.

In a recent account of a football match, for instance, I read that "Poet Dooley sent a drop-kick that would scan perfectly". In another account it is said of an able half-back, "Tenney is a sweetheart and it is hard to figure just how Country Day will

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stop him." Might just as well call him a "prize baby" or a "Christmas package". Most of our sports writing is marred, not by imagination (*that* is essential), but by vain imagination, by linguistic fireworks, by "damnable faces".

Clearly, it is not an amateur status which produces a literature of sport, or a professional status which kills it. But though it is not a *status*, I suspect it is a *spirit*. The trouble, for literary purposes, is that our sports, both amateur and professional, lack both amateur and professional spirit.

We make a fine-drawn, legalistic distinction. To enforce the code, we brand as contaminated any amateur (outside of golf) who plays with a professional. The supreme test (witness our heated tennis discussions) is immaculate status, — status, not spirit. With the professionals, on the other hand, we take just the opposite tack. We do everything to drive them out of their status, *their profession*, into the business columns. In every other profession, we have a standard of ethics and etiquette, but in baseball we move in a world of cash values. We hear daily how much *money* Babe Ruth is making; Englishmen hear daily how many *runs* Jack Hobbs is making. Hobbs is a professional cricketer, so I suppose he gets paid, but that is of no consequence to anyone but him. Hear now an account of the World Series:

"Had Lazzeri hit one safely, . . . the tying and probably the winning runs would sprint over the plate. . . . The almost $2000 per player difference between the winner's and loser's share also swung in the balance." That was the game, by the way, which earned the head-line, "Meusel's $50,000 muff beats Yanks."

It must be a mirthless, sportless kind of sport that does not provoke literature. Not precious, hot-house "literature", — I don't mean that; but the literature which is always the exultant record of anything worth doing. We have degraded the professional, thinking to sanctify the amateur. In actual fact we have degraded both. We have glorified status and killed spirit. And without spirit, romantic traditions will not flower in literature.

In cricket, which has accomplished a romantic tradition in every Englishman's heart, amateurs and professionals play side by side, on the same team. It never occurs to anyone that the professionals are thereby less professional, or the amateurs less

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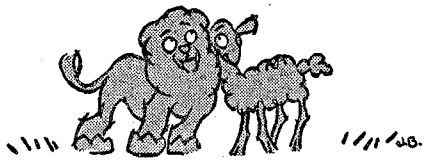
amateur. The reverse appears to be true; both are the better for playing together. The game, not the status, is the thing.

> The sand of the desert is sodden red, —
> Red with the wreck of a square that broke; —
> The gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
> And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
> The river of death has brimmed his banks,
> And England's far and Honor a name,
> But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
> "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

We Americans may laugh at cricket, so slow, so puttering (those of us who do laugh haven't stood up to a fast bowler with "a bit of devil off the pitch" or tried to steal a short run with Jessop at cover-point), but, laugh as the ignorant may, any game which could inspire Newbolt's lines must have an imperishable amateur spirit. If that is so, little need to fuss about status!



The virtue, of course, is in the way the game is played, not in the particular game itself. Anyone who has played both cricket and baseball will tell you that in many ways baseball is the better game. But is it played in a better spirit? One of the customs in cricket is to appeal to the umpire only when you feel confident the batsman or runner is out, and the umpire never gives a decision, as he does in baseball, without appeal. Incredible, absurd in *our* national game! Yet there is a story of an incident, before baseball was wholly on the "cash and carry" basis, when something of the same spirit reigned. One Sullivan had made a questionable catch in the outfield. When the side at bat protested, the umpire turned to Sullivan.

"Did you catch it, Sully?" "Sure I caught it, Bill."

"Honest-to-God, Sully?" "Honest-to-God, Bill."

"He's out!"

A trifle informal perhaps, but that was not the chief objection of a friend to whom I told the story. "You see," he said seriously, "everything depends on the honesty of the player."

So it does, — everything!

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THE PERFECT CHILD

Forum Definitions — Eighth Series

FORUM readers have responded with enthusiasm to Herbert Hoover's demand in our October issue that we should seriously ask ourselves: "What is a normal child?" and then: "What is a perfect child?" Not only was the maternal instinct aroused, but it became clear that the child in question is capable of evoking the most diverse opinions and emotions.

From the gentleman who declared that the perfect child is one which "maintains a true equilibrium of the hormones" to the demand for "a reverent attitude towards things Devine" from a lady whom we suspect of having read Miss Loos too carefully, every imaginable claim has been made in the name of Perfection. Equally emphatic were those who insisted that since perfection is unattainable it is also indefinable; to whom we commend a few moments reflection on the summit of Mount Everest and the other side of the Moon. Are these indefinable?

No wonder we are so constantly asked to ask in this series for the definition of a Definition. The suggestion is a good one if the voting supports it. In sending in your next, please say just what you think a definition is, and we will enter your reply for the possible future contest.

In spite of Mr. Hoover's remarks, the idea of the normal proved very popular. Parents apparently resent the idea that their perfect child is not normal. One, however, admitted that her boy, though perfect, was not to be judged entirely by the measurements of other children. "His weight," she wrote, "is slightly above average, teeth and throat normal, and color ruddy."

Then there were definitions of perfection once (or more) removed, like that of the lady who for the last six months has actually lived next door to the perfect child: "She is nine years old, has a beautiful set of teeth and red cheeks, and always orders the food and prepares it for her Chow-pup." Or this from California: "Goethe must have been a Perfect Child; and Kate Mullen's little girl, whom I have known from birth, comes very near to being one."

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A few went further afield, like the savant who exhorts us "to insure the future of perfect children, see what is wrong with Science"; and adds that "in this respect, Einstein is equally as wrong as Euclid." Mrs. Edna Claire Davis on the other hand holds that "it remained for Mary Baker Eddy, the author of *Science and Health*, to reveal the Truth" whereby the perfect child may be secured.

Finally came the doubts raised by students of comparative paidolatry, like Mrs. L. Henrietta Solomon of Berkeley, California: "A Zulu child who is able to compete with his environment, and pass all the tests of Zulu lore, — who dare say that he, too, is not a perfect child?" Not guilty, we hasten to reply, — with the hope that the following selection of winning definitions may assist those practically concerned to a find solution.

1 Perfection is completeness; a child is incomplete. Our ideal child must be he who gives best promise of making an ideal man. He must be sound and vigorous in body; inquisitive about everything; a nuisance, as was the boy Abraham Lincoln, by his disposition to insist on precise accuracy in all statements; quick to see how things seem to other people; ready in decision regarding action; brave, kind, persistent, and a stickler for justice to everybody. He must be learning self-restraint, but not achieve it till his maturity. (*Steven T. Byington, Ballard Vale, Mass.*)

2 Perfection being the fruit of perfect love completely expressed, the child most fully revealing the dynamic forces of love is nearest perfect. These values are: (1) Character: spiritual strength. (2) Intelligence and health, which make beauty. (3) Originality: creative force, resulting in joyousness of self-expression, gaiety and humor, will make for artistic gifts, genius. (4) Morals: born of reverence for soul and body, fostered by cleanliness and love for the Creator. (5) Manners: the flowering of love in consideration and kindness. (6) Racial differences should count only as they fall below our highest interpretation of human virtues and powers, and the alien race's conception of them. (*Elizabeth Young George, Cecilville, Calif.*)

3 The Perfect Child bubbles over with vitality, the inherent heirloom of a healthy family living intelligently in close contact with natural laws. His physical characteristics are determined by hereditary racial forces. Unbounded curiosity drives him to experiment with the elements of his widening world, frequently to the despair of the cult and the culture of family and society. A fervid imagination makes him live over, with the thrills of adventure, the days of monsters and of knightly heroes. His rising powers find their outlet and their training in absorbing plays which he changes with abrupt suddenness and pursues with intense interest to forestall his dread enemy, boredom. (*William Schaffrath, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

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4 The Perfect Child is very largely the result of parental prenatal carefulness and postnatal training. He, or she, has a healthy body, due to wholesome food, regular elimination, play, and work: — has a cheerful soul; magnanimity; kindly consideration for people and animals, especially unfortunates; appreciation of beauty in nature, art, and craftsmanship; love of God, truth, and country and hatred for lies and shams: — has initiative with courtesy; training in accurate observation and deduction (*vide "Kim"*), necessity of work to secure desirable things, purposefulness and, finally, equilibrium, or poise. (*R. T. Fullwood, Los Angeles, Calif.*)

5 The Perfect Child, — human nature and personality in threefold aspect, — physical, mental, moral, — in immaturity. The vigor, vitality, development of each aspect, the harmony and coordination of each in relation to other, prophetic, according to sex, racial characteristics and culture, of the perfect type at maturity. Physically, — well formed and proportioned, strong and abounding in health; mentally, — of quick perception and keen, active intelligence; disposition, — generous, friendly, good-humored; morally, — according to age and prevailing standards, sensitive to right and wrong, possessing that innate, indefinable something which gives promise of spiritual appreciation and responsiveness to the Great Unseen. (*E. S. Belden, Southold, N. Y.*)

6 The Perfect Child should have fused in his personality those qualities that cause him to stand out preeminently above his associates. (1) Physical grace and endurance. (2) Mental proficiency and initiative. (3) Moral discrimination and integrity. (4) Spiritual poise and graciousness. Added to the above attributes the fates should bestow upon their favorite that shining virtue of a sense of humor to cast its beneficent glow over the shadows of life. (*Ethel V. Moyer, Norristown, Pa.*)

7 Eugenically born, hygienically bred,
With a frame of tempered steel, and a Binet test-proof head,
And a heart of finest gold, and a countenance divine,
"Behold!" — the perfect parent cries, — "the Perfect Child
is MINE!" (*George H. Mather, Saskatchewan, Canada*)

8 Impossible! There can be no Perfect Child, inasmuch as perfection is never attained in this life; striving to reach this ideal state is the main reason for living. Our aim from the cradle to the grave is always higher mentally, purer spiritually, better physically, — struggled for both unconsciously and consciously. A *near* Perfect Child is clear and pink and firm of skin with bright, thinking, eager eyes; a radiant smile; joy and activity in his being; truth in his entire make-up; a willingness even at five years to strive for perfection, — this is my version. Enclosed find my cherubs. (*Mildred Claunch, Hendersonville, N. C.*)

Next word to be defined: — "Intelligence." Closing date, February 1. Address Definition Editor, THE FORUM. *Five dollars prize for every winning definition.*

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Pope's position was so anomalous. They talked instead of a new opera by young Verdi, which was being sung in Venice; of the case of a Spanish dancing-girl who had lately become a religious and was said to be working miracles in Andalusia. In this conversation the missionary took no part, nor could he even follow it with much interest. He asked himself whether he had been on the frontier so long that he had quite lost his taste for the talk of clever men. But before they separated for the night Maria de Allande spoke a word in his ear, in English.

"You are *distrait*, Father Ferrand. Are you wishing to unmake your new Bishop already? It is too late. Jean Marie Latour, — am I right?"

Book I — The Vicar Apostolic

The Cruciform Tree

One afternoon in the autumn of 1851 a solitary horseman, followed by a pack-mule, was pushing through an arid stretch of country somewhere in central New Mexico. He had lost his way and was trying to get back to the trail, with only his compass and his sense of direction for guides. The difficulty was that the country in which he found himself was so featureless, — or rather, that it was crowded with features, all exactly alike. As far as he could see, on every side, the landscape was heaped up into monotonous red sand hills, not much larger than haycocks and very much the shape of haycocks. One could not have believed that in the number of square miles a man is able to sweep with the eye there could be so many uniform red hills. He had been riding among them since early morning, and the look of the country had no more changed than if he had stood still. He must have traveled through thirty miles of these conical red hills, winding his way in the narrow cracks between them, and he had begun to think that he would never see anything else. They were so exactly like one another that he seemed to be wandering in some geometrical nightmare. Flattened cones, they were, more the shape of Mexican ovens than haycocks, — yes exactly the shape of Mexican ovens, red as brickdust and naked of vegetation except for small juniper trees. And the junipers, too, were the shape of Mexican ovens. Every conical hill was spotted with smaller cones of juniper, a uniform yellowish green, as the hills were a uniform red. The hills thrust out of the ground so thickly that they seemed to be pushing each other, elbowing each other aside, tipping each other over.

The blunted pyramids, repeated so many hundred times upon his retina and crowding down upon him in the heat, had confused the traveler, who was sensitive to the shape of things.

Continued from page 2

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"*Mais, c'est fantastique!*" he muttered, closing his eyes to rest them from the intrusive omnipresence of the triangle.

When he opened his eyes again, his glance immediately fell upon one juniper which differed in shape from the others. It was not a thick-growing cone, but a naked, twisted trunk, perhaps ten feet high, and at the top it parted into two lateral, flat-lying branches, with a little crest of green in the centre just above the cleavage. Living vegetation could not present more faithfully the form of the Cross.

The traveler dismounted, drew from his pocket a much worn book, and, baring his head, knelt at the foot of the cruciform tree.

Under his buckskin riding coat he wore a black vest and the cravat and collar of a churchman. A young priest, at his devotions; and a priest in a thousand, one knew at a glance. His bowed head was not that of an ordinary man, — it was built for the seat of a fine intelligence. His brow was open, generous, reflective, his features handsome and somewhat severe. There was a singular elegance about the hands below the fringed cuffs of the buckskin jacket. Everything showed him to be a man of gentle birth, — brave, sensitive, courteous. His manners, even when he was alone in the desert, were distinguished. He had a kind of courtesy toward himself, toward his beasts, toward the juniper tree before which he knelt, and the God whom he was addressing.

His devotions lasted perhaps half an hour, and when he rose he looked refreshed. He began talking to his mare in halting Spanish, asking whether she agreed with him that it would be better to push on, weary as she was, in hope of finding the trail. He had no water left in his canteen, and the horses had had none since yesterday morning. They had made a dry camp in these hills last night. The animals were almost at the end of their endurance, but they would not recuperate until they got water, and it seemed best to spend their last strength in searching for it.

On a long caravan trip across Texas his man had had some experience of thirst, as the party with which he traveled was several times put on a meagre water ration for days together. But he had not suffered then as he did now. Since morning he had had a feeling of illness, the taste of fever in his mouth, and alarming seizures of vertigo. As these conical hills pressed closer and closer upon him, he began to wonder whether his long wayfaring from the mountains of Auvergne were possibly to end here. He reminded himself of that cry, wrung from his Saviour on the cross, "*J'ai soif!*" Of all our Lord's physical sufferings, only one, "I thirst," rose to His lips. Empowered by long training, the young priest blotted himself out of his own consciousness and meditated upon the anguish of his Lord. The Passion of Jesus became for him the only reality; the need of his own body was but a part of that conception.

His mare stumbled, breaking his mood of contemplation. He was sorrier for his beasts than for himself. He, supposed to be the intelligence of the party, had got the poor animals into this interminable desert of ovens. He was afraid he had been absent-minded, had been pondering his problem instead of heeding the way. His problem was how to recover a Bishopric. He was a Vicar Apostolic, lacking a Vicarate. He was thrust out; his flock would have none of him.

The traveler was Jean Marie Latour, consecrated Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico and Bishop of Agathonica *in partibus* at Cincinnati a year ago, — and ever since then he had been trying to reach his Vicarate. No one in Cincinnati could tell him how to get to New Mexico, — no one had ever been there. Since young Father Latour's arrival in America, a railroad had been built through from New York to Cincinnati; but there it ended. New Mexico lay in the middle of a dark continent. The Ohio merchants knew of two routes only. One was the Sante Fé trail from St Louis, but at that time it was very dangerous because of Comanche Indian raids. His friends advised Father Latour to go down the river to New Orleans, thence by boat to Galveston, across Texas to San Antonio, and to wind up into New Mexico along the Rio Grande valley. This he had done, but with what misadventures!

His steamer was wrecked and sunk in the Galveston harbor, and he had lost all his worldly possessions except his books, which he had saved at the risk of his life. He crossed Texas with a traders' caravan, and approaching San Antonio he was

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hurt in jumping from an overturning wagon and had to lie for three months in the crowded house of a poor Irish family, waiting for his injured leg to get strong.

It was nearly a year after he had embarked upon the Mississippi that the young Bishop, at about the sunset hour of a summer afternoon, at last beheld the old settlement toward which he had been journeying so long. The wagon train had been going all day across a greasewood plain, when late in the afternoon the teamsters began shouting that over yonder was the Villa. Across the level, Father Latour could distinguish low brown shapes, like earthworks, lying at the base of wrinkled green mountains with bare tops, — wavelike mountains, resembling billows beaten up from a flat sea by a heavy gale; and their green was of two colors, — aspen and evergreen, not intermingled but lying in solid areas of light and dark.

As the wagons went forward and the sun sank lower, a sweep of carnelian-colored hills lying at the foot of the mountains came into view; they curved like two arms about a depression in the plain; and in that depression was Santa Fé, at last. A thin, wavering adobe town, — a green plaza, — at one end a church with two earthen towers that rose high above the flatness. The long main street began at the church, the town seemed to flow from it like a stream from a spring. The church towers and all the low adobe houses were rose color in that light, a little darker in tone than the amphitheatre of red hills behind; and periodically the plumes of poplars flashed like gracious accent marks, — inclining and recovering themselves in the wind.

The Bishop was not alone in the exaltation of that hour; beside him rode Father Joseph Vaillant, his boyhood friend, who had made this long pilgrimage with him and shared his dangers. The two rode into Sante Fé together, claiming it for the glory of God.

How, then, had Father Latour come to be here in the sand hills, many miles from his seat, unattended, far out of his way and with no knowledge of how to get back to it?

That was a long story. The Mexican priests at Santa Fé had refused to recognize his authority. They disclaimed any knowledge of a Vicarate Apostolic or a Bishop of Agathonica. They said they were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durango, and had received no instructions to the contrary. If Father Latour was to be their Bishop, where were his credentials? A parchment and letters, he knew, had been sent to the Bishop of Durango, but these had evidently got no farther. There was no postal service in this part of the world; the quickest and surest way to communicate with the Bishop of Durango was to go to him. So, having traveled for nearly a year to reach Santa Fé, Father Latour left it after a few weeks and set off alone on horseback to ride down into Old Mexico and back, a journey of full three thousand miles.

He had been warned that there were many trails leading off the Rio Grande road, and that a stranger might easily mistake his way. For the first few days he had been cautious and watchful. Then he must have grown careless and turned into some purely local trail. When he realized that he was astray, his canteen was already empty and his horses seemed too exhausted to retrace their steps. He persevered in this sandy track, which grew ever fainter, reasoning that it must lead somewhere.

All at once Father Latour thought he felt a change in the body of his mare. She lifted her head for the first time in a long while, and seemed to redistribute her weight upon her legs. The pack-mule behaved in a similar manner, and both quickened their pace. Was it possible they scented water?

Nearly an hour went by, and then winding between two hills that were like all the hundreds they had passed, the two beasts whinnied simultaneously. Below them, in the midst of that wavy ocean of sand, was a green thread of verdure and a running stream. This ribbon in the desert seemed no wider than a man could throw a stone, — and it was greener than anything Latour had ever seen, even in his own greenest corner of the Old World. But for the quivering of the hide on his mare's neck and shoulders, he might have thought this a vision, a delusion of thirst.

Running water, clover fields, cotton woods, acacias, little adobe houses with brilliant gardens, a boy driving a flock of white goats toward the stream, — that was what the young Bishop saw.

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A few moments later, when he was struggling with his horses, trying to keep them from overdrinking, a young girl with a black shawl over her head came running toward him. He thought he had never seen a kindlier face. Her greeting was that of a Christian.

"*Ave Maria Purissima, Señor.* Whence do you come?"

"Blessed child," he replied in Spanish, "I am a priest who has lost his way. I am famished for water."

"A priest?" she cried, "that is not possible! Yet I look at you, and it is true. Such a thing has never happened to us before. It must be in answer to my father's prayers. Run, Pedro, and tell father and Salvatore."

An hour later, as darkness came over the sand hills, the young Bishop was seated at supper in the mother-house of this Mexican settlement. At the table with him was his host, an old man called Benito, his oldest son, and two of his grandsons. The old man was a widower, and his daughter, Josepha, the girl who had run to meet the Bishop at the stream, was his housekeeper. Their supper was a great pot of frijoles cooked with meat, bread and goat's milk, fresh cheese, and ripe apples.

From the moment he entered this room with its thick, whitewashed adobe walls, Father Latour had felt a kind of peace about it. In its bareness and simplicity there was something comely, as there was about the serious girl who had placed their food before them and who now stood in the shadows against the wall, her eager eyes fixed upon his face. He found himself very much at home with the four dark-headed men who sat beside him in the candle light. Their manners were gentle, their voices low and agreeable. When he said grace before meat, the men had knelt on the floor beside the table. The grandfather was sure that the Blessed Virgin had led the Bishop from his path and brought him here to baptize the children and to sanctify the marriages. Their settlement was little known, he said. They had no papers for their land and were afraid the Americans might take it away from them. There was no one in their settlement who could read or write. Salvatore, his oldest son, had gone all the way to Albuquerque to find a wife and had married there. But the priest had charged him twenty pesos, and that was half of all he had saved to buy furniture and glass windows for his house. His brothers and cousins, discouraged by his experience, had taken wives without the marriage sacrament.

In answer to the Bishop's questions, they told him the simple story of their lives. They had here all they needed to make them happy. They spun and wove from the fleece of their flocks, raised their own corn and wheat and tobacco, dried plums and apricots for winter. Once a year the boys took the grain up to Albuquerque to have it ground, and bought such luxuries as sugar and coffee. They had bees, and when sugar was high they sweetened with honey. Benito did not know in what year his grandfather had settled here, coming from Chihuahua with all his goods in ox carts. "But it was soon after the time when the French killed their king. My grandfather had heard talk of that before he left home, and used to tell us boys about it when he was an old man."

"Perhaps you have guessed that I am a Frenchman," said Father Latour.

No, they had not, but they felt sure he was not an American. José, the elder grandson, had been watching the visitor uncertainly. He was a handsome boy, with a triangle of black hair hanging over his rather sullen eyes. He now spoke for the first time.

"They say at Albuquerque that now we are all Americans, but that is not true, Padre. I will never be an American. They are infidels."

"Not all, my son. I have lived among Americans in the north for ten years, and I found many devout Catholics."

The young man shook his head. "They destroyed our churches when they were fighting us, and stabled their horses in them. And now they will take our religion away from us. We want our own ways and our own religion."

Father Latour began to tell them about his friendly relations with Protestants in Ohio, but there was not room in their minds for two ideas; there was one Church, and the rest of the world was infidel. One thing they could understand, that he had here in his saddlebags his vestments, the altar stone, and all the equipment for celebrating the Mass, and that to-morrow morning, after Mass, he would hear confessions and baptize and sanctify marriages.

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After supper Father Latour took up a candle and began to examine the holy images on the shelf over the fireplace. The wooden figures of the saints, found in even the poorest Mexican houses, always interested him. He had never yet seen two alike. These over Benito's fireplace had come in the ox carts from Chihuahua nearly sixty years ago. They had been carved by some devout soul and brightly painted, though the colors had softened with time, and they were dressed in cloth, like dolls. They were much more to his taste than the factory-made plaster images in his mission churches in Ohio, — more like the homely stone carvings on the front of old parish churches in Auvergne. The wooden Virgin was a sorrowing mother indeed, — long and stiff and severe, very long from the neck to the waist, even longer from waist to feet, like some of the rigid mosaics of the Eastern Church. She was dressed in black, with a white apron, and a black rebozo over her head, like a Mexican woman of the poor. At her right was St Joseph, and at her left a fierce little equestrian figure, a saint wearing the costume of a Mexican *ranchero*, velvet trousers richly embroidered and wide at the ankle, velvet jacket and silk shirt, and a high-crowned, broad-rimmed Mexican sombrero. He was attached to his fat horse by a wooden pivot driven through the saddle.

The younger grandson saw the priest's interest in this figure. "That," he said, "is my name saint, Santiago."

"Oh, yes, Santiago. He was a missionary, like me. In our country we call him St Jacques, and he carries a staff and a wallet, — but here he would need a horse, surely!"

The boy looked at him in surprise. "But he is the saint of horses. Isn't he that in your country?"

The Bishop shook his head. "No. I know nothing about that. How is he the saint of horses?"

"He blesses the mares and makes them fruitful. Even the Indians believe that. They know that if they neglect to pray to Santiago for a few years, the foals do not come right."

A little later, after his devotions, the young Bishop lay down in Benito's deep feather bed, thinking how different was this night from his anticipation of it. He had expected to make a dry camp in the wilderness and to sleep under a juniper tree, like the Prophet, tormented by thirst. But here he lay in comfort and safety, with love for his fellow creatures flowing like peace about his heart. If Father Vaillant were here, he would say, "A miracle"; that the Holy Mother, to whom he had addressed himself before the cruciform tree, had led him hither. And it was a miracle, Father Latour knew that. But his dear Joseph must always have the miracle very direct and spectacular, not with Nature, but against it. He would almost be able to tell the color of the mantle Our Lady wore when She took the mare by the bridle back yonder among the junipers and led her out of the sand hills, as the angel led the ass on the Flight into Egypt.

The Bishop *Chez Lui*

It was the late afternoon of Christmas Day, and the Bishop sat at his desk writing letters. Since his return to Santa Fé his official correspondence had been heavy; but the closely-written sheets over which he bent with a thoughtful smile were not to go to Monsignori, or to Archbishops, or to the heads of religious houses, — but to France, to Auvergne, to his own little town; to a certain gray, winding street, paved with cobbles and shaded by tall chestnuts on which, even to-day, some few brown leaves would be clinging, or dropping one by one, to be caught in the cold green ivy on the walls.

The Bishop had returned from his long horseback trip into Mexico only nine days ago. At Durango the old Mexican prelate had, after some delay, delivered to him the documents that defined his Vicarate, and Father Latour rode back the fifteen hundred miles to Santa Fé through the sunny days of early Winter. On his arrival he found amity instead of enmity awaiting him. Father Vaillant had already endeared himself to the people. The Mexican priest who was in charge of the procathedral had gracefully retired, — gone to visit his family in Old Mexico and carried his effects along with him. Father Vaillant had taken possession of the priest's house, and with the help of carpenters and the Mexican women of the parish had put it in order. The Yankee traders and the military Commandant at Fort Marcy had sent generous contributions

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of bedding and blankets and odd pieces of furniture.

The Episcopal residence was an old adobe house, much out of repair, but with possibilities of comfort. Father Latour had chosen for his study a room at one end of the wing. There he sat, as this afternoon of Christmas Day faded into evening. It was a long room of an agreeable shape. The thick clay walls had been finished on the inside by the deft palms of Indian women and had that irregular and intimate quality of things made entirely by the human hand. There was a reassuring solidity and depth about those walls, rounded at door-sills and window-sills, rounded in wide wings about the corner fireplace. The interior had been newly whitewashed in the Bishop's absence, and the flicker of the fire threw a rosy glow over the wavy surfaces, never quite evenly flat, never a dead white, for the ruddy color of the clay underneath gave a warm tone to the lime wash. The ceiling was made of heavy cedar beams, overlaid by aspen saplings, all of one size, lying close together like the ribs in corduroy and clad in their ruddy inner skins. The earth floor was covered with thick Indian blankets, — two blankets, very old and beautiful in design and color, were hung on the walls like tapestries.

On either side of the fireplace plastered recesses were let into the wall. In one, narrow and arched, stood the Bishop's crucifix. The other was square, with a carved wooden door, like a grill, and within it lay a few rare and beautiful books. The rest of the Bishop's library was on open shelves at one end of the room.

The furniture of the house Father Vaillant had bought from the departed Mexican priest. It was heavy and somewhat clumsy, but not unsightly. All the wood used in making tables and bedsteads was hewn from tree boles with the ax or hatchet. Even the thick planks on which the Bishop's theological books rested were ax-dressed. There was not at that time a turning lathe or a sawmill in all northern New Mexico. The native carpenters whittled out chair rungs and table legs and fitted them together with wooden pins instead of iron nails. Wooden chests were used in place of dressers with drawers, and sometimes these were beautifully carved or covered with decorated leather. The desk at which the Bishop sat writing was an importation, — a walnut "secretary" of American make, sent down by one of the officers of the Fort at Father Vaillant's suggestion. His silver candlesticks he had brought from France long ago. They were given to him by a beloved aunt when he was ordained.

The young Bishop's pen flew over the paper, leaving a trail of fine, finished French script behind, in violet ink.

"My new study, dear brother, as I write, is full of the delicious fragrance of the piñon logs burning in my fireplace. (We use this kind of cedar wood altogether for fuel, and it is highly aromatic, yet delicate. At our meanest tasks we have a perpetual odor of incense about us.) I wish that you and my dear sister could look in upon this scene of comfort and peace. We missionaries wear a frock coat and wide-brimmed hat all day, you know, and look like American traders. What a pleasure to come home at night and put on my old cassock! I feel more like a priest then, — for so much of the day I must be a 'business man'! — and, for some reason, more like a Frenchman. All day I am an American in speech and thought, — yes, in heart, too. The kindness of the American traders, and especially of the military officers at the Fort, commands more than a superficial loyalty. I mean to help the officers at their task here. I can assist them more than they realize. The Church can do more than the Fort to make these poor Mexicans 'good Americans'. And it is for the people's good; there is no other way in which they can better their condition.

"But this is not the day to write you of my duties or my purposes. To-night we are exiles, happy ones, thinking of home. Father Joseph has sent away our Mexican woman, — he will make a good cook of her in time, — but to-night he is preparing our Christmas dinner himself. I had thought he would be worn out to-day, for he has been conducting a Novena of High Masses, as is the custom here before Christmas. After the Novena and the midnight Mass last night, I supposed he would be willing to rest to-day; but not a bit of it. You know his motto, 'Rest in action.' I brought him a bottle of olive oil on my horse all the way from Durango (I say 'olive oil', because here 'oil' means something to grease the wheels of wag-

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ons!), and he is making some sort of cooked salad. We have no green vegetables here in winter, and no one seems ever to have heard of that blessed plant, the lettuce. Joseph finds it hard to do without salad oil, — he always had it in Ohio, though it was a great extravagance. He has been in the kitchen all afternoon. There is only an open fireplace for cooking, and an earthen roasting oven out in the courtyard. But he has never failed me in anything yet; and I think I can promise you that to-night two Frenchmen will sit down to a good dinner and drink your health."

The Bishop laid down his pen and lit his two candles with a splinter from the fire, then stood dusting his fingers by the deep-set window, looking out at the pale blue darkening sky. The evening star hung above the amber afterglow, so soft, so brilliant, that she seemed to bathe in her own silver light. *Ave Maris Stella*, the song which one of his friends at the Seminary used to intone so beautifully; humming it softly he returned to his desk and was just dipping his pen in the ink when the door opened, and a voice said,

"*Monseigneur est servi! Alors, Jean, veux-tu apporter les bougies.*"

The Bishop carried the candles into the dining-room where the table was laid and Father Vaillant was changing his cook's apron for his cassock. Crimson from standing over an open fire, his rugged face was even homelier than usual, — though one of the first things a stranger decided upon meeting Father Joseph was that the Lord had made few uglier men. He was short, skinny, bow-legged from a life on horseback, and his countenance had little to recommend it but kindliness and vivacity. He looked old, though he was then about forty. His skin was hardened and seamed by exposure to weather in a bitter climate, his neck scrawny and wrinkled like an old man's. A bold, blunt-tipped nose, positive chin, a very large mouth, — the lips thick and succulent but never loose, never relaxed, always stiffened by effort or working with excitement. His hair, sun-burned to the shade of dry hay, had originally been tow-colored; "*Blanchet*" he was always called at the Seminary. Even his eyes were near-sighted, and of such a pale, watery blue as to be unimpressive. There was certainly nothing in his outer case to suggest the fierceness and fortitude and fire of the man, and yet even the thick-blooded Mexican half-breeds knew his quality at once. If the Bishop returned to find Santa Fé friendly to him, it was because everybody believed in Father Vaillant, — homely, real, persistent, with the driving power of a dozen men in his poorly built body.

On coming into the dining-room, Bishop Latour placed his candlesticks over the fireplace, since there were already six upon the table, illuminating the brown soup pot. After they had stood for a moment in prayer, Father Joseph lifted the cover and ladled the soup into the plates, a dark onion soup with croutons. The Bishop tasted it critically and smiled at his companion. After the spoon had traveled to his lips a few times, he put it down and leaning back in his chair remarked,

"Think of it, *Blanchet;* in all this vast country between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean, there is probably not another human being who could make a soup like this."

"Not unless he is a Frenchman," said Father Joseph. He had tucked a napkin over the front of his cassock and was losing no time in reflection.

"I am not depreciating your individual talent, Joseph," the Bishop continued, "but, when one thinks of it, a soup like this is not the work of one man. It is the result of a constantly refined tradition. There are nearly a thousand years of history in this soup."

Father Joseph frowned intently at the earthern pot in the middle of the table. His pale, near-sighted eyes had always the look of peering into distance. "*C'est ça, c'est vrai,*" he murmured. "But how," he exclaimed as he filled the Bishop's plate again, "how can a man make a proper soup without leeks, that king of vegetables? We cannot go on eating onions forever."

After carrying away the *soupière*, he brought in the roast chicken and *pommes sautés*. "And salad, Jean," he continued as he began to carve. "Are we to eat dried beans and roots for the rest of our lives? Surely we must find time to make a garden. Ah, my garden at Sandusky! And you could snatch me away from it! You will admit that you never ate better lettuces in France. And my vineyard, — a natural

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habitat for the vine, that. I tell you, the shores of Lake Erie will be covered with vineyards one day. I envy the man who is drinking my wine. Ah well, that is a missionary's life, to plant where another shall reap."

As this was Christmas Day, the two friends were speaking in their native tongue. For years they had made it a practice to speak English together, except upon very special occasions, and of late they conversed in Spanish, in which they both needed to gain fluency.

"And yet sometimes you used to chafe a little at your dear Sandusky and its comforts," the Bishop reminded him,— "to say that you would end a home-staying parish priest, after all."

"Of course, one wants to eat one's cake and have it, as they say in Ohio. But no farther, Jean. This is far enough. Do not drag me any farther." Father Joseph began gently to coax the cork from a bottle of red wine with his fingers. "This I begged for your dinner at the hacienda where I went to baptize the baby on St Thomas's day. It is not easy to separate these rich Mexicans from their French wine. They know its worth." He poured a few drops and tried it. "A slight taste of the cork; they do not know how to keep it properly. However, it is quite good enough for missionaries."

"You ask me not to drag you any farther, Joseph. I wish," Bishop Latour leaned back in his chair and locked his hands together beneath his chin, "I wish I knew how far this is! Does anyone know the extent of this diocese, or of this territory? The Commandant at the Fort seems as much in the dark as I. He says I can get some information from the scout, Kit Carson, who lives at Taos."

"Don't begin worrying about the diocese, Jean. For the present, Santa Fé is the diocese. Establish order at home. Tomorrow I will have a reckoning with the churchwardens, who allowed that band of drunken cowboys to come in to the midnight Mass and defile the font. There is enough to do here. *Festina lente*. I have made a resolve not to go more than three days' journey from Santa Fé for one year."

The Bishop smiled and shook his head. "And when you were at the Seminary, you made a resolve to lead a life of contemplation."

A light leaped into Father Joseph's homely face. "I have not yet renounced that hope. One day you will release me, and I will return to some religious house in France and end my days in devotion to the Holy Mother. For the time being, it is my destiny to serve Her in action. But this is far enough, Jean."

The Bishop again shook his head and murmured, "Who knows how far?"

The wiry little priest, whose life was to be a succession of mountain ranges, pathless deserts, yawning canyons, and swollen rivers, who was to carry the Cross into territories yet unknown and unnamed, who would wear down mules and horses and scouts and stage-drivers, to-night looked apprehensively at his superior and repeated, "No more. Jean. This is far enough." Then making haste to change the subject, he said briskly, "A bean salad was the best I could do for you; but with onion and just a suspicion of salt pork, it is not so bad."

Over the *compote* of dried plums they fell to talking of the great yellow ones that grew in the old Latour garden at home, in Auvergne. Their thoughts met in that tilted cobble street, winding down a hill, with the uneven garden walls and tall horsechestnuts on either side; a lonely street after nightfall, with soft street lamps shaped like lanterns at the darkest turnings. At the end of it was the church where the Bishop made his first communion, with a grove of flat-cut plane trees in front, under which the market was held on Tuesdays and Fridays.

While they lingered over these memories, — an indulgence they seldom permitted themselves, — the two missionaries were startled by a volley of rifle shots and blood-curdling yells without and the galloping of horses. The Bishop half rose, but Father Joseph reassured him with a shrug.

"Do not discompose yourself. The same thing happened here on the eve of All Souls' day. A band of drunken cowboys, like those who came into the church last night, go out to the pueblo and get the Tesuque Indian boys drunk, and then they ride in to serenade the soldiers at the Fort in this manner."

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE LOCK

Edward Sackville West

(*Continued from page 89*)

"Good morning, Miss," he said, "did you want anything?"

"My father, — " she began and stopped. Then she went on: "The headmaster, Mr. Pomfret, told me you were new here and quite alone. I wondered if you wanted anything . . . if I could . . . I mean. . . ." She stopped again and did not move from where she was standing. She felt a sharp stone under her foot, but still she could not move.

The young man walked up to her and for the first time his eyes opened on to her face. She saw that they were quiet and untroubled as the water in the lock, — as the surface of wine in a wide glass.

"Thank you very much, Miss, but I don't know that I want anything. Mrs. Roberts does it all; I don't worry." The large soft flower of his mouth stretched in a huge smile, which would have been a grin but for something fundamentally and instinctively discerning which placed it outside the limits of the merely foolish.

Christine was forced to return his smile and this seemed to relieve the tension within herself. She peered through the door into the dark interior of the cottage.

"You like it here, then?" she said, trying hard not to seem patronizing.

"It's all right," he answered. "There's not much to do, though."

"You mind that?"

"It makes it dull, sometimes."

She leant her hand for a moment against the lintel of the door. "Don't you know anyone?"

"Not yet."

She laughed at that. "You sound as if you didn't want to."

But he did not smile as he had done before.

"Perhaps I don't," he said; then, hearing a shout, he turned round and saw a boat waiting to enter the lock.

"Sorry, Miss, but I must go now," he said.

But Christine followed him as he went to the bar to push the gate open.

"I'm afraid I don't even know your name," she said.

He looked up at her, his body strained forward, his head between his broad white arms. His eyes were wide open now.

"Barlet, Miss."

"Barlet." She repeated the word after

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him, but continued to look at him, so that he felt obscurely that she wished for something more.

"Yes. Frank Barlet," he added and began to walk forward, pushing the bar before him.

She watched his hands and the muscles moving underneath the skin of his arms, like a carpet under which the wind blows. Then she turned and recrossed the bridge to the river bank. She did not look back, unable to bear the thought that, were she to do so, she might find that he was not looking after her.

III

Later on the same day Mr. Sorme asked Christine if she had been to the lock cottage.

"Yes," she said. "His name is Barlet, he doesn't seem to want any help. There is already a 'motherly woman' who comes in by the day. *Her* name is Mrs. Roberts."

Mr. Sorme laughed. "You seem to have found out quite a lot. Is he a talkative man, Mr. Barlet?"

"He answered my questions." Christine could not prevent her voice from sounding snappy; yet she did not know why it annoyed her to speak on the subject.

Turning round, she looked at the image of her face in a glass hanging on the wall. She looked into her eyes, — large and gray-blue, with none of the opacity and animal passivity of the young lock-keeper's. Images of wrath threatened her from the distances behind the pupils. "Keep away! Keep away!" But her eyes continued to hold their reflection as if linked together by hollow cylinders. Resentment took its place by the side of wrath, but still she looked. One by one the moving forces of her emotional life came into serried ranks at the very end and limit of her vision. Then slowly they sank away, leaving a void to be filled, perhaps, by something even more terrible. Her eyes quitted their reflection.

Her father had gone out of the room and soon Christine went to sit alone in the garden behind the house. There she was joined by the matron, who was evidently in the mood for talking. A straightforward type of woman, she was one of the few people who were not intimidated by Christine, nor felt behind her quiet manner a menace to their own peace of mind. She chattered on now about the exorbitant price of meat, the necessity of keeping down the house-books, and kindred subjects, failing to notice that Christine was not listening to her.

The latter was completely lost in the torment she had fashioned for herself. She knew that quite soon she would certainly go again to see Frank Barlet, but she did not want to think about it in the interval. But her will was not powerful enough to prevent her from inventing for herself every detail of their future meeting, though she knew that the inevitable falsification of the imagined rencontre by the real one would plunge her into despair: and this even though the reality might be just as satisfactory as the fantasy. All her life she had been unable for one instant to live in the present, and in this inability, she knew, lay the cause of her unhappiness.

For two days she fought with herself, striving to leave the future unpredicted, lacerating her soul until she could bear it no longer. She must test her vision one way or the other. On the fourth day she went down to the river and took a boat, choosing a moment in the early afternoon when all the boys were at work.

She was physically strong and rowed well and swiftly, though somewhat spasmodically. As she neared the lock she looked round and saw Frank Barlet standing outside the door of the cottage smoking a pipe. She did not look round again until she was near the tall black gates. Then she turned in her seat and called to him to let her into the lock.

Making no sign that he recognized her, he went to the bridge and began to let the water out of the lock.

When she was inside he came down the steps and found her tying the boat up to a chain. He stopped short and looked down at her hands.

"What are you doing that for, Miss?"

Christine's forehead contracted in a nervous moment. Already the vision was being falsified. She had not accounted for the "Miss".

"I thought I'd stay here for a little, — if you'll let me," she said. "I feel rather tired."

The young man continued to look down at her, evidently puzzled.

"Just as you like," he said and, to

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Christine's consternation, began to remount the steps. She wanted to stop him, — to keep him with her, — but could not bring herself to say the words.

So she sat quite still in the boat, her sculls shipped and her hands clasping her knees, looking up the green slimy wall at a space in front of the cottage, where Frank was weeding desultorily in a bed of straggling flowers.

"What shall I say now?" she thought. "Shall I say, 'D' you like flowers?' No. That sounds much too silly. Oh, why doesn't he come here, so that I shan't have to shout!"

After a few more moments of hesitation she climbed out of the boat and walked up the steps.

Frank looked up from his weeding. He was wearing the same clothes as before, except that now he wore a broad leather belt round the top of his trousers. This, in Christine's observant eyes, made a difference. The emasculate look of his mouth was successfully counterbalanced. He stood and looked at her, his long body slightly balanced backwards, a trowel in one hand. It seemed to Christine that the sight of one another passed slowly between them with the speed only of sound, rather than with that of light.

The afternoon, which was cloudy, weighed heavily upon the world. The only sound was the continuous rushing of the weir behind the cottage.

Now Christine said what she had feared would sound silly if she were to shout it.

"Do you like flowers?"

"They brighten things up," he answered.

"Oh, Lord!" was her immediate reaction to this, though she did not voice it.

But there was better to come.

"I like Sweet Williams," he continued, rather firmly, as if defending an unreasonable preference. "Do you think I could get any?"

She snatched this up crudely.

"Yes. There are lots in my own garden. I'll bring you some if you like."

"I don't think I ought to take them away from you, Miss."

("Miss" again!)

"Nonsense," she said, almost angrily. "I'll bring them to you, — to-morrow."

He looked pleased. "Don't hurry yourself. You're very kind."

But she disregarded this. "I'll bring them to-morrow," she repeated.

It seemed as if a bolt had been shot in her mind and that now she might be at peace for a few hours. Something at least was settled, — certain. She had got what she wanted and it was sufficiently different from what she had expected to prevent the sense of defeat she usually felt at the falsification of her predictions.

But Frank Barlet was saying something. "Do you live at the school, Miss?"

"Yes," she answered. "That was my father you saw with me the other day. He has a house."

"I've not been up to the school yet." He spoke in a meditative tone, looking down at the trowel and turning it over in his hands.

Christine looked at his hair, — the way in which it was parted, — and met the square white field of his forehead, as though photographing it with her eyes.

"But I thought your father used to live there," she said, remembering the headmaster's remark about his father's old butler.

Frank looked up from contemplating the trowel.

"That was before I was born," he said. "But I'd like to see it. Sometime I'll go." His heavily lashed eyelids trembled together with the passive animal pleasure of his indolent nature. "You wouldn't remember my father, would you, Miss?"

"No. I suppose I must often have seen him, when I was a child. But I don't remember. Is he, — is he still alive?"

"Oh yes, Miss, he's still alive. But he's very old now."

"Did you mind leaving him?"

Frank paused a moment without moving. Then his eyes opened wide. "I don't know that I did," he replied.

Christine collected herself. "I must be going now," she said, "Thank you for letting me talk to you."

"The pleasure is mine," he said stiffly, in a rather foolish attempt at the grand manner.

Unable to bear him in this character, Christine ran swiftly down the steps into the boat and pushed herself out through the still open gates. When well outside she stopped to wave to him. He saluted her with the trowel.

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IV

Such was her opportunity and she made the most of it, going almost every day to help in the improvement of the tiny garden. She brought the Sweet Williams and together they planted them, passing the single trowel from one to the other.

Once, when he held out his hand, palm-downward, for the trowel, she did not give it to him at once, but remained still, looking down at his hands. Suddenly it appeared easy to her to say what was in her mind. "You have beautiful hands." She did not look up at him and slowly she handed him the trowel, watching his fingers close over the handle. He himself did not speak, and she felt, as he dug a hole and put in the plant, that he was burying unuttered words along with the scrannel root.

Soon he became used to her constant visits and, while continuing obviously puzzled by them, ceased to preserve in his manner any of the constraint he had at first showed. He never seemed surprised to see her, and after a time she became convinced that he was glad in her presence. Often she would arrive when he was occupied in opening or shutting the lock; then she would wait for him in the garden, pretending to inspect the growth of the plants, but in reality watching his every movement until he turned to come toward her.

Sometimes people from the school passed in boats or on the bank, and she waved to them unembarrassedly. She knew they would soon begin to gossip about her, — had probably begun already, — but she did not care. Her love and her fear were all she could think of.

One day he left her to let a small steamboat pass through the lock and on turning to come back found her beside him on the path. She was looking very searchingly at him in a way he did not understand and which made him feel self-conscious and stupid. He fidgeted where he stood, not liking to move away.

Suddenly Christine spoke, and her voice made him start, so hard and metallic was it.

"Frank! Do you mind my coming here so much?"

It pleased her immeasurably to see that he instantly looked straight at her instead of avoiding her eyes, as she had feared he would do.

"No," he said, "I like it." He hesitated a moment, then: "But I don't know why you come. I don't know why you take so much interest in me or trouble yourself with my garden."

She looked at him, half laughing.

"Oh! Frank, what's to be done with you? Are you a stupid man?"

"Quite stupid," he answered at once.

She turned half away from him as he continued to speak.

"I don't understand what it is you want of me, Miss. What is it? Tell me."

"Perhaps I don't want anything," she answered. "What then?"

"Then . . . I don't know . . . " His voice sounded perplexed and worried.

Suddenly she flung round angrily at him.

"At least I want you to stop calling me 'Miss'."

She had expected that he would be surprised, — even shocked; but he only looked quietly back into her angry eyes.

"What am I to call you, Miss?"

"Christine."

"Very well."

Then she saw how easy it had been to shoot a bolt in that simple mind. Their love was with them, seated in hiding, — like the soul, — in their foreheads between their eyes.

And seeing what she had done, she began to fear him.

She became afraid of silence. She would talk for the sake of talking, about the school, — about anything but herself. Once, from sheer nervousness, her brain, like a rope that is twisted until it will twist no more, refused to go on providing remarks. "I can think of no more news for you," she said. "Never mind, then," he answered quietly, "talk to me about yourself."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"Oh, my dear Frank, what have you ever wanted to know about me?"

It was true. Her presence seemed sufficient for him; he was entirely uncurious about her *self*. Her real thoughts and emotions, those that were outside the range of what immediately affected his relations with her (on his side so simple

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and direct) held no sort of interest for him. In her way, the honest Mrs. Roberts knew more than he did. This fact was a continual anxiety to Christine, who felt that, were any kind of crisis to arise, she would be unable to make Frank understand her difficulties. "I ought to have kept away," she said to herself.

The days passed, and her fear and her desire became more and more poignant and hard to bear. One night she dreamt she was standing at the end of a track suspended in the air. The track was absolutely straight and narrowed into a point like railway lines. When she started to walk along it she found that the deceit of her vision had become a reality; the track really became narrower and narrower, — became a knife edge, upon which she had to balance herself.

In other ways the sense of difference between them gradually faded. Their intimacy deepened. Christine began to feel happy. As time went on the fear that possessed her retreated somewhat, leaving room for more balanced thoughts and judgments.

At the end of July the school broke up for the summer holidays, but Christine persuaded her father to stay on in the house. They had arranged to go down to some relations in Somerset, but Christine urged that they could go later. She could not bear the thought of leaving Frank Barlet just at that moment. Mr. Sorme gave in.

As August went on, the days became heavier, stagnant, overripe. A blackish hue infused itself into the green of the trees and grasses; the water in the lock became oily and sluggish, the air hot and motionless over the low-lying fields. Christine began to feel the serenity she had found disturbed. In her heart the melancholy song of summer was coming to an end in a cadence of warning. "You are trying to cheat life of its true fulfilment," it sang, "you are dislocating its rhythm. It will get the better of you, and then you will be sorry." She spent more and more time at the lock; still her father said nothing, though she knew that many people must have given him the broadest hints. She was grateful to him for his reticence, but at the same time took it as a matter of course and acknowledged to herself that she would have been surprised and furious had he attempted to break it.

The garden of the lock had by now begun to assume an almost grand appearance. Christine delighted in it, building it up day by day in a feverish attempt to make of it an elaborate defense. It came really to symbolize for her the serenity she desired and knew she could not preserve. Frank, knowing nothing of these secrets, watched her with a certain astonishment.

One evening, about six o'clock, he went to open the lock; Christine left the garden for the back of the cottage. She stood looking at the weir, which seemed to be running with less than its usual violence. She watched the oily downward curve of the water, combed by the teeth of the weir, — a dribbling mouth. On the opposite bank a little white dog was snuffling about near the water's edge: it disappeared in the long grass. A slight breeze wound itself about the inner stillness of the evening.

When Christine heard the slow footsteps of Frank Barlet coming round the end of the cottage, she did not move or look round. He came and stood behind her and she knew that he was looking at her. Suddenly it seemed to her that she knew what was going to happen, — knew for certain that at last she was inventing an image that would become a reality with every detail correct and in its place. She turned round away from Frank and, walking to a bench placed along the wall of the cottage, sat down upon it. Frank came and sat beside her; the two worlds were fitting into one another with a poignant exactitude. Quite slowly he put his arms round her and she felt his face pressed into her shoulder near to her neck. Still she remained rigid, gazing in front of her at the leaves of the elms shivering from light to darkness against the pale sky, marveling in a painful ecstasy at the completion of her image. Now that it was fulfilled, for the first time in her life she realized that an end — however temporary, still an end, — of her predictions had come. She was living now in the present; the future had ceased to exist; all was at the present.

Frank lifted his head. "You don't mind, do you?" he said, but before she could answer he had kissed her on the

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mouth. His lips remained upon hers. Her open eyes followed the close line of his temple out to the square line of his hair.

Suddenly he let her go and she stood up, laying her hand upon his head.

"I must go now," she said quietly. "I will come to-morrow."

He did not seem to have heard her speak and made no movement when she left him.

Directly she got home and realized that she was away from him, all the horror revived. The peculiar sense of "awayness" that was present in her in an exaggerated degree, seemed now to emphasize her isolation even when in his arms. She began to dread the future of their love, to explore unwillingly the unlighted possibilities of a new sort of intimacy. She knew also that she could not escape an explanation of her feelings, — such, at any rate, as she had left, yet her brain could conceive no means whereby to make them intelligible to him, for to the simple all things are either simple or, — nothing. What she would say to him would, — she knew it fatally, — produce a mere blank in his mind. Yet she must speak, if only to guard herself against regret.

She could not bring herself to see him again until the evening of the following day. When she came to the lock she saw him standing in the garden, a tall, straight, watching figure, as if he had waited for her all day. At the sight of him watching there she began to feel sorrow. He saw her coming towards him over the narrow bridge, but he did not move to meet her. He waited, as still and straight as the cottage beside him, — as the small rose-tree Christine had planted. She felt herself watched and every movement of her body accomplished itself in an agony of consciousness. She clutched in her mind for support, to the sluice-wheels, to the elms behind her head, to the one cloud in the evening sky. And she knew herself walking forward, approaching a body she feared and loved, — a thing of beauty and of horror.

When she reached his side he did not speak, but smiled his wide smile and drew her behind the cottage. There he put his arms round her and kissed her at once, easily and beautifully. For one second, — only that, — she knew happiness for the second time. He let her go, then put his hands on to her arms, to hold her there where she was. He seemed to value her stillness.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come after all," he said.

She did not answer, but saw reflected in his eyes the motions of his mind following the thoughts she did not utter.

"I was afraid," he went on, "that you'd be sorry for what you'd done, — for what I'd done."

Still she did not speak.

"Now I know I was wrong. I'm glad." He spoke like a child.

Then he came nearer to her again and his hands moved round her shoulders. She felt the bones of his arms pressed hard and suddenly against her.

"Why won't you speak to me?" he asked.

Then he kissed her and felt the line of her mouth closed firm and hard in a determination of which he had suspected nothing.

He drew back and looked at her in surprise. "What's the matter?" he said.

At last she spoke to him. "You love me and I want your love. You want to possess me and I want that too. But if it happens . . . I shall never want to see you again."

"I don't understand what you mean," he said stonily. "Why could you never see me again? I should have thought — "

"You would be wrong," she interrupted him, in a firm voice. "You know nothing of me and of what I feel beyond the love I show you. How should you understand?"

"Understand what?"

"That then I should fear you as one fears the monsters of one's dreams. When I was away from you I could not think of you as I do now. The thought of your existence apart from me, — torn away from me, — would make your image frightful to me. Even when you were present I could not endure the sense of your triumph."

"I still don't understand."

"Then you must be content to think me mad."

Again she left him and again he let her go, searching in the blindness of his soul for the reason of her going.

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V

On the way home an image of the future did not become clear to her. Her mind was led by diverse paths, hither and thither, seeking, — not an outlet, — but a centre wherein to rest. "How can he accept what to him must seem mad, — crazy? What *is* mad and crazy! I ought to have kept away. Now I shall destroy both of us."

After dinner her father remained standing in front of a bookcase instead of immediately subsiding into a chair, as he usually did. His jerry-built figure waved on his feet like the limbs of a puppet and Christine could hardly see his eyes behind the thick glass of his pince-nez. His aspect made her feel uneasy.

"What is it, father," she asked, a little impatiently.

Mr. Sorme blew down his nose, a trick he had when feeling nervous. "Don't frown, my dear. I'm not angry," he began. After another look at his daughter he turned his eyes to the ground and went on speaking very fast, so as to leave her no time to interrupt him.

"It isn't that I mind, my dear. The young man is no doubt very well in his way and I have nothing to say against your knowing him and seeing as much of him as you have a mind to. I repeat, it is not I that mind. But others are less tolerant, Christine. My principle has always been to leave you alone. I would have appreciated this, but some, — not necessarily myself, — would say that you were presuming on my reticence. It has indeed been said — "

"What has been said?" Christine's voice was tired and bored. It seemed to her that she had enough to bear without this.

"That you are in love with the young man. For myself I have always thought that to be the case, but, — " his voice became petulant,—" it is intolerably annoying to me that you should give others the opportunity of saying so. That is what I really mind. The first time it was a different matter, — "

"What first time?" With horror in her eyes Christine rose out of her chair and stood in front of him, striving to see into his eyes. But Mr. Sorme did not seem to see her face at all, so absorbed was he becoming in the expression of his vexation.

"Don't say, 'What first time' like? that, Christine? You know perfectly well the occasion to which I refer. I never once reproached you or asked from you an explanation of that extraordinary incident. But now it is, as I have said, a different matter. You cannot go on in this way!"

At the last he took off his pince-nez to give his daughter the benefit of an angry stare; but she had left his side and was standing some way off between the French windows, with her back to the room. There was silence and then Christine spoke.

"You ought not to have said it, father!" Her voice was full of sadness. "You've spoilt it all now. You've shot more bolts than you know of! I have lived for years on the memory of your reticence. It was a beautiful thing, for which you had all my love and gratitude. But now you have undone it all and we have nothing left worth preserving between us. That you should have spoken of your annoyance on this occasion goes for nothing, it would not have altered anything. But that you should have betrayed yourself into breaking faith with your heart's deepest honesty, — that has taken from me the power to care how I act."

She turned round and walked slowly across the room. Near to her father she stopped suddenly and made a gesture in the air with her hand as who should prevent an overbalanced chair from toppling over. Her face became painfully drawn.

"Oh! father, why did you do this?"

Mr. Sorme looked nothing more than put out. "I do not see that anything I've said can make the difference you describe so obscurely. Your exaggeration is ridiculously unbalanced."

It was ten o'clock and the room was nearly dark, Mr. Sorme in his annoyance having omitted to turn on any of the lights. He did so now, with a sharp movement which, together with the accompanying click of the switch, made (to his mind) an effective end of the conversation. Saying that he had a great many letters to write and implying by his tone that this was Christine's fault, he went briskly out of the room.

After a moment or two she followed

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him, leaving the door open and the light burning. Going into the outer hall she put on a coat and left the house.

The objects of the external world now became a menace to her, instead of a consolation. The light and shadows in the roadway, the bricks of an arch and a tower, all retired into and formed part of the night that was herself. She had no scaffolding for her thoughts. Stars lit her face, but no moon. The long low wall of a playground, like a black mirror reflecting the night sky, continued for her the thought: "This will be for the last time."

And then, as the elms began to group themselves in dark silent masses about her moving form, — dispersing and coming together like shapes of mist, — it was: "Surely, surely that should be over and done with. Can one die more than twice and yet suffer a third death?" Some words, — futile and comfortless, — she spoke aloud: the leaves and the grass received and wrapped them into themselves forever. A night stiller than any day awaited a breaking life. A memory of some years before came back to her with more violence than ever, but she strove with it and beat it away, — in the darkness, under the elms near the river. The longing to be made to do something against her will possessed her completely. Knowing that an ultimate fear awaited her, she was careless of herself as to the present, feeling that, having done so much (or so little) to evade the fear, she might now rest upon her weakness. Her father's having failed her made almost any action easy of execution. As she found her way on to the lock bridge and looked down into the enormous ink-pot of the lock below her, as she watched the reflected stars glittering motionless in the black water, the thought of a death by drowning did not come to her as a simpler solution, but only as an evasion of herself, which even now she could not bring herself to perform.

It seemed then no less than inevitable that Frank Barlet's shadowy figure should be coming to her from the still deeper shadows of the garden, and that she should go towards him with a heart made lighter by the dull certainty of her end.

What was it then to her that he should draw her with him into the cottage, that he should shut the door on them both and curtain the window? That he should awaken darkness sleeping in the flame of the candle he extinguished? That he should lay his hands upon her body?

Then the broad flame of her fear closed round her heart and hid it entirely.

The next afternoon was an unusually busy one for the young lockkeeper. A continual stream of boats of all kinds and sizes passed up and down-stream through the lock. There was a slight lull in the middle of the afternoon, but towards four o'clock a number of rowboats, going down-stream appeared. The lock was full and they glided in without waiting. Closing the gates Frank Barlet went to open the sluices at the opposite end. The wheels turned and the lock began to empty. Looking round from his position on the bridge Frank's eyes passed negligently from one boat to another, then rested on one containing two people. Mr. Sorme was seated at the sculls and holding the rudder-strings was Christine, a wide hat covering all of her face but the mouth and chin.

With a distant rushing that mixed with the sound of the weir behind the cottage the water receded from the lock; the boats sank and sank, leaving the dark slimy walls building themselves into sight once more. The chains swayed against the walls, sculls clacked, voices rose and fell; but in one boat the figures were motionless and silent, sinking farther and farther. At last Frank could see nothing at all of Christine's face. She did not look up nor move her head; and her hands clutched the rudder strings with rigid violence.

The lock empty, Frank went to the bar and opened one side of the gates. One by one the boats moved out and laughter at temporary difficulties and awkwardness came up from the deep well of the lock and was lost in the bright air of the afternoon. Christine leaned forward slightly as her father paid the toll and took up the sculls. She seemed curiously intent upon the steering of the boat and kept her eyes fixed upon the opening into the river. Mr. Sorme took the boat-hook and jabbed at the wall with it; the boat slid swiftly forward with a swish of water in the wake and glided out through the tall black posts down-stream into the open river.

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Harvard-Princeton

Edward Aswell will be remembered as the author of "The Students Prescribe", which appeared in our November number.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your November debate, "Shall We Deflate Intercollegiate Football?" was given a realistic setting by the rupture between Princeton and Harvard. All the fine academic fur that was made to fly through the press for the amusement of the public was, I think, a sufficient answer to the question, and gave Mr. Dashiell a clear decision over Coach Roper. And strange to say, the newspapers at the time seemed to miss the point altogether.

Now I may be altogether wrong in my deductions, but it seemed to me that the break came about because Harvard authorities wished to restore football to its proper place, while Princeton, — either because she did not know what Harvard was trying to do, or because she disagreed with her on fundamentals, — thought her honor had been touched and broke off diplomatic relations.

It will be recalled that Harvard was largely responsible for inaugurating the stadium-building era in American education. That era has seen the whole educational scheme thrown out of joint. For the past two years the feeling has been growing among Harvard undergraduates that existing emphasis upon football was absurd and intolerable. It may be recalled that in December a year ago the "Harvard Crimson" asked editorially for a redistribution of emphasis in sport by reducing the number of intercollege games, by returning control to those who play, and by centering attention upon intramural games. It was also suggested that interest in intramural athletics be brought to a climax by having the winning class teams at Harvard play an annual match with similar class teams at Yale. This, it was thought, would preserve that most cherished of Harvard athletic traditions, and at the same time would realign this tradition somewhat on the model of the athletic relations of Oxford and Cambridge.

If I can read the signs aright, the first definite step in this new direction was taken by the Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports on October 18, 1926. On this date Harvard defined its new policy: to reduce the exaggerated excitement of football "as soon as circumstances permit", by retaining only the final game with Yale on a fixed schedule, and playing "with other colleges only at suitable intervals". The Committee also stated that "this policy is adopted in the interests of the student body, and, since its purpose is the promotion of objects for which colleges exist, no other institution can have cause to object."

Princeton, however, did find cause to object; and chose to do so at a time when the worst emotional consequences of the last football game were running wild in the newspapers. As a result, Princeton has appeared before the greater part of the public in the heroic guise of a man

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defending his honor. So far as Princeton's honor was involved in the affair, I am sure Harvard men approved Princeton's action, though at the same time regretting it. But I am convinced that the real dispute was not so much one of honor as of fundamental policy. On this matter too, Princeton probably carries the greater public sympathy; but I rather suspect there may be at least a few Princeton men, like Mr. Dashiell, who would side with Harvard.

It is well to note that interclass football has been quietly but steadily progressing at both Harvard and Yale during the past year, and that winning class teams of each university met on November 12 for their first contest. The "Yale News" on November 9 gave signal credit for this development to M. A. Cheek, captain of the Harvard eleven in 1925, who, it should be remembered, was one of the leading spirits in the overemphasis campaign of that year.

Thus it appears that the Princeton-Harvard dispute was more than a disgraceful example of intercollegiate bad manners. While the newspapers, agog over the sensational, grew dizzy chasing the tail of each new speculation, it seemed to me that Harvard had actually begun the quiet and healthy process of deflation.

E. C. Aswell.

New York.

Methodists in the Pillory

And how the editors chortle as they sit on the fence and look on!

Editor of The Forum:

I am highly pleased with The Forum. It is a stimulant for the mental processes that well deserves even more widespread popularity than anything our flourishing bootleg industry has to offer.

In your last number I was deeply impressed by the vigorous, manly article of Dr. Clarence True Wilson. Dr. Wilson is a propagandist of the highest rank, and I can easily understand the proud satisfaction that must belong to all good Methodists in having his trenchant pen drawn on the side of morality rampant.

The good and undoubtedly reverend doctor is a master of forceful expression, and I have no doubt that his article will serve to confute many sinners even in the midst of their machinations. But while the energetic doctor made such brilliant use of your magazine as an opportunity to spread his gospel of beating his board's idea of morality into the hides of the long-suffering people, I fail to discover in his masterly advertisement any remote suggestion of an answer to the article from the typewriter of your amiable Mr. Pezet.

It is true that the persevering doctor does admit in the course of his fulminations, that his church should take up the teaching of temperance, but he winds up his article by saying that this is not what they intend to do at all. As to the general principle of whether or not we should have a board of any kind, whether Mohammedan, Judaic, Mormon, or any faith whatever, set itself up in our National Capital for the express purpose of coercing legislation in behalf of its own particular code of morals, the militant doctor has nothing to say; and rightly so, for it is not conceivable that he or his sect should care anything for this principle in the light of their rôle as the national conscience.

In carrying forward their glorious campaign, the zealous doctor and his associates are daily advancing a moral and ethical concept that in time is bound to bear fruit that will be gratifying to their kind; namely, the concept that the end justifies the means. In doing this, they are laying a foundation that will greatly widen the field upon which prohibitory legislation can be inaugurated, and thus will they furnish avenues of joyful activity to future generations of their righteous brethren.

It is hardly necessary for me to add that if you care to publish the foregoing remarks, well, I am just as glad to see myself in print as Dr. Wilson or anybody else.

George M. Robertson.

Ardmore, Pa.

Editor of The Forum:

However greedily one may agree with The Pedestrian in what he says by way of agreement with Mr. Pezet, one cannot restrain his regret over a point missed, I think, by both gentlemen. This point is that the Methodist Body, still less its

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Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, is not "The Church". John Wesley, founder of "Methodism", saw the light in 1702. To dignify this body or one of its representative agencies by something like identity with "The Church" seems to be a case of extending a well-meant courtesy very far beyond the limitations of fact.

There are probably somewhere near three hundred million Christians of Roman, Orthodox, and Anglican allegiances who would jointly repudiate solidly any possible claim on the part of Methodists to represent the Church. It may be of interest, incidentally, to take note of the fact that Methodist morals, — based inevitably on the discipline to which this sectarian body is definitely committed, — vary widely from Christian morals, as definitely understood and taught by the historic Churches which together make up the vastly preponderating bulk of extant as well as historic Christianity. This local, partial, and humanly-conceived code, upon which, necessarily, Methodist wire-pulling and similar activities are based, consists in the five prohibitions which, summarized, are: You shall not drink, smoke, go to the theatre, dance, and play cards. These have not even a bowing acquaintance with Christian morals, unless one allows the very precarious exception based on the (possible Methodist) assumption that being drunk and taking a glass of beer are two matters of precisely the same meaning. Christian morality deals with drunkenness, has no word to say against "taking a drink", discriminates according to Christian principles and common sense between the sin of gluttony, — including drunkenness, which is excess, — and that for which Christ Himself performed His first recorded miracle in Cana of Galilee. On that occasion, the Founder of the Christian religion miraculously produced more wine for persons who had already, as the Scriptural record indicates, consumed all that had been provided.

It is hardly necessary to give away to the Methodists this great section of the case being argued by the definite admission that they are tantamount to something called the Church, for they are not.

In this connection, as Mr. Chesterton has recently pointed out in "The Commonweal", it is interesting to note how this discussion is really a part of the process of reversion of thought, i.e., how virtually all the accusations brought against the Historic Church at the era of the Reformation in Europe, have been withdrawn, and how they may be justly used over again against the sectarian Protestantism in its varied phases, which emerged from that theological debacle. The Pedestrian has made that instance clear, in this case. It is, however, only a part of the larger matter which Chesterton has brought to light. I am simply attempting to show the connection for the inherent interest of it all.

But, please, do not speak of The Methodists as The Church! That is too much.

HENRY S. WHITEHEAD.

New York.

Brain-Growing Reading

In the fourth year of the Church and the 150th year of the U. S. A., October 1, 1926, A.D.

To The Members and Friends of the Liberal Church:

You are duly informed that the reading of all prayer books and Bibles may be discontinued until you have read the following articles, all written by modern Saints of the Liberal Church, Denver, Colorado:

"Machine-Made Freedom" — by Thomas A. Edison, in THE FORUM magazine.
"The Worst Fundamentalism" — by William B. Munro, in the Atlantic Monthly.
"The Episcopalians" — by Grant Morgan, in the American Mercury.
"Crime and the Alarmist" — by Clarence Darrow, in Harper's magazine.

BISHOP FRANK H. RICE.

Denver, Colo.

Left Side Milking

A gentleman-farmer in the December Rostrum questioned our artist's rural realism. Here is her answer. The pictures referred to are the group of woodcuts "British Yeomanry" in the September FORUM.

Mr. G. F. Weeks,
Washington, D. C.
My dear Mr. Weeks:

The Editor of THE FORUM has forwarded me your letter. I am glad to ge

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t, for you are perfectly right. I will explain things to you. I myself have milked ows and always from the right side. When an engraving is drawn on the wood block it is the opposite way round to what t is when it is printed; hence when I drew the cow being milked *from the right* t was printed the other way round. I had t the time overlooked this and as I was ate in delivering the engravings and could ot cut the whole block again I hoped the ublic would overlook it. Incidentally I ave asked many people, and some know f English cows being milked from the left.

As regards "Turning the Plough", you ill notice that owing to slightly heavy nking one or two of the finest white nes have not properly come out.

You specialists may be annoying to us rtists, but you are very good for us. I hank you for keeping me up to the mark.

CLARE LEIGHTON.

London.

Dessert

"Ice cream!" yelled Sweetheart, umping the table with two small pink sts.

"Now Sweetheart," said Mummy, who as evidently the only person in the staurant who had not heard the instent demand, "how would you like me nice stewed prunes?" Mummy was large inflated version of Sweetheart in a nk silk sport suit with a green chiffon arf, also *pour le sport*. The permanent nglets under her pink felt hat were, however, several shades lighter than Sweetart's. She leaned forward to caress e long, carefully spiraled curls, but veetheart had a one track mind.

"I want ice cream, — choklit serce," e added to make it harder.

"Lovely prunes, sweet, all stewed in ice," cajoled Mummy imperturbably.

"You get me ice cream," Sweetheart rned with bright intuition to the genial i man who was *flagrante delicto* paying e check. But he was Mummy's Boy iend and a faithful fellow.

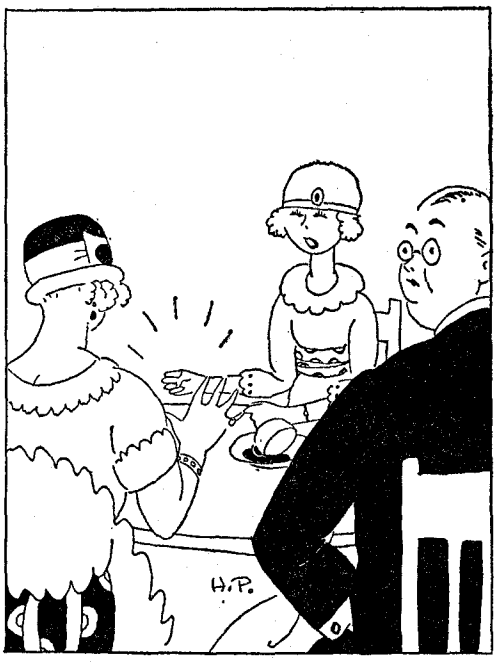
"Not if Mummy says no," he decided. Sweetheart stared with angry defiant es. Then she flung out her hand in an perious gesture overturning one glass ter, one pot coffee, and one salt cellar.

"Ice cream, ice cream, ice cream."

"Sweetheart," hissed Mummy, "if you don't show your manners when I take you out, you stay home. Understand? Now you can't have ice cream, it's bad for the complexion and if you wanna go in pictures like Mummy you'll have to eat stewed prunes."

Here Sweetheart's legs went into action. Likewise a pair of high grade leather lungs.

"All right," sighed Mummy, "have ice cream, but you'll be sorry," and registering helpless femininity, she turned to the Boy Friend.



"You know I try to bring her up right, but what can you do? Working all day, dog tired at night. Really, Max, I dunno what I'm gonna do. I get so blue sometimes when I think what's the use of it all?"

"Now, now."

A pudgy hairy hand was laid protectively over a pudgy pink one, and the order given.

Sweetheart, triumphant, slipped from her chair. She haughtily inspected the Sunday paper that lay scattered on my table, staring at me with hostile blue eyes. Then she made her way composedly to the large glass case where all the art of the pastry cook lay displayed.

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"Sweetheart," came Mummy's dulcet tones, "here's your ice cream, baby."

But Sweetheart was staring in rapt fascination at an intricate pastry that pyramided up and up through chocolate and marshmallow and pink icing until finally it culminated in a glittering sugar star.

"Sweetheart, come here this minute. Your ice cream is getting all melted."

Reluctantly Sweetheart came, but when she saw the lump of ice cream settling itself more and more disconsolately into its own dissolved hopes, she opened her small mouth and sent forth a prolonged wail:

"I don't want ice cream. I want that cake."

LIN SEGAL.

Paris.

The Too, Too Solid South

Mr. Couch is one of the directors of the University of North Carolina Press:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read and reread several times the article in your November issue "The Solid South and Al Smith in 1928" by the Honorable George Washington Hays of Arkansas. I have done my best to discover some merit or some quality or some anything in the article which would persuade an intelligent editor that it was worth publishing. I have often recommended THE FORUM to my friends as a magazine worth reading, as a magazine having intelligent editing. But this article sticks in my craw, and it makes me sore. The author shows, so far as I can discover, a total ignorance of political history, political theory, of the South, of Southern politics, and of the principles of the "great apostle of Democracy", as he calls Thomas Jefferson. He is quite sure that all Southerners are as full of false sentiment as he is. After careful search I discovered one opinion he expressed in which he may be correct; namely, that the South will probably vote solidly for Al Smith, *provided he is nominated.*

Mr. Hays constantly confuses the principles of the Democratic Party and the principles of democracy and the principles of Jefferson. He evidently is as much in the dark concerning any of these principles as the "average man" in the South fo whom he claims to be speaking. He speak of the South as if it were still an entirel agricultural section and were solidl democratic in the same sense that the ol planters belonged to and fought for thi party in the middle of the nineteent century; he forgets the large Negr population in the South, many of who are equally as capable as many of th whites, who have absolutely no part i the government, giving us a rather que type of democracy. He credits Jefferso with the fatherhood of ideas of which h probably never dreamed, — of which h miscellaneous writings and letters co lected so far have shown no suggestion.

Mr. Hays calls the Southern peop "political by nature"; whereas the tru is there is very little political intere among the people generally and seldo ever has been. He evidently has nev compared the percentages of voting different sections of the country. F instance, in New York State or Mass chusetts approximately 50 per cent of t eligible voters voted in the last nation election; in North Carolina, approximate 35 per cent; in Virginia, approximate 20 per cent; in South Carolina, appro mately 7 per cent. I will not quote t figures for Arkansas, but I think you oug to ask Mr. Hays to look them up; ought at least to know about his ov State which elected him to its governo ship. Mr. Hays says further he has "fear that the Southern people would f one moment deviate from the safe, sa political ideals of the past."

Of what ideals does he speak? Of t ideals of the early Southern Federalis of Jefferson, of Jackson, or of J. C. C houn, — on the basis of whose ideals t South fought a Civil War? Mr. Ha evidently does not know that politi ideals, so far as they are discoverab have differed greatly even in the sa individual, as well as between individu in the same party and between differ periods in the history of a party. M Hays says that the South will stay sol What about the Southern industriali of to-day whose interests more nea coincide with the Republican party th with the Democratic? Many of them ready vote the Republican ticket national elections, but vote the Den

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atic ticket in State elections in order to ave a hand in local affairs. And what out the large number of young men ho are learning to read, and who, as ey read, are becoming tired of this ng-over from the past, tired of this le by people who speak of political inciples and know none, tired of this le by people who worship tradition but not know what they worship?

But I must stop. If I were to continue cking out the errors I should have to rite a letter as long as Mr. Hays's ticle. I am aware that if given in the rm of a speech here in the South, many ople would not call this stuff error but *ah;* but if it is blah, why is it in THE ORUM? I realize also that Mr. Hays ay be able to guess what the South ill do in 1928 *if* Al Smith is nominated; id for your purposes his guess may be orth more than some one else's. How-er, I cannot believe this to be your only ason since you could have put all his ognosticating into one sentence.

As a fellow Southerner of Mr. Hays, I n riled. His manner of gushing senti-ent, "speaking as a Southerner," his wering babel of error provoke me be-nd keeping silence. Please satisfy my riosity. Why did you print his article? P. S. Another shot, — the glib phrase, he Solid South", will probably be an tique in a few years. Al Smith may help along in 1928. Look at the voting tistics in North Carolina. I am a mocrat by heritage; but I am as sure at the breaking of the Solid South ll mean our reentrance into national litics as Mr. Hays seems sure it would our damnation. I look forward to a ne when we will have our quota of in-lligent men helping run national affairs.

W. T. COUCH.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

litor of THE FORUM:

The article by Mr. George Washington ys is truly amazing, if not for any icities of substance or style, most cer-nly for its very significant insight into c character and mind of the solid South. ere has not come from the columns of E FORUM in many months an article revealing.

ALEXANDER F. MILLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edison on Immortality

"Has Man an Immortal Soul?" Thomas Edison was asked, and his reply appeared in the November issue.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It will perhaps seem presumptuous for a person of the rank and file to take issue with such wonderful and great an authority as Thomas Edison. But if I am not mistaken, Mr. Edison is an authority in science. I do not believe that any one would venture to take issue with him there. Nor is there any need thereof, for he holds his own there without any question.

But I have never heard that Mr. Edison is an authority on religion or on questions of life after this. He may have his views, of course, as any individual has his personal views. But it would seem that a person who in the past has definitely expressed himself as not believing in the immortality of the soul, and who even now has merely a hazy idea about this great question of faith, such a person should not express himself so broadly on "unknown ground". Neither should such a person denounce people of simple faith for the simple reason that they have "creeds".

The clergy who in that entire article are branded as theologians of "theories" are not invading the field of science to denounce it, as a rule, except when it openly contradicts things spoken by Almighty God. But the scientists frequently denounce the Church and its adherents because of the fact that they have creeds and do not thrust the doors open to all things pertaining to the community, for they seem to think that this is the only way that may entitle a Church to be called a "Community Church", if there be any merit in such a name.

The common platitudes against "creeds" we have heard for decades, and the world has heard them for centuries. I venture to ask our omnipotent scientists, "Why do you use your formulas in science?" There is not a text book written on chemistry, physics, or mathematics unless it has its formulas. The scientists seem to find these formulas quite useful. In the same way the creeds are merely a means to an end. They serve the same purpose as a pedagogical explanation for the human mind.

VERNT GUNNAR HOMES.

Grove City, Minn.

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Misunderstanding Intelligence

The McDougall-Richards debate on Intelligence (what It is and whether Education can increase It) has aroused lively comment, both from those who think they know what It is and those who think they have more of It than the professors who entered our arena for their benefit.

Says Willis L. Hand (Corvallis, Ore.): "Webster's International defines intelligence as understanding; the capacity to know or apprehend; power of apprehension. Then understanding is defined as knowledge, discernment, comprehension. In the light of these definitions the question becomes: Can education increase understanding? He who would take the negative of that question would need the audacity and temerity of a Don Quixote."

F. W. Bergmann (Haddonfield, N. J.) is obviously an individualist: "Each individual is born with certain distinctive characteristics. The pigmentation, stature, stamina as well as the emotions and intelligence are the result of prenatal influence. No one will deny that exercise will develop a muscle, and everyone will agree that the muscles in separate individuals are not susceptible of equal development. It is physically impossible that all men can be as strong as a given specimen. If intelligence is in effect a muscle in us at birth, it is capable of increase through education. If it is not the muscle, but is the measure of the ultimate state of development possible for a particular muscle, it consequently cannot be increased by any means. It seems that the debate should have been preceded by the elucidation of intelligence through your definition series.

M. S. Vye (St Cloud, Minn.): "Professor McDougall suggests an experiment which he admits it is impossible to make to prove one view or the other correct. Why take time and space to describe it? He would subject 'one group to all the most carefully devised and applied educational processes,' and 'let the other grow up according to nature, without schooling of any kind.' Then test both at the end of ten or fifteen years. Just what is the meaning to-day of the words 'according to nature, without schooling of any kind'? Would he place them in the same environment, in the same families with the other group, but not send them to school?"

Skits on Skirts

If Paul Poiret, in this issue, is provocative, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who will respond to his prophecy is positively sensational.

Editor of THE FORUM:

If Mr. Poiret puts women in trousers by 1957, it will be an evolution from bloomers to trousers in just one hundred and ten years. I am sure if the women once get into trousers they will never get out. The interesting question that arises is the one which was common in the days of the bloomer: If women wear trousers, will men wear skirts?

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT.

New York.

Original woodcut by J. J. Lankes

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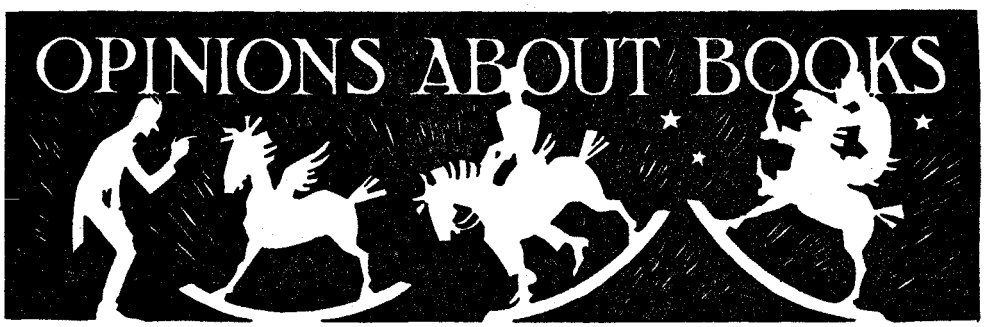

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

New Poetry

AST WIND, by Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin, $2.25)
HE SELECTED POEMS of Lizette Woodworth Reese (Doran, $2.00)
ITADELS, by Marguerite Wilkinson (Macmillan, $1.50)
INDOWS OF NIGHT, by Charles Williams (Oxford University Press, $2.25)
YCLOPS' EYE, by Joseph Auslander (Harper, $2.00)
HE INNER HARBOR, by Wilbert Snow (Harcourt, Brace, $1.75)

Having to express an opinion of so many ooks in a little space, it is inevitable, I ppose, that one should try to arrange em in some order or according to some ethod. Of the six, two, Miss Lowell's *ast Wind* and Mr. Snow's *The Inner arbor*, fall naturally together as dealing ith New England; and two, Mrs. Wilkson's *Citadels* and Mr. Williams's *Winws of Night* may be compared without liousness because they are primarily cords of spiritual experience. The last o, Miss Reese's *Selected Poems* and Mr. uslander's *Cyclops' Eye* range interestgly side by side because, different as they are, their authors are both blest with a gift for song and both in their diverse ways achieve magic.

One would like to write a book on what magic in poetry is. Perhaps it is a name we give to the happy union of music and suggestiveness, the one appealing to the "sensual ear" and the other to the "spirit". Miss Reese's magic is achieved by clarity and reticence; Mr. Auslander's by metaphor and eloquence. Hers is in the tradition of such phrasing as: "Daffodils that come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty;" and Herrick's

> Ye have been fresh and green,
> Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
> And ye the walks have been
> Where maids have spent their hours,

in which there is no ornament, no metaphor, but only the poetry of perfect expression. It is an exquisite art which she achieves, haunting without vagueness, charming but never weak. So long ago as 1900, Stedman said of her verse that it "rises at times to a noble classicism"; and it is that fibre of clarity, precision, and reticence that makes her lyrics and sonnets the rare things they are.

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Mr. Auslander is no doubt tired of being told that he is in love with words and that his poetry is marred by rhetoric; and yet even now he cannot always resist a fine phrase, whether in season or out: things like "the vast inconsequence of death", the "white nihility of speech", "solstices of song and sweat," "the cordial lassitude of tea." Such cleverness will pass in T. S. Eliot, where all is cleverness, but jar in a context of sincerity. This latest volume has, however, so much that is singularly fine that it seems ungracious to find fault, even with details. He has an astounding ability in metaphor and that is a great talent; and he can eschew metaphor altogether and write with Swiftian brutality when he chooses. The poem "Steel" certainly deserves the praise it has received; "Knockout" is like a George Bellows picture; "Cyclops' Eye" moves with power and swoop; the sonnet "Seven Wounds" is very beautiful; "Hic Jacet" hammers itself into one's mind grimly and effectually; and "Remember Me, Gulls!" is a lovely song. And these are only a few, picked out of many.

East Wind is a book of stories in blank verse or "cadence" about New England characters or rather oddities, *The Inner Harbor*, a collection of lyrics and idylls of the Maine coast. That both will interest people who care nothing for poetry is nothing against them; though lovers of poetry will perhaps feel that both seem the product of industry more than of inspiration. Out of Miss Lowell's thirteen tales, some six or seven are admirable examples of condensed and telling narration, each having power, whether of the tragic, the pathetic, or the humorous; although it is not clear wherein the verse in which they are written has any special superiority over the prose of such writers in the same genre as Miss Jewett and Mrs. Freeman. Her dialect seems accurate enough in detail but impresses one as synthetically assembled, rather than instinctively recorded. As compared with her earlier narratives, these are refreshingly natural, without any straining after the effective word or metaphor. They seem, however, lacking in the quality which her favorite, Keats, named as the peculiar quality of poetry, — "intensity." By this term I have always supposed he meant not merely strong feeling or energy but that stenographic cramming of meaning into word and phrase which is the special miracle that imagination works in language. Miss Lowell never lacks energy but she seldom works the miracle. Her finest qualities in this book are a certain richness of human material and more charitable warmth than she has earlier shown.

While reading Mr. Snow's lyrics and vignettes of the Maine coves and inlets, it is inevitable that one should think of Mr. Frost, not because both names have a wintry sound or because they are artists in the same school, but because Mr. Frost has the intensity just mentioned and Mr. Snow has not. His realism is sometimes tepid, and his naturalness is sometimes marred by a hint of the literary. One likes him best when he lets himself go, as in "Thanksgiving", "To the Waves", "Shore Path", and "Youth". The longer poems "Prayer Meeting" and "Country Dance" though they have an acrid humor, seem a little laborious and self-conscious. "Taking away the Banking," the first poem in the book, is, however, a lovely thing that I shall hereafter include in my private collection of "best poems".

Mrs. Wilkinson's *Citadels*, among some forty lyrics, many of which are original or exquisite or both, contains a sequence of fourteen sonnets so fine that one hardly knows where to turn for comparison. In them is adumbrated a religious experience, from aspiration through struggle to fulfilment. The sonnet form is handled with accurate mastery but it never impedes the singing march of her verse. For power I should name "Let the wide thunder break; let the wind blow" and "Now the crass world is sick for lost delight"; for beauty, "The evening primrose wears the gold of dawn" and "Comrade to comrade we shall talk at last". I know of no finer religious sonnets since Christina Rossetti.

Mr. Williams's *Windows of Night* is also a record of spiritual experience, mingled with incidental and occasional poems of all sorts. Like Mrs. Wilkinson, he is faithful on the whole to old forms, though he experiments in unusual riming; but his book is the work of an original and interesting mind, so sensitive that at times one is fearful for its activity. A poem like "Domesticity", in which the lighting of a hearth-fire calls up visions of martyrs who have been burned at the stake, and taking

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book out of a bookcase suggests victims walled up in dungeons, is powerful, but, well, perhaps "that way madness lies". t suggests, however, the special strength of the author, — a leaping, soaring imagnation that knows no bounds of time and pace. It is, however, an intellectual imgination that plays or wrestles with ideas ut does not always achieve clarity of xpression. The title poem is a compenium of both his strengths and weaknesses; ut there is hardly a poem among the ixty-odd that is not in some way striking r impressive. And the range is remarkble, — in ideas, reaching from intellecual nihilism to mystical fervor and in anner, from solemnity to playfulness. Walking Song for a Child" is delightful, orth many of the more ambitious flights. To a Publisher" is memorable and the ligious sonnets "On the Sanctissimum" e profound. It is a book that deserves any rereadings and that will reward em.

ROBERT M. GAY.

A Freudian Franklin

Among the many justifications for a w biography of a famous character, one a presentation of new, significant mateal, a second is an interpretation of the own material through a deeper underanding of personality, and a third is a rtrayal more intriguing or more realistic the character in question. I do not find at BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, "The First vilized American" by Phillips Russell rentano's, $5.00), meets substantially y of these demands. It certainly does t, as advertisements claim for it, con- in a "vast amount of new material" ich "rescues a great American from the yth-makers". He has already been cued, among others, by W. C. Bruce, in *Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed.*

With its frankness, simplicity, and mor, Franklin's Autobiography easily ks as one of the most fascinating selfrtrayals ever written. Its special charm s in his many reflections upon the flow commonplace events. The first half of r. Russell's biography consists largely a condensation of the Autobiography, emasculation of it, in which one section er another is paraphrased, with the al difference that mere facts are stated and Franklin's own inimitable expressions are largely sacrificed. Why not read Franklin's own thoughts as he phrased them?

Furthermore, I find numerous examples of an elaboration of the original text for the sake of atmosphere and conversions of Franklin's indirect quotations into direct quotations. And again, the rare footnotes which credit some specific points to the Autobiography fail to inform the reader that the first half of the book is so largely taken from it.

Mr. Russell has attempted, through the newer psychology, to throw light upon Franklin's many deep friendships with women. We are told it is significant that he first used as a pseudonym "Silence Dogood", a woman's name. Well, I anticipated the unfolding of what promised to be a psychoanalytic melodrama. I found that when he was seventy-two years old, he received an innocuous letter from a Chevalier d'Eon, who for part of his life posed as a woman. I furthermore found that a bevy of French women called him their "papa", a coquettish term of endearment of no particular significance in the Parisian society of those days.

The closest connection between Franklin and the notorious "Hell Fire Club", to which Mr. Russell devotes a chapter, was that he subsequently became intimate with its High Priest and that he probably would have joined the club if he had arrived in London before it was dissolved. The connection is far-fetched.

Quite a portion of the biography consists of material drawn from Franklin's correspondence with various ladies of fashion whom he met during his long sojourn in France after he so readily adjusted himself to the brilliant frivolities of his new surroundings. Mr. Russell delineates some of Franklin's amatory foibles, his persistent attempts to make something more of them than gallant badinage, and the equally insistent defenses, clever and tender, by which beyond a certain point he was rebuffed. But this picture is not new. In greater detail, and with a keener analysis, it is to be found elsewhere.

The private life of any noted man, with all its peccadillos, is fair game for the biographer and the public. The inclusion in this new biography of a little racy material concerning Franklin's mellow nature,

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not selected by former biographers, does not compensate for its superficiality, its numerous infelicities of style, and its strained interpretations. The sound scholarship needed to paint Franklin's protean and towering personality is lacking.

PHILIP GREGORY NORDELL.

The Average Savage

If some economist were to make use of the doctrine of Malthus in studying the housing problem in the Bronx and were to call his essay "Urban Conditions in America", he would not be more likely to find a publisher. For the publisher would peep into the manuscript, and reply: "We thank you for giving us the opportunity of acquiring this valuable work; we feel, however, that some other house is more likely to avail itself of your offer." But against the naughty tricks of publishers the reader and the bookseller have little protection in these days of misleading titles. Dr. Géza Róheim, of Budapest, has written an able and interesting study of totemism in Australia, making use of the doctrine of Freud; and though the sub-title "A Psychoanalytic Study in Anthropology and a History of Australian Totemism" gives a clue to the contents, the title, SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY (Boni and Liveright, $7.50), is grossly unfair to the inquiring layman.

Dr. Róheim, however, is entertaining enough to hold the attention of anyone who purchases his book under a misapprehension, and the publishers are to be congratulated on the appearance of his 200,000-word work, which is all the more remarkable in that he wrote it himself in English. If an American anthropologist were to dash off in the Hungarian language a 500-page account of marriage ceremonies in Warsaw, how many publishers in Central Europe would put it on the market, — even with the title "The Magnetic Pole"?

By Totemism is meant the intimate relation supposed by some primitive tribes to exist between a group of people and some group of objects, or animal species. Dr. Róheim follows Freud in interpreting these beliefs in terms of the same principles of psychoanalysis which have thrown so much light on the mentality of civilized men. Very often such interpretations do not add much to our knowledge. Thus D Eder, in his introduction, cites the graphi Pawnee tale, "The Boy who Preferre Woman to Power", recorded by D Dorsey before he explained Why We B have like Human Beings. The boy ("Cor ing-Sun"), says Dr. Eder, here "gives u his narcissistic attitude in favor of ord nary object-love". Even in Philadelphi our grandmothers would not be startled t learn that. Similarly when things do n mean precisely what they seem to mea psychoanalysts recommend us to ca them "cryptophors"; the older ladies spok of "symbols", — and got there just th same.

No one who is interested in symbols ca fail to find a wealth of challenging materi in Dr. Róheim's book, which may l regarded as an unorthodox supplement i Frazer's monumental study of totemis Sir James, himself, has meanwhile start on another even more formidable unde taking, a study of the tendency of simp peoples to personify the Sky, the Eart and the Sun (THE WORSHIP OF NATUR Macmillan, Volume I, $4.00). A secon volume is promised in which other aspec of the worship of nature will also be dea with, and provided the reader bears mind Dr. Frazer's tendency to simplific tion and his somewhat uncritical use the "comparative" method, he will fi that the present compilation has all t merits which he has been led to expe from the author of *The Golden Bou* The fluency, the mastery of phrase, t inexhaustability of the documentati have been surpassed by no other authori on the beliefs and practices of the avera savage.

A. M.

Half a Century

A few weeks ago Mr. Asquith's reti ment from the leadership of the Libe Party was announced, and hard upon th announcement, — such is the way publishers, — comes his FIFTY YEARS BRITISH PARLIAMENT (Little, Brown Co., 2 vols., $8.00). It is the whole story Mr. Asquith's political career, except i war years, with which he has alrea dealt elsewhere. Though the pres volumes can scarcely lay claim to inspi tion, they are both entertaining a illuminating.

J. B

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The Haddocks in Paris

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France, (Harper, $2.00), by Donald Ogden Stewart, — Delightful Old Spoofer, with a barb to his wit and a pathos in his pictures, — will thoroughly entertain you on one of these blustery nights. If you want a good laugh or a dry chuckle, read this latest tale of the famous Haddock's tripping. You will do more than laugh. Always-omniscient Mildred you will want to slap; for Mrs. Haddock, on whom Dame Fortune has smiled too late, you may feel a pang; but whole-heartedly you will be with Mr. Haddock who is itching for a good time, anxious to do the right thing by his world-weary wife, winking at the duplicity of his precocious child. The book is like salted peanuts, — you leave it only when there is no more.

If by lucky chance you have crossed the 'ocean blooo-oo-oo", dined in a reeling, acing French train, tried to do in all-too-imited time all those things which one ought to do when in Paris, you will get double thrill; moreover, you will see ourself as another saw the Haddocks. know exactly how Mildred felt about see-ng even one more cathedral; with Mrs. Haddock I shared the consuming fever to hop in the City of Woman's Delight; even ıy Puritan soul felt the urge for the so-ıuch-whispered-about Night Life of Paris vhich led both Mr. Haddock and me into he same harmless, but oh how thrilling scapades.

Edythe McConnell.

Peeps at Pepys

Neat, tight, tidy, — our libraries, like ur lives, are abridged. "The heart of merson's journals," the core of Conrad, ıe gist of Jesus, "all that Shakespeare ver wrote," — in single volumes, con-ɔnient for week-end trips. Now comes a ıe-volume Everybody's Pepys (Har-ɔurt, Brace $3.50) scaled down from the Wheatley edition (three volumes, India ıper, $15.00, published by the same ɔmpany). About the only advantage ·ined (little is saved in size) is the dif-rence between three-fifty and fifteen, hich is a consideration for Everybody ho, like the famous Diarist himself, is ven to the casting of accounts.

E. C.

Turn to the East

An indefatigable trip to China and Japan made by Caroline Singer, the writer, with her husband LeRoy Baldridge, the painter, has resulted in one of the prettiest travel books issued in years. (Turn to the East, Minton Balch, $10.00). It must be said that the indefatigability is a trifle too apparent in the prose, and that is a pity, because we bustling Westerners insist upon a reposeful Orient, and Miss Singer's dogged impressionism may speed up the tempo of the East too much for the taste of some readers. At the same time her impressions are those of an exceedingly observant and amiable young woman "over six feet tall" placed in the midst of a toy race, and that fact in itself gives them a certain accidental piquancy. Particularly revelatory are her impressions of the modern spirit as manifested in semi-Europeanized types, the incongruous blend of Western "improvements" and Eastern traditions, a fedora cocked on the side of a head that will never have more than a smattering of European ideas, strains from a Victrola, and beams from a strong electric light in a setting of ancestor-worship.

To the missionaries she is merciful, though her story of the good old Chinese crone who had been "living in sin" all her sweet life without knowing it is far more effective than a scorching rebuke.

As for the drawings that run all through the wide margins of the text and across the pages set apart for them, a mere book reviewer who only knows "what he likes", so far as pictures are concerned, is prepared to give them at least a good B-plus, if not an A-minus. If the prose is a little too *stylisé*, this defect is redeemed by its earnest enthusiasm; and if the drawings are a little lacking in fantasy, this defect is redeemed by their life and variety.

The publishers have lavished care on the paper, the printing, and the colors, which makes one feel sure that the book will be under thousands of Christmas trees this year. With the world's interest hovering about China, the volume appears at a most appropriate moment. One hopes that its success will encourage the collaborators to go to any number of other places.

Frank C. Davison.

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The Harlem Scene

Carl Van Vechten, long the principal exponent of the sophisticated school in America, has in his newest novel NIGGER HEAVEN (Knopf, $2.50) abandoned, temporarily at least, the froth of literature for a more serious contemplation of the contemporary scene. Those who admired Mr. Van Vechten's rich vein of satire in *The Blind Bow-Boy* and *The Tattooed Countess* may be a little disappointed with this book, for here he is less concerned with amusing his readers. Instead, he presents the problems that have to be faced by the young Negro in Harlem who is eager to get on in his world.

Mr. Van Vechten, it is pretty generally known, has long advocated the black man's cause, demanding an unprejudiced consideration of his artistic endeavors. In *Nigger Heaven* he goes even further: while the Negro has many difficulties in the matter of his relations with the whites, he encounters almost equally perplexing obstacles in dealing with those of his own race. It seems almost unbelievable that this novel is not the work of a Negro, so sympathetically and with such keen perception are the types herein portrayed; then, it is apparent at once that it would be practically impossible for a Negro, lacking the proper perspective, to accomplish what Mr. Van Vechten has done so splendidly. Whatever one's opinions as to the story itself may be, it will certainly be agreed that the author is thoroughly at home in this *milieu*.

The prologue, relating the amorous adventures of one Anatole Longfellow, alias the Scarlet Creeper, paves the way for a far more interesting tale than that which follows. One wishes that the Creeper played a more prominent part than he does, brought in again just before the final curtain to commit a murder that circumstantial evidence hangs on to the chief protagonist.

Byron Kasson comes to Harlem armed with a degree from the University of Pennsylvania, determined to be a writer. Too proud to avail himself of influential help offered him; too sensitive to heed the sincere criticism given him by the girl that loves him; too lazy to make any sort of struggle at all, he sinks to the very depths of depravity, is kept by a notorious hybrid creature neither black nor white, until she herself wearies of him and tosses him aside into her pile of discards.

Such is the story, in crude outline. It is living, pulsating, vibrant, however, for the reason that the author has written with passion of the tragedy of the Negro. Harlem is not all that it seems to the superficial glances of the sightseers in its cabarets. Beneath that giddy abandon of the Charleston there is, as Mr. Van Vechten has pictured it, a strangely forlorn soul.

THURSTON MACAULEY.

Angels and Ministers of Grace

Really it is a terrible thing to be without a sense of humor! And one wonders whether Dhan Gopal Mukerji, whose third divagation in his propaganda, intended to prove that the most hideous theogony of India at its worst is a spiritual benison for America, which is entitled THE FACE OF SILENCE (Dutton, $3.00), would have been quite so solemn if he had known what antics and didoes would have been cut up in America by Krishnamurti, a youthful rival to the other incarnation Mukerji's hero, called Shree Rama Krishna.

Krishnamurti, whose voice seems to have failed him and whose astral spirit has remained fixedly embodied and who seems to have been unable to get any help from the male or female mahatmas in Thibet, or is it in the Desert of Gobi that they are sojourning? — needed little else than the encounter with the reporters to reveal to the world of Besantine palpitators of what clay their new Messiah was made. But, of course, in Mukerji's discussion of the other holy man who died but a few years ago, he has everything his own way. Hence the presentation of Rama Krishna is sheer claim and assumption without any such critical analysis as might be applied in the way of an acid test by Westerners to the claims made by credulous disciples of prophets of this type.

Indeed, it is very frankly set down that "legend" justifies "legend"; and, of course, when one finds the writer objecting to the West's "turbid philosophy of humanitarianism", while other Hindu pundits are quoted as being appalled "at the dark night of Western Christianity

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one is prepared for the worst. And the worst comes when the author, by a certain rhetorical legerdemain and trading on the most beautiful of all suggestions that the Western mind, — inspired by St Bernard, especially above all with his "Stabat Mater Dolorosa", — has when it reads the words "the Divine Mother", presents the hideous black-faced goddess Kali, the worst deity in all the Hindu theogony as the inspiration of his holy man and as the "Divine Mother", which this holy man revered to his end. And, presumably, his disciples to this day worship at her shrine and believe in her appalling pretensions.

Now this is a smoke screen pure and simple. Kali is the most vile of all the Indian deities. She, the goddess of death, is blood-smeared and wears a necklace of skulls. She is the patroness of assassins and of thugs. Only recently Nicol MacNicol, in his history of India, pointed out that Kali as the "Divine Mother" was being superstitiously utilized as the sinister inspirer of all those engaged in hating England and those who believed in banditry and in violence and murder and sudden death as an aid to political and social changes. However that may be, in reading this latest bit of Hindu propaganda of Kali it is distressing to find her described by Mukerji, — seen through the holy man's eyes one presumes, — as so adorable that all the women's clubs in the United States, to say nothing of Ethical Culture societies, will, doubtless, all wish to set up Kali and her picture as their spiritual lares and penates. As for the holy man it is about time that one spoke out and noted that there is more rubbish talked about the spirituality of India and its various fakirs, — and there is a deep significance that Western common sense has more or less viewed the words "fakir" and "faker" as exactly synonymous, — than the most careful examination of the facts warrants. This is putting it mildly. Of course the "Face of Silence" is a cunning title and the book is a cunning book. At times when it isn't simply narrative, one is reminded of the purple style of Barbecue-Smith and Ivor Lombard in Aldous Huxley's delightfully amusing book *Chrome Yellow*. Barbecue-Smith, it will be remembered, had learned to write books through "subconscious Inspiration" and he had an enormous following who were interested in his "Pipe Lines to the Infinite". Ivor Lombard was a little gayer with his "Astral Beings at Play". One thinks of *Chrome Yellow* with some sense of relief in reading *The Face of Silence*. Perhaps Rama Krishna has his place, as, indeed, the advertisements of weird Sunday "Religious Meetings" in the New York newspapers would indicate; since, for those who like this kind of thing, this Mukerji book is the kind of thing they will like.

HARVEY M. WATTS.

The Cabell Epitome

Illustrated with eight woodcuts from the knife of Leon Underwood, printed by William Edwin Rudge, under the direction of Byron J. Musser, from Garamond type on Vidalon Vélin paper in an edition limited to three thousand copies, James Branch Cabell's BEHIND THE MOON (John Day, $6.00), tells of young Madoc who was not a very good minstrel; and of how he got a large quill pen fashioned out of a feather which had fallen from the black wings of Lucifer, the Father of All Lies; and of the eminently successful lays Madoc wrote therewith; and of his unrest because of the tune Ettarre had brought from behind the moon to haunt him; and of how with a punctuation mark from his quill's black nib he cogged the Gray Three, turned history back seven hundred seventeen and three-quarter years, and gained Ettarre and a great content; and of what came after that: and in the telling is summed all Cabell has said since the first page of *Beyond Life*.

Half a hundred pages hold the fable. It is the beautiful attainment of a perfection in prose not hitherto reached by Cabell, nor, with those pages warm in memory it is easily believed, ever by anyone else.

DASHIELL HAMMETT.

Coleridge, the Contemporary

At a time when historians are lamenting the fact that in proportion as their work becomes more rigidly scientific their readers drop away from them, the biographers are prospering. They have taken to heart the saying of Dr. Johnson, "depend upon

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it, sir, vivacity is much an art, and depends greatly on habit." The biographers have acquired the art of vivacious narrative and it is rapidly becoming a habit with them. Instead of attempting to tell everything in chronological order they select their material and arrange their viewpoints so as to make them interesting. This method has its dangers as it leaves the subject of the biographer at the mercy of the artist. But this is the chance that the sitter has always taken when he puts himself into the hands of the portrait painter. One who was ambitious to be painted by Sargent had to be content to be seen as Sargent saw him.

Mr. Hugh I'Anson Fausset frankly states his point of view in SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) when he describes it as a study of "frustrated genius". We see the dreamy boy, the sentimental young poet, the optimistic radical with his wildly communistic schemes for a new society, the opium addict, the acute literary critic, the religious philosopher, and finally the sage engaged in endless conversation with men of a new generation.

In the chapter on the Pantisocratic Dream, Mr. Fausset treats with delicate irony the plans of Southey and Coleridge for a new social order on the banks of the Susquehanna. The anxious persons who think of "the revolt of youth" as a new thing should read this chapter and be calmed. Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, had they died young, would be remembered as youthful rebels who threatened the stability of the social order.

Mr. Fausset has the art of making us see his characters. Thus he introduces Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. "Wordsworth was just twenty-eight. Gaunt, narrow-shouldered, and prematurely prim, the impression he made was in strong contrast with that of his sister, whose ardent sensibility proclaimed itself with a certain gipsy wildness in every motion and glance, in quick flushing and impulsive speech."

Mr. Fausset says that "Coleridge was apt to intrude himself too much upon his subject". He himself, like other present-day biographers, makes no attempt to avoid such criticism, and it must be said that his intrusions add vastly to the interest of his book. He tells us not only what Coleridge accomplished, but also what he left unaccomplished and why. In his diagnosis it is possible that he carries his analysis further than is necessary. One word, "opium", seems enough to account for the failure of a man of exceptional power to achieve more than he did. The wonder is that he achieved so much. In spite of a devastating habit, Coleridge left a lasting impress on poetry, religion, philosophy and literary criticism. Mr. Fausset makes us see his weaknesses, but he also makes us aware of his charm and of his surprising powers.

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS.

Step Lively!

O GENTEEL LADY,
By Esther Forbes,
Houghton Mifflin. 2.00.

Dear Madam:

You were thin. I thought perhaps th journey to England to interview the li erary personages of the '50's would benefi you, but it seems not to have done so.

Was it the emancipated way you ha of sitting on your feet under your hoo skirts, that led you into "Hearth an Home" and into the perilous affair wi the affectionate Captain Anthony Jon of Arabia, — and into your ultimate resi nation to commonplace marriage?

What is the body of a book if its spirit short of pep? The motive power of yo vehicle does not come up to its chass In your hectic progress from Amherst Self-Expression, you have plugged ha ingly to the dramatic heights, — dropp to smithereens the precious pink eart enware pig that had just done warming t feet of the affectionate Anthony Jones.

O Genteel Lady, Lanice, "temp fugit." May you be content with yo retreat into the hearth and home of Se Ripley. Should you have a successor o the name of Esther Forbes, I am confid that you will not interfere, nor recall, t duly, the fact of your own retirement.

Cordially yours,
ANNE CLEELAND

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AGNES REPPLIER

Whose essays, whether on the Sphinx-like Cat, the Idolatrous Dog, or the Parading Shriners, are brilliant examples of lucid prose

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LLEWELLYN HUGHES

A young British writer of fiction, father of the Seven Sisters (not Sutherland) who are a feature of this issue

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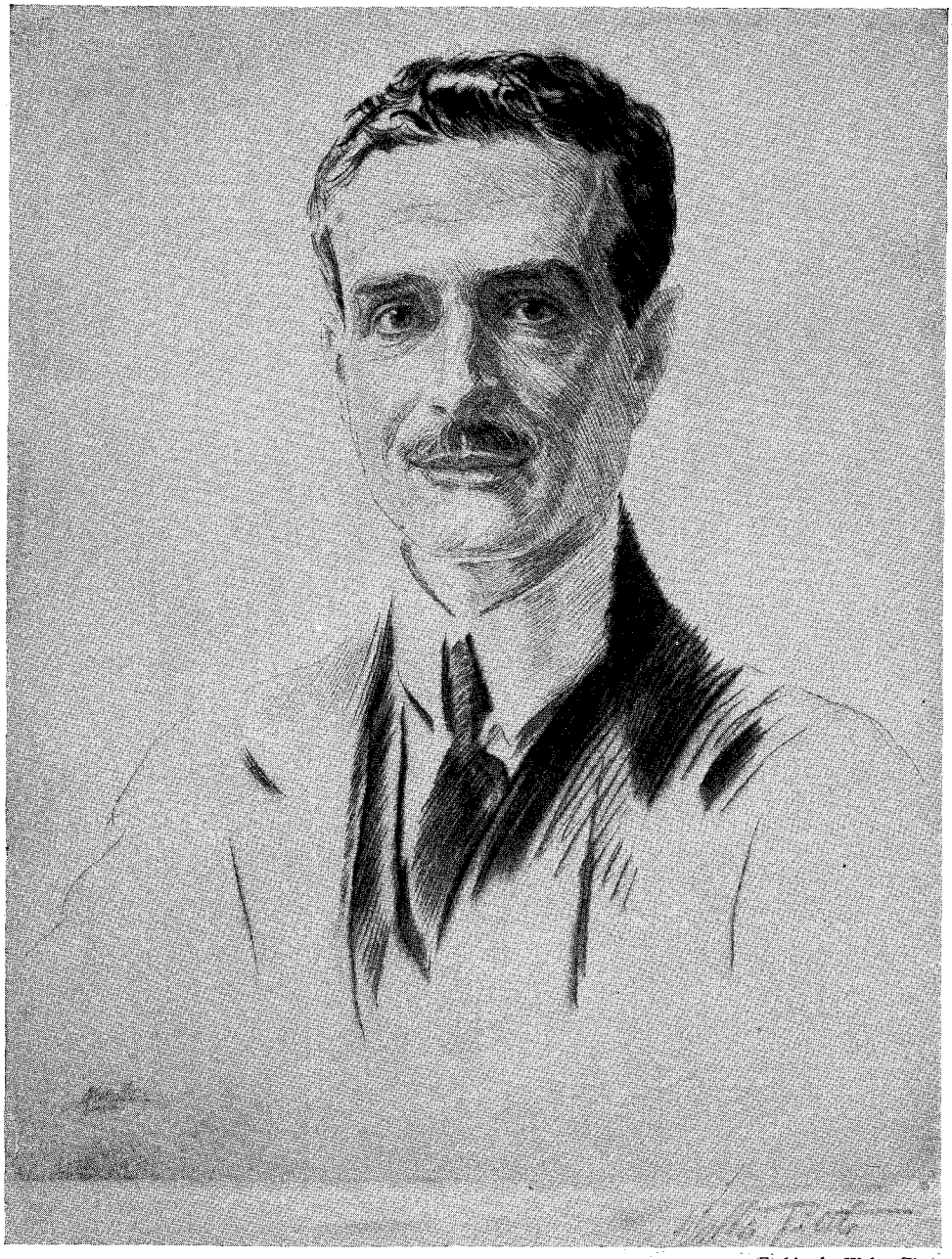

Etching by Walter Tittle

Viscount Astor

Noble English visitor to America, whose impressions of this country within its twelve mile limit leave him with the fixed conviction that Prohibition Will Win

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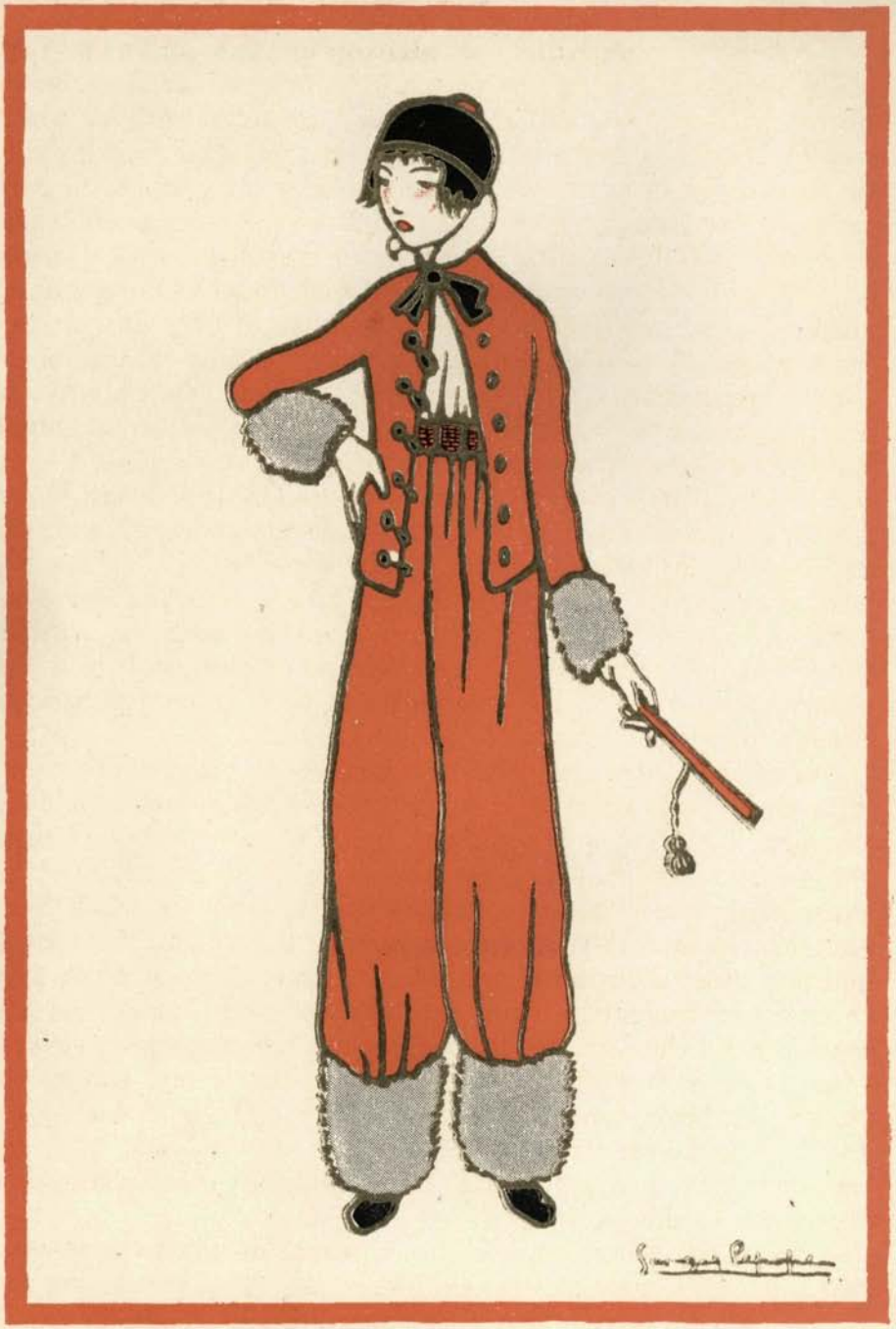

A Capricious Lady of 1957

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"Pour le Sport"

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